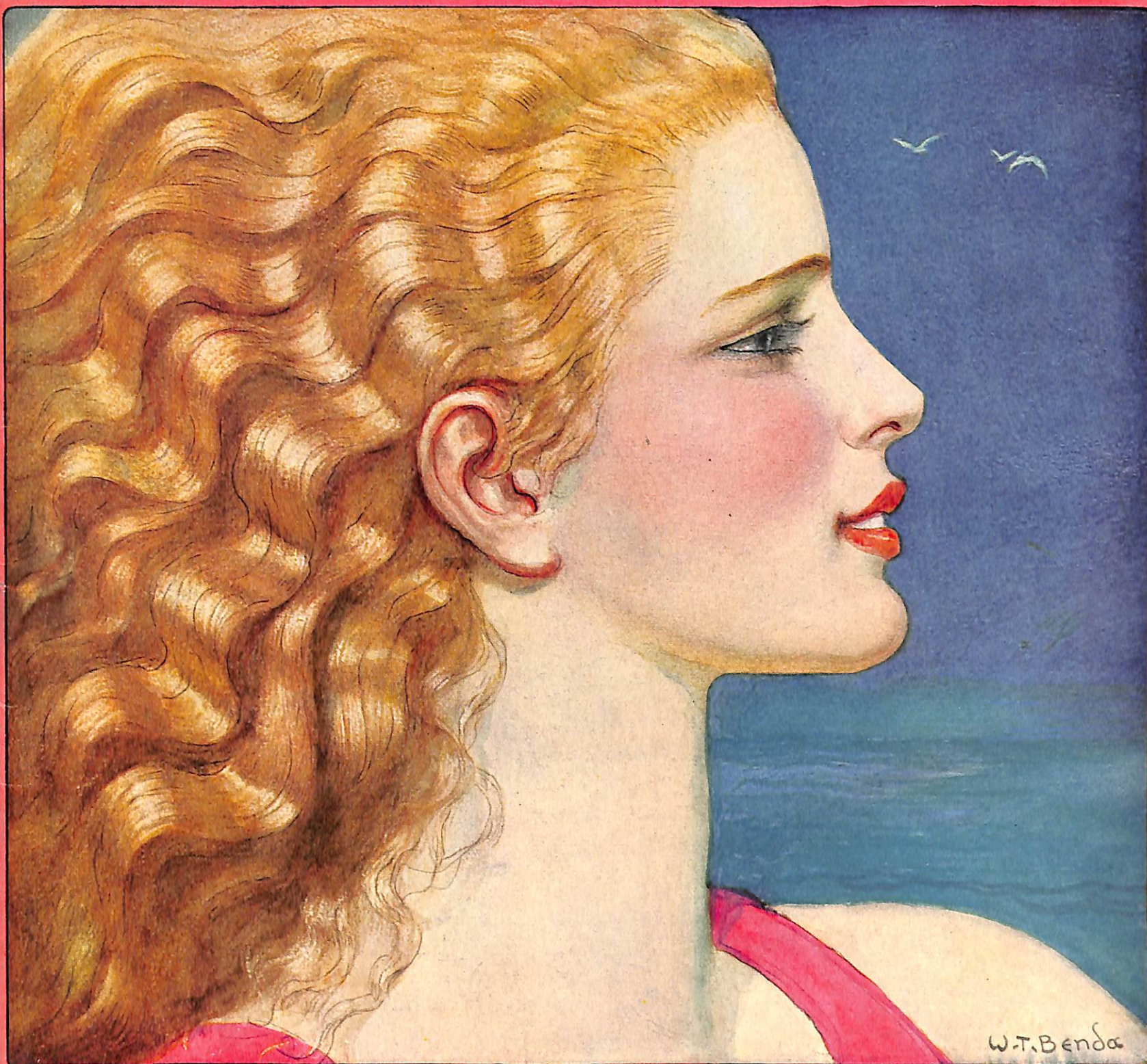


SEPT.  
1927

# The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25  
CENTS



**S**HOULD PARENTS *BE SHOT AT SUNRISE?*  
*By* ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE  
RICHARD CONNELL • NORVAL RICHARDSON  
MONTROSE J. MOSES • MARY BADGER WILSON  
AND OTHERS



# To the man who is 35 and DISSATISFIED



WE DELIBERATELY pass over a large proportion of the readers of the Shrine Magazine in order to address this page directly to *men in their thirties*.

There is a powerful reason for this.

The dissatisfied man of twenty-five is not usually in a difficult position. He has few responsibilities; he can move easily; he can take a chance.

But from thirty-five to forty is the age of crisis. In these years a man either marks out the course which leads to definite advancement or settles into permanent unhappiness. There are thousands who see the years passing with a feeling close to desperation.

They say

"I must make more money," but they have no plan for making more.

"There is no future for me," but they see no other opening.

"I am managing to scrape along now, but how in the world will I ever educate my children?"

To men whose minds are constantly—and often almost hopelessly—at work on such thoughts, this page is addressed. It is devoid of rhetoric. It is plain, blunt common sense.

Let us get one thing straight at the very start—

We do not want you unless you want us

There is the dissatisfied man who will do something, and the one who won't. We feel sorry for the latter, but we cannot afford to enrol him. We have a reputation for training men who—as a result of

our training—earn large salaries and hold responsible positions. That reputation must be maintained. We can do much but we cannot *make* a man succeed who will not help himself. So rest assured you will not be unduly urged into anything.

Now what can happen to

A dissatisfied man who acts?

We wish we could answer that question by letting you read the letters that come to us in every mail. Here is one, for example—from Victor F. Stine of Hagerstown, Md. "I was floundering around without a definite goal," he says, "and was seriously considering a Civil Service appointment." (You can tell from that how hopeless he was. A Civil Service appointment means a few thousand dollars a year for life.)

"The study of the Course and Service was not a hardship," he continues, "rather it was a real pleasure because it is so practical and inspiring thruout." (The method of the Course makes it practical and inspiring. We teach business not alone thru study but thru *practice*. You learn executive thinking by meeting executive problems and making executive decisions.) "Added self-confidence and increased vision gained from the Course," says Mr. Stine, "enabled me to accept and discharge added responsibilities successfully."

He is Secretary now of the organization in which he was then a dissatisfied cog.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

For a man like Mr. Stine we can achieve really great results. By learning, thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the necessary fundamental facts of *all departments* of business, he insures his success. His judgment, his value, increase. The closed roads open. The worries disappear.

We attach a coupon to this advertisement. It is a little thing, but our experience proves that it separates out of every hundred readers the few who can act. If you are one of these let us mail you that wonderful little book, "Forging Ahead in Business." For thousands it has turned dissatisfaction into immediate progress.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE  
962 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Please write plainly

Business Address \_\_\_\_\_

Business Position \_\_\_\_\_

Alexander Hamilton Institute

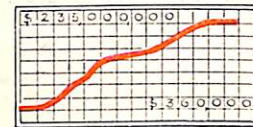
Executive Training for Business Men

IN CANADA address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto



IN ENGLAND, 67 Great Russell St., London  
IN AUSTRALIA, 111 Castlereagh St., Sydney

## POINTS THAT COUNT



Since 1893 ACACIA has grown from 500 members and \$300,000 insurance in force to over 100,000 members and over \$245,000,000 insurance in force, and its assets have increased from fourteen thousand to over twenty-one million dollars.

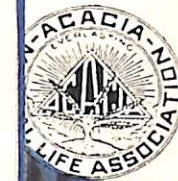
I  
For the past twenty years the cost of ACACIA Insurance has been lower than that of any other company. This has been proven by statistics prepared by independent agencies.

II  
The SECURITY of ACACIA policies is absolutely *guaranteed*. You cannot lose a cent whether you live, die or cease your payments. The non-forfeitable features of ACACIA policies protect you.

III  
ACACIA charges only the low, initial rates of the stock company and gives its members all the benefits and privileges of a mutual company. ACACIA dividends are, therefore, *real earnings* and not the return of part of an overcharge.

IV  
A \$250 sight draft payable immediately upon death is issued to every policy holder; redeemable at your local bank without formality or a moment's delay. This is an exclusive ACACIA feature.

V



## Now, Let's Get Down to Brass Tacks

There is no better evidence of the amazing value of ACACIA Insurance than the whole-hearted indorsement of the thousands and thousands of men who invested in it for themselves and families.

When you, too, know ACACIA Insurance, its real economy and genuine protection... then you, too, will choose it for your own because of its sheer merit. Get down to brass tacks. Investigate!



**FREE**  
Ask for valuable literature presenting detailed information about the ACACIA MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION and its policies. We will gladly mail it free.

ACACIA MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION  
601 Thirteenth St., Washington, D. C.

Please send me a copy of "9 Reasons Why" and other booklets, free. It is understood that this will not obligate me in any way.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

S-9-27

ACACIA  
MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

William Montgomery, President

HOME OFFICE . WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOUNDED 1869





## A NEW ERA For WOMEN By Norman Hapgood

**T**O TEACH woman to be a more interesting member of society, to run her home with more knowledge, to be a more attractive wife and a more capable mother, as well as to think more clearly about public matters: That is a large order, but it is what this series of articles, beginning next month, will aim to do. The first

article is an interview with Mary Sherman, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, who is marching at the head of an army of women, helping to create a better future for the race. These articles, which may run every other month, will cover all fields of interest to women. Read "A New Era for Women," by Norman Hapgood, in the October issue.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

### The Imperial Potentate's Page 9

#### Standards

Medieval tactics in the hands of two young moderns—By Norval Richardson 10  
Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

### Should Parents Be Shot at Sunrise?

Albert Payson Terhune asks and answers this startling question 16  
Illustrated by J. Conacher

### Tinsel—and Gold

The best laid plans of mice—and mean little girls!—By Mary Badger Wilson 20  
Illustrations by Adolph Treidler

### History As Told in Pictures

The first of a series of articles showing the radical changes in our ideas, manners and morals—By Montrose J. Moses 24  
Illustrated with photographs

### Horses! Horses! Horses!

He couldn't escape them—especially Vesuvius—his Nemesis!—By Richard Connell 28  
Cartoons by David Robinson

### Right You Are —If You Think You Are

A Play which shows the futility of trying to judge the lives of others—By Luigi Pirandello 33

### Mystery House

Peter Buchanan bears of treachery to the girl he loves—By Leroy Scott 36  
Illustrations by C. D. Williams



NORMAN HAPGOOD

There is no writer today better fitted than Mr. Hapgood to write on so vital a subject as "A New Era for Women." This series of articles will start in our October issue.

### WITHIN THE SHRINE

Around the Caravan Campfire 40  
—By Roe Fulkerson

Syria Breaks All Ceremonial Records 41

Who's Who in Shrinedom 42

The Shrine Editorials 44

Salaam's Three Million Dollar Mosque 45

Activities of the Temples and Other News Items 46  
—By J. Harry Lewis, Fraternal News Editor

### SHRINE SERVICE DEPARTMENTS

Conducted by Mrs. Christine Frederick, nationally known expert on Home-making

Choosing Walls, Floors and Conveniences 52

Ask Mrs. Frederick 62

The "Just-So" of Corn Cookery 66

Shrine Service Travel Bureau 68

Conducted by Anne C. Granbeck

Devices Tested by Shrine Service 72

Shrine Service for Investors

Advice on Financial Investments—By Jonathan C. Royle 78

Cover design by W. T. Benda

Official Publication of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America

Sewell Haggard, Editor  
Fred O. Wood, Executive Director  
Robert P. Davidson, Business Manager  
Published monthly at 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y., by the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America. Entered as second class matter, April 15, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912; additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 15, 1926. Price, single copy, 25c. Subscription in the United States and Possessions for Shriners, \$1.00 per year; for non-Shriners, \$2.00 per year; Canada, 50c extra; foreign, \$1.00 extra. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering changes of address, please do so through your Recorder, giving him 1. Your name, 2. Old address, 3. New address. Allow five weeks' time.  
Copyright, 1927, by the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America.

SEPTEMBER, 1927

3

## Every Short Story

# MAUPASSANT

## Ever Wrote

## ALL IN ONE VOLUME

Virtue	The Diamond Necklace	The Thief
A Piece of String	The Story of a Farm Girl	The Diary of a Madman
In the Moonlight	Love	In His Sweetheart's Livery
Mlle. Fifi	Ugly	Lost
The Inn	The Hole	Margot's Tapers
The Devil	A Family	Waiter, a Bock!
The Venus of Braniza	Bertha	The Mad Woman
The Sequel of Divorce	A Mesalliance	Virtue in the Ballet
Mademoiselle	The Carter's Wench	Fecundity
Graveyard Sirens	The Bed	Words of Love
Am I Insane?	A Way to Wealth	The Impolite Sex
The Charm Dispelled	Forbidden Fruit	The Farmer's Wife
A Little Walk	Madame Parisse	On Perfumes
A Dead Woman's Secret	A Wife's Confession	An Unfortunate Likeness
Bed No. 29	Love's Awakening	A Rupture
Doubtful Happiness	Woman's Wiles	The Lost Step
After Death	The Wedding Night	After Old Maid
Room No. 11	On Cats	The Artist's Wife
The Tobacco Shop	A Poor Girl	The Rendezvous
A Passion	One Phase of Love	A Fashionable Woman
Regret	Caught	The Love of Long Ago
The False Gems	Magnetism	A Queer Night in Paris
A Useful House	Countess Satan	Ghosts
Was It a Dream?	Boule de Suif	The New Sensation

And 150 more vivid tales Large clear type

**N**O other writer, living or dead, has ever pictured life with the fearless audacity and daring devotion to truth of Guy de Maupassant. In stories that may be read in *ten minutes*, Maupassant, with his characteristic pagan frankness, embodies the entire gamut of human passions, the full breadth and depth of French life and love.

Now for the first time you can know and enjoy all the superb short stories of Maupassant, many of them never before published in English, except in rare editions long out of print! Every translation absolutely complete, authentic and unabridged. And All in One Volume!

## Read It FREE

You must see this amazing one volume edition to appreciate it fully. Fine quality India paper, large, readable type; the beautiful "Lifetime," Keratol, richly grained binding, stamped with 22kt. gold. You pay nothing in advance—nothing to the postman. Clip and mail the coupon now; keep and read the book a week, then decide if you want to own it. You risk nothing; you alone are the judge of the book's merit. Send the coupon today.

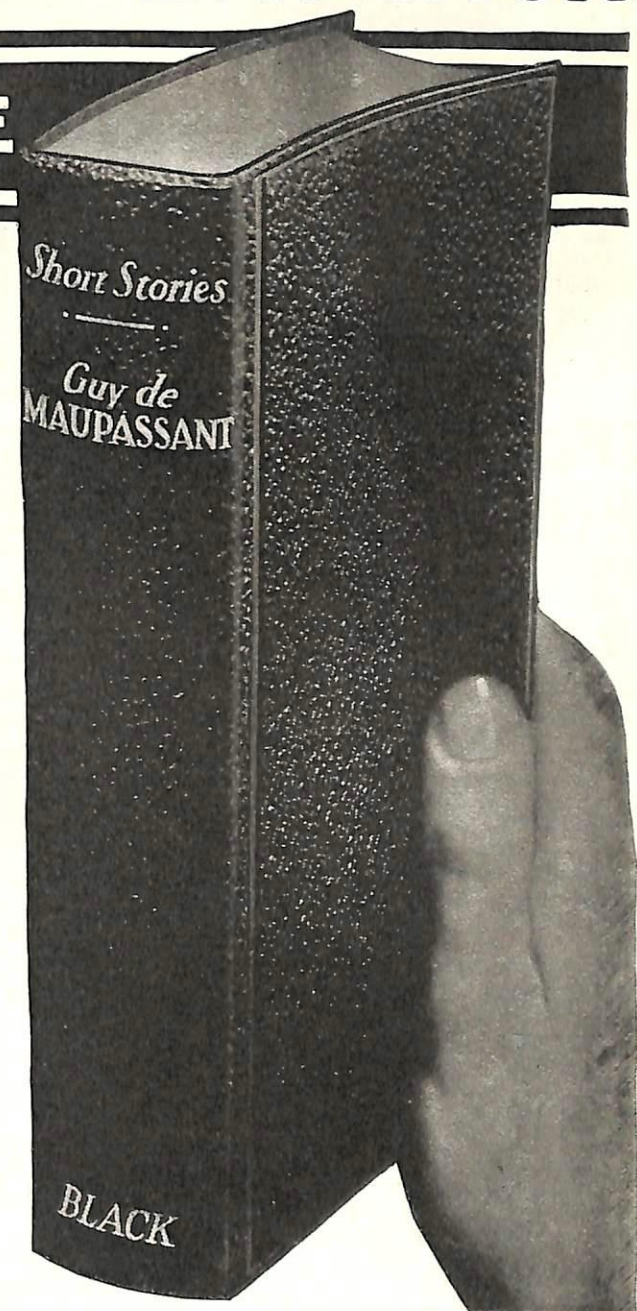


WALTER J. BLACK CO.  
171 Madison Avenue  
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

WALTER J. BLACK CO., [Dept. 209], Gentlemen: Send me for free examination, your new one volume edition of Guy de Maupassant's Complete Short Stories, 1,000 pages printed in large, clear type; limp, maroon Keratol binding, stamped in 22kt. gold. I will either return the book at your expense or send you \$5.45 in full payment within one week.

Name.....  
Address.....

City.....State.....  
☐ Mark X here if you prefer your copy bound in Persian Morocco. Add \$1.50 to the price. Same approval privilege.





# Would you turn down an added \$5000 a year? —just because you're afraid to make the move that spells SUCCESS?



Of course you'd take it—that \$5000 check!

And if—then—your employer said to you, "All I ask in return is that you devote a few spare hours each week, at home, to training for the 'job ahead'—why, you'd jump at the chance.

But—that's not the question—  
The point is—have you the vision to start right now to get the training, knowing that the "raise" and the bigger job will almost inevitably follow?

**Dryden rose from \$150 a Month to \$11,000 a Year**

E. J. Dryden, of Laredo, Texas, grasped his opportunity. He was earning \$150 a month when he started training with LaSalle.

After his first lesson in the Sales Section of Business Management, he tried out his newly acquired knowledge. In six weeks he made \$750 in commissions working after hours.

He has since followed thru with other courses, and for two years past his earnings have been better than \$11,000 a year.

**At 47 Whitney was Clerk—4 Years Later, Treasurer of Big Corporation**

For more than twenty years lack of training had kept R. M. Whitney from climbing higher than a clerkship. He was 47 when he enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Higher Accountancy.

Within four years, however, he made up for twenty years of lost opportunity.

He completed his training with LaSalle in only five months. Almost immediately came the offer of a better job.

Less than three years later, the Davenport Machine Tool Company of Rochester, N. Y.—the very company he had worked for as a clerk—invited him to come back on his own terms. He returned as Auditor, at a salary increase of better than 300 per cent. He has since been made Treasurer.

**Pentland was Earning \$100 a Month—Training Increased His Income Ten Fold**

Robert Pentland, Jr., of Miami, Florida, was quick to perceive the shorter route to success. In 1919 Pentland was a clerk, at \$100 a month. Today, thanks to his LaSalle training, he is partner in the largest firm of Certified Public Accountants in the State of Florida. His income is more than ten times as large as when he started—and he is still in his early thirties!

**How You Can Win  
That Extra \$5,000 a Year**

"Exceptional cases," you say—that of Dryden, and Whitney and Pentland—  
But—don't you think an extra \$5,000 a year looked just as impossible to them

when they started, as it does right now, perhaps, to you?

Of course it did!

These men, however, recognized their chance—they "stuck to their guns"—they got the training!

And just as sure as the sun will rise tomorrow, the same practical home-study training which lifted them to high positions will increase the salaries of thousands of men—men who are now learning of this opportunity for perhaps the very first time in their lives—

Will you be one of them?

Only you can decide—

But one thing is absolutely certain. Before you turn this page—before you swing your thought away from this pressing problem of your future—you should send to LaSalle and get the facts.

The coupon will bring you, without cost or obligation, two books—one a 64-page book outlining the opportunities in the field that most appeals to you and showing you exactly how to meet them—the other, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the story of how one man, after many wanderings, found the path to responsibility and power.

As you value your future—fill in, clip and mail the coupon NOW!

## LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Find Yourself Thru LaSalle

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 9458-R CHICAGO  
I would welcome an outline of the LaSalle plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ Business Management: Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.

☐ Higher Accountancy: Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

☐ Expert Bookkeeping.

☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.

☐ Modern Salesmanship.

☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.

☐ Railway Station Management.

☐ Law: LL.B. Degree.

☐ Modern Business Correspondence.

☐ Industrial Management: Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.

☐ Modern Foremanship.

☐ Personnel Management.

☐ Banking and Finance.

☐ Stenotypy: Training in the fast, accurate machine shorthand; machine furnished.

☐ An exceptional opportunity for unusual young men and women.

☐ Business English.

☐ Commercial Law.

☐ Effective Speaking.

☐ Commercial Spanish.



free!  
mail coupon now

### Announcement to Executives Introducing Ref-Ex

a scientifically-planned card-indexed, self-check reading, reference and consultation service for executives

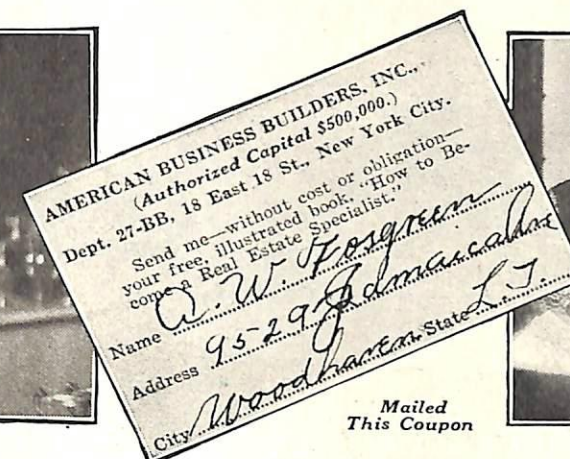
LaSalle now offers to executives a new, unique and invaluable service known as Ref-Ex.  
Ref-Ex is card-indexed, "brass tacks" business information built especially for the convenient use of the busy executive. It affords instant access to fundamental facts, analyses and principles that underlie successful executive work. It is supplemented by current business surveys and carries the privilege of confidential consultation on specific business problems. Write on your business letterhead for full particulars.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Present Position \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

# He Mailed This Coupon



Tired Serving Soda



Success In Real Estate

# And Made \$8000 In 3 Months

Learn the secret of his success. Be a Real Estate Specialist. Start at home—in your spare time. No capital or experience needed. Be your own boss. Make more money than you ever made before. Free book tells how. Mail coupon today.

AFTER running a candy store for more than fifteen years, A. W. Fosgreen of Woodhaven, New York, grew tired of serving soda.

He says: "I was getting on in years. Keeping a candy-and-soda store open Sundays, holidays and evenings was too hard work for a man of my age. And all I got out of it was a living. So I was anxious to find a business where I would have shorter hours—easier work—more money.

"One day I saw your ad in a magazine and sent for your free book. To shorten my story, that book resulted in my getting into the Real Estate business. In the first three months I made over \$8,000—bigger, quicker money than I ever made before in my whole life.

"To the man or woman who contemplates learning your methods, I would say but one thing, and that is: Do it now and profit the sooner.

"My sincere thanks to you whose co-operation has always been so complete and courteous."

### Make Money My Way

If you want to get into the biggest money-making field of all—

if you want to build up a high-grade, permanent, profitable business of your own—if you want to make money my way—as hundreds of other wide-awake men and women are doing—do what they did—*mail the coupon now* and get my free book "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Mrs. Evalynn M. Balster, a widowed school-teacher, with three children to support, mailed the coupon—got my book—and she made \$5,500 on her very first real estate deal—more money than she had made in several years of school teaching. H. G. Stewart of Baltimore, Maryland, made \$14,400 in less than six months with my successful Real Estate System. John Bischoff, a waiter, of Kingston, New York, got my free book, started to use my System and made \$1,287.50 in three months *just in his spare time*. Morris Horwitz, a printer,

was earning \$44 a week, when he sent for my book. And he made \$9,000 his first nine months in real estate. Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it. But get the free book and you will find out that it is true.

### Mail Coupon Today

Many men and women will read this ad who will not mail the coupon. They are "doubting Thomases"—people of little faith—without gumption enough even to investigate the opportunities that knock at their doors. There are others, however, like Fosgreen, Mrs. Balster, Stewart, Bischoff, and Horwitz, who will lose no time in clipping the coupon, getting the book, and finding out what there is in this golden business opportunity for them. In which class do you belong? Are you a doubter or a doer? My book is free. It has brought big business success to others. What can it do for you?

Mail the coupon and you will soon find out. Address President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 52-JJ., 18 East 18th St., New York City, New York.



### Mail This Coupon for Free Book

President, American Business Builders, Inc.

(Authorized Capital \$500,000.00)  
Dept. 52-JJ., 18 East 18 Street,  
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of your book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# MAHI calls you to MIAMI'S Shore



To The Entire Nobility of North America,  
GREETINGS:

We the undersigned, City Commissioners of the City of Miami, cordially invite you to attend the Fifty-fourth Imperial Council Session A. A. O. N. M. S. on May first, second and third, Nineteen twenty-eight.

Adequate transportation by rail or water at special excursion rates, splendid hotel accommodations for 150,000 guests and every form of recreation and diversion will combine with Miami's climate to make your visit here a pleasant one.

Hotel rates during the convention will be from two to five dollars, single, and from five to eight dollars, double.

Come and bring your wives, families and friends. We welcome you.

CITY COMMISSION OF THE CITY OF MIAMI

*E. Sewell*  
Mayor  
*Chas. D. ...*  
*Harry Platt*  
*J. E. ...*  
*E. E. ...*



MEET MAHI in MIAMI



## "You Didn't Say a Single Word All Evening"

"HOW could I. I didn't even know what they were talking about."

"Well, Ralph, I wouldn't brag about that."

"But how was I supposed to know that they were going to talk literature and art? If they had discussed real estate, I could have chatted with them easily—all evening. . . ."

"Business, always business! If you were a big enough real estate man you'd know how to forget business and talk of other things in company!"

"I never felt so uncomfortable in my life," he said ruefully. "Couldn't even follow the drift of things. What was all that discussion about some poet who was killed in the war?"

"Really, Ralph—you should keep more abreast of things. I was surprised that you didn't contribute at least one idea or opinion to the whole evening's discussion."

He turned to her, curiosity and admiration mingling in his smile. "You were certainly a shining light tonight, Peg! You more than made up for my deficiency."

### Many Wives Are Keeping Pace with Successful Husbands—This Pleasant Way

Peg was grateful for her husband's praise, and Ralph was quick to observe this. He moved closer to Peg, glad that he had succeeded in diverting attention from himself. "You were the prettiest and the cleverest woman at that dinner, dear," he added. "What a pity it is that we business men

cannot find the time to devote to books and reading. Now women—"

"One moment, Ralph, I know what you are going to say—something about women having more time. But, my dear, you know that for the modern woman that is not so! Let me tell you the secret of it all. Do you remember that Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book I purchased several months ago? You were rather skeptical about it. Well, I have been reading it in my spare moments ever since."

"That sounds interesting. Tell me more about it."

### The Famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

By the time they reached home, she had told him all about the unique Scrap Book. How Elbert Hubbard, many-sided genius, began it in youth and kept it throughout life. How he added only the choicest bits of inspiration and wisdom—the ideas that helped him most—the greatest thoughts of the greatest men of all ages. How the Scrap Book grew and became Hubbard's chief source of ideas—how it became a priceless collection of little masterpieces—how, at the time of his death, it represented a whole lifetime of discriminating reading.

Imagine it! This Scrap Book has now been published and anyone can have a copy. Do you know what that means? You can get in a few minutes' pleasant reading each evening what it took Elbert Hubbard a whole lifetime to collect! You can get at a glance what Hubbard had to read days and days to find. You can have the finest thoughts of the last twenty-five hundred years in one wonderful volume. If you read in the Scrap Book occasionally, you'll never be uncomfortable in company again. You'll be able to talk as intelligently as any one.

### May We Send It to You for FREE Examination!

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book radiates inspiration from every page. It contains

ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. It represents the best of a lifetime of discriminating reading, contains choice selections from 500 great writers. *There is not a commonplace sentence in the whole volume.*

This Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft book-making. The type is set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine, tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape.

Examine it at our expense! The coupon entitles you to the special five-day examination—if you act at once. Just send off the coupon today, and the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will go forward to you promptly. When it arrives, glance through it. If you aren't inspired, enchanted—simply return the Scrap Book within the five-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only \$2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.

We urge you to act now. We want you to see the Scrap Book, to judge it for yourself. Mail this coupon TODAY to Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 439, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors  
Dept. 439, 50 West 47th Street,  
New York City.

You may send me for five days' free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book in cloth-bound, paper binding. Within the five-day period, I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation, or keep it for my own and send only \$2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

[ ] A few copies are available in a sturdy binding of semi-flexible basket-weave buckram for only \$1 additional. Please check in this square if you want this de luxe binding, with the same return privilege.





## Thousands Have This Priceless Gift — and Never Discover It!

Many men rob themselves of success, popularity, achievement and position which could rightfully be theirs if they would but recognize the presence of a priceless gift which nature gave them. They go through life timid, self-conscious, fearful and retiring instead of using this natural gift to dominate and control others and become leaders among men. Seven men out of every nine have this gift. You can now find out for yourself, by means of this amazing FREE test, if you are one of these.

NO SANE man would deliberately and knowingly throw away a chance to become an outstanding, influential and important figure, occupying a high-salaried job in his chosen profession. Yet, without knowing it, thousands of men are throwing away a priceless gift which, if they would but bring it out from its hiding and use it, would obtain for them influence, position, popularity, power, leadership and money.

Nearly every man has in him the knack of powerful and convincing speech. This magic power is that thing which often rises up within you and demands expression, but is never heard because you lack confidence in your ability to speak with force and conviction.

### What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge  
How to propose and respond to toasts  
How to address board meetings  
How to make a political speech  
How to tell entertaining stories  
How to make after-dinner speeches  
How to converse interestingly  
How to write better letters  
How to sell more goods  
How to train your memory  
How to enlarge your vocabulary  
How to develop self-confidence  
How to acquire a winning personality  
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition  
How to become a clear, accurate thinker  
How to develop your power of concentration  
How to be the master of any situation

### Now Easy to Become a Powerful Speaker

I don't care what work you are now doing. I don't care what may be your station in life. I don't care how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak. If you will give

me just twenty minutes each day in the privacy of your home I will make you an accomplished and powerful speaker in a few short weeks or not charge you a single penny. You need not have a college education, nor do you need any kind of vocal training. By

this amazing, easy method you have only a few simple, easy-to-remember principles to learn. Then you will see how really easy it is to have the power of effective, convincing speech.

### Why Powerful Speakers Are Picked for Important Jobs

If you will take particular notice, you will find that the big, important, high-salaried

over the heads of many superiors into a job among the big leaders. It is the power and ability to speak with force and conviction that flashes men from obscurity and low wages to prominence and high salaries.

### Amazing Book Free Mail Coupon

If you will fill in and mail the coupon at once, you will receive a remarkable new book called *How to Work Wonders with Words*. This book gives you an amazing test by which you can determine for yourself in five minutes whether you are one of the seven men out of every nine who possess the "hidden knack" of powerful speech, but do not know it. Decide for yourself if you are going to allow 20 minutes a day to stand between you and success. Thousands have found this to be the biggest step forward in their lives. If it has played such an important part in the lives of many big men, may it not be yours? Then mail the coupon at once.

Now Sent FREE



North American Institute  
3601 Michigan Ave.,  
Dept. 1226, CHICAGO, ILL.

North American Institute,  
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1226,  
Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders with Words*, and full information regarding your course in Effective Speaking.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1927

### The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

As I sit once again in my den and write to you, after the hard yet very delightful trip which has just been finished, my thoughts wander back and I am living over the past, the ceremonials, receptions, different forms of entertainment, and living for a short time with my close friends again and having the pleasure of making many new ones. Then comes just a tinge of sadness that these friendships are so far away that it is impossible to renew them more often.

The memory of some very kind act that has been done for me makes my heart go out to them and to you, the Nobility, for this great honor you have conferred on me, and what is honor but opportunity to do something worth while for our great Order.

This month we celebrate a national holiday dedicated to labor, and we as members of a Fraternal Order should renew our pledge to labor for the good of our Order. Our vacation periods are over and we now turn to the work that is before us. Let us strive to make our ceremonials larger and better, always having in mind that we are looked upon as leaders and that as such we should let our light so shine that all may see our good work, ever remembering the lessons taught us in our very first steps in Masonry. Let's renew our faith and our friendships, for no order ever existed that makes better or closer friends and companions.

The great writer Tebbetts has well said: "I'm going your way, so let's go hand in hand. You help me and I'll help you. We shall not be here long, for soon we shall all be rocked in sleep. Let's help one another while we may."

I hope your friendships will come to you like the glow of the rising sun as it comes over the horizon in all its glory of the bright new day, mellowing with its warmth and heat of the noonday, and then if by reason that friendship is taken away, may each ray of the setting sun as it goes down in all its splendor of a happy day, bring to your mind all the good and loving qualities of the one gone on to that better life.

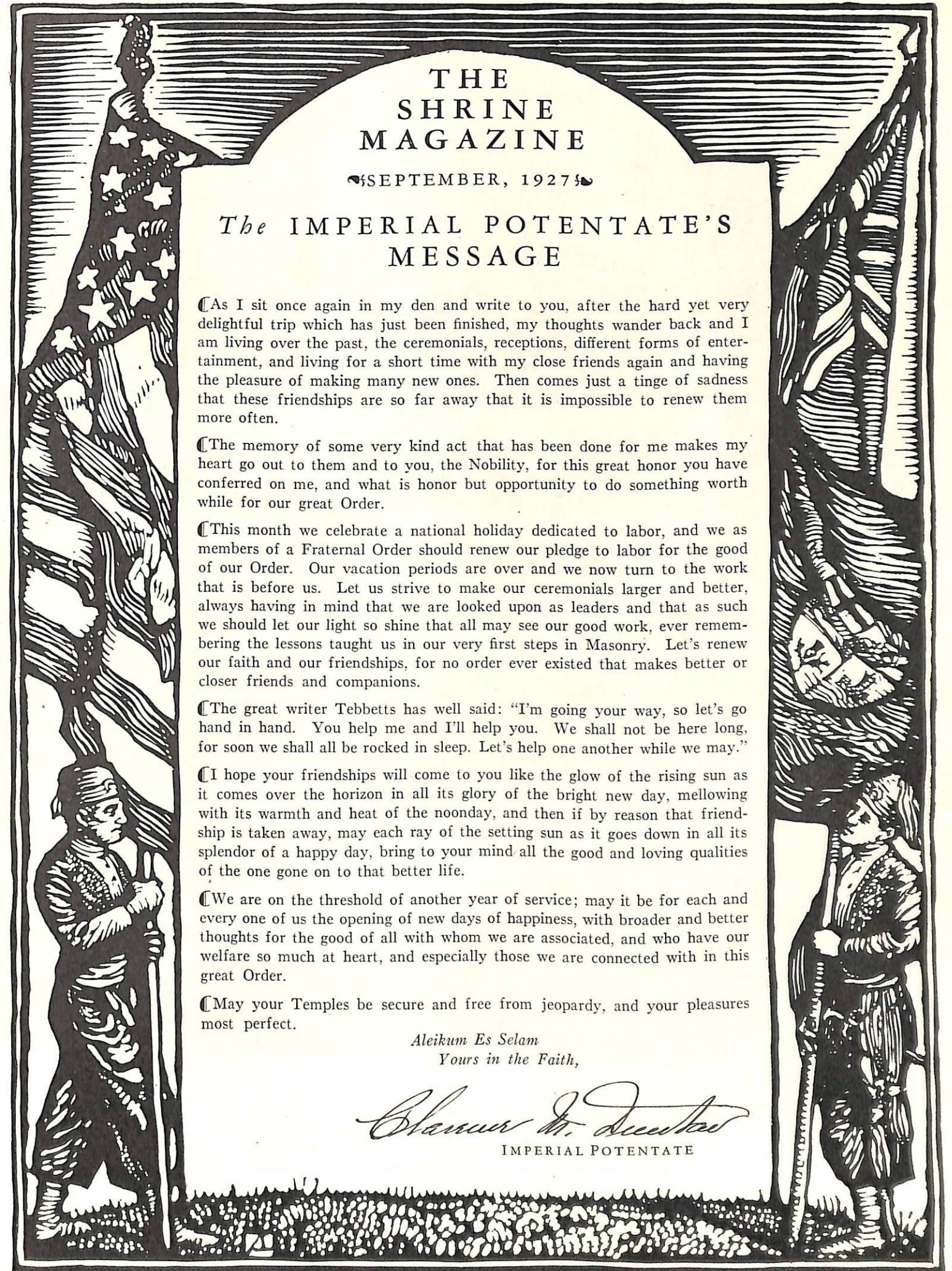
We are on the threshold of another year of service; may it be for each and every one of us the opening of new days of happiness, with broader and better thoughts for the good of all with whom we are associated, and who have our welfare so much at heart, and especially those we are connected with in this great Order.

May your Temples be secure and free from jeopardy, and your pleasures most perfect.

Aleikum Es Selam

Yours in the Faith,

*Clarence M. Dwyer*  
IMPERIAL POTENTATE





# STANDARDS

*Is Blackmail ever justifiable?  
—Anyway, a beautiful divorcee is willing  
to stake \$10,000 against the Great Adventure*

By Norval Richardson

TEN thousand dollars. And it must be delivered that evening—promptly at half-past nine. After dinner, the letter had said. "This gives you plenty of time to go into town, cash a check, and bring the money back with you. You might look on it as a shopping expedition. I'm sure you paid many times this amount for that sable coat I saw you wearing on the train yesterday. By the way, it's immensely becoming. Its dark shadows suit your skin perfectly. I shall be waiting in the pine grove. From there I can see you coming across the meadow that leads to the creek. Stop under the oak that is halfway between the house and the wood and give me a signal. Then come on quickly. It will be easy for me to know if you are accompanied, so don't go to the trouble to advise anyone of what you are doing. In case you don't keep this appointment, I shall not use a bomb. That would be a little too brutal. It might accidentally injure you; I mean physically. I'd hate to do that. Beautiful women ought to be allowed, even aided, to remain beautiful as long as possible. At best the period is short enough. I shall only use a moral bomb—sometimes much more effective and destructive; at any rate it would be so in your case. My intention is to make known to interested parties what happened in Paris last summer—an incident that was apparently quashed in the divorce courts. I'm sure you understand. By the way, you might wear the sable coat. It will be cold out there in the snow."

The handwriting was interesting; the sheet of paper negligible; the postmark New York—the previous day. Yes—the handwriting was not that of an ignorant person; nor of an intellectual one, either. It was extraordinarily individual; a bit difficult to read. The impetuously crossed T's suggested temperament; the G's wholly indifferent as though not worthy of being added; the O's perfectly round and bold. The words, the substance, the threat—oh, well—

She lifted her glance from the sheet of paper and gazed through the window. The bleak winter landscape had suddenly changed into something entirely different; something very old; perhaps medieval. She felt herself miraculously transported into a land in which heated motors, hot baths, unseasonable food, competent servants—in a word, mechanistic existence—had no place. The grove of bare trees became a horde of raiding highwaymen; an unsightly garage on the crest of a hill was transformed into a feudal castle; the radiator before a luxurious divan was suddenly an oubliette; and as for herself, it took no stretch of imagination at all to feel that she was actually some sort of a maiden—no, damsel—in distress. The Fortuny robe de chambre accentuated this impression. Its glittering green, woven in and out of a somber grey background, was just the right note. Only—she touched her shingled hair. No—that was not at all in the picture, unless she could persuade herself that her last captors had ruthlessly chopped it off despite her screaming protests.

She held on to the suggestive note as long as she could; then tiresome everyday reactions began to creep in. Of course the thing to do was to turn the letter over to her lawyers and let them, in turn, put it into the hands of detectives. Then would begin the tiresome, and unthrilling, necessity of being guarded and watched—just what she had buried herself in the midst of the country to escape. The sickening details of the past year swept over her with disintegrating effect. The feeling of being—yes, there was no other word to express it—despoiled, returned. Ideals gone. At least the ideal of herself. Now—she was second hand. And she had always loathed

Illustrations by  
Wallace Morgan

anything that had been used. She was nothing more than a car that had been driven on a joy ride and then discarded before even the varnish had been scratched. There was a modicum of comfort in that. The exterior was still perfect. But within—the part that was not seen—standards—the heart—

The feudal castle turned back into the unsightly garage; the raiding highwaymen were only a grove of bare trees; and she, in her green and grey draperies, was the same thing she had been when the anonymous letter was handed to her—an utterly bored, disillusioned woman. Probably it was better to communicate at once with her lawyers. After all, the letter was a threat—in spite of a certain intriguing quality that had fired her imagination.

But before she decided definitely, she changed from the Fortuny robe to warm tweeds, put on walking boots, and left the overheated house. She cut out straight through the snow and tramped over the bleak meadow. She passed the lonely oak which the letter had indicated and went on toward the wood. The scent of pines was grateful; fresh and clean and somehow antiseptic. In a way it seemed to cast out everything that was impure and used up. It made place for only the primitive, unsophisticated emotions. Yes—the wood was a nice choice. Naturally a person who appreciated dark shadows in a sable coat would know how to choose a sympathetic spot for an assignation. Was that what you called meeting the writer of an anonymous letter? And at night there would be a moon. The grove of pines would be even more unsophisticated and primitive than ever. She turned back toward the house with decision. She would not send the letter to her lawyers. In spite of the threat she was going to keep the appointment. Why? Her lips tightened. "An incident that was apparently quashed in the divorce courts." Was that going to hang over her always? Was something she had done to save another going to ruin her entire future? Standards. What was the use of standards if they only imprisoned one!

SHE got through the afternoon restlessly. Dusk came on with a slight waver of sinister suggestions. Dinner was mere routine. And then the hands of the clock seemed to stop moving. Nine. Ten minutes past. She rose. It would take her more than twenty minutes to reach the oak. The sable coat, ordered to be placed in the hall, awaited her. She slipped into it; and then into arctics. The footman, standing at the door, appeared puzzled.

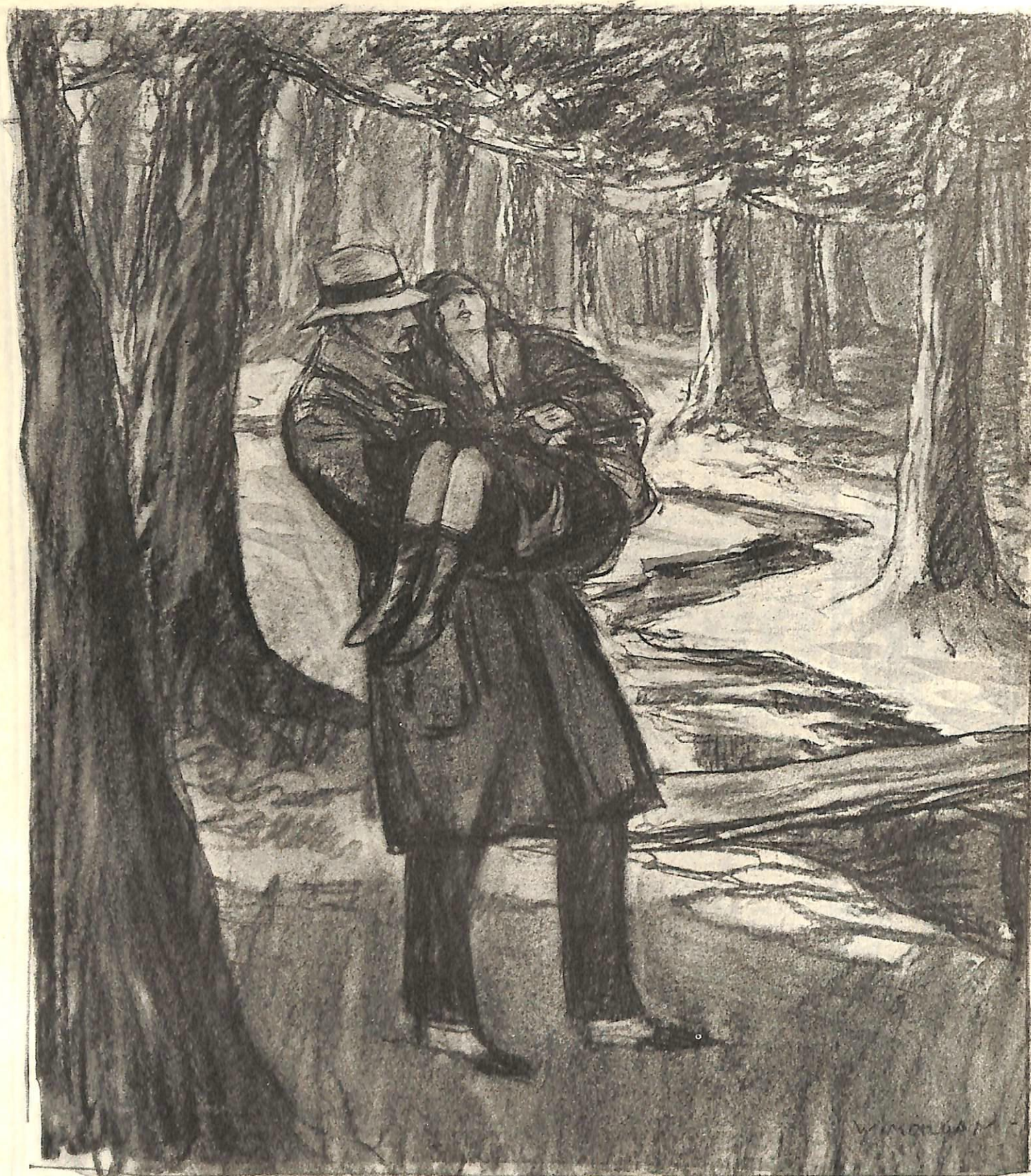
"You did not order the car, Ma'am."

"No, I'm going to walk."

She hesitated at the door. Should she leave some clue; tell them where to look for her if she did not come back! She lifted her head defiantly. No. What difference would it make if she never came back!

She crossed the meadow as she had done that morning. When she reached the oak she stopped. The letter had said she must signal from there. What did a signal mean! She hesitated, stood clear of the narrow shadow cast by the tree, and raised her arms. A low whistle floated toward her. Ah—he had seen her! He was waiting. She moved forward. The effort of springing from one snow drift to another made her blood tingle. Her heart was beating at a tremendous rate. The edge of the wood loomed before her—a black chasm against the white snow. It might hold anything.

She stepped on the narrow board that spanned the creek,



*The darkness of the wood loomed like a chasm against the snow. As she stepped on the board that spanned the creek, and felt it crackle, she was seized in a relentless grasp. Arms closed about her and a deep low voice said: "There is no reason to be frightened."*



felt it crackle beneath her, rushed forward and found herself seized and held in a relentless grasp. She could not move. Arms had closed about her and held her painfully tight. She was pressed against an unseen body. Her face was crushed into a soft woolly surface.

Strangely enough the sensation was comforting. Something, someone, had saved her from falling into icy water. The feel of the woolly surface was deliciously soft and warm. She tried to look up; but she could not even lift her face. Touch and smell seemed the only senses left her; but they were acute—profoundly acute; especially that of smell—made up of several things, tobacco, tweed, and the freshness of pine woods.

"There's no reason to be frightened."

The voice that reached her was low, deep, almost gentle.

"I'm not frightened," she protested straight into the camel's hair.

"Your heart is pounding."

"I've been running!"

He waited an appreciable time. "You didn't go into town today. I didn't see you on the train."

SHE made no reply. She was wondering if she heard the voice or merely felt it—and what it was she liked so much about it. It seemed to be such an integral part of the clear, clean night—of the scent of pine woods.

"You are actually hurting me. If you would let me move—"

She felt his grasp relaxing.

"At least enough to explain."

"Explain what?"

"What—what you want."

"The money?"

"Yes."

"Then you've brought it?"

"No."

His hold of her tightened. One arm drew her closer to him. His hand felt for hers, his fingers tightened about her; and then he guided her hand toward his pocket, into it, and drew it so that it came to rest upon icy cold steel.

"You know what that is?"

For the first time she felt a shiver of misgiving. She nodded.

"I only wanted you to know—in case you were trying to play some sort of a trick on me. You understand?"

She managed to look up—quite a distance up, it seemed to her—and see a dim outline of his face. The features were indistinguishable in the darkness. Her impressions were confined to a tall, broad body, blurred in outline, but saliently suggestive of granite-like strength, impregnability, immense calm.

"Understand? No—I don't believe I do. Do you mean you would use that pistol in case I gave a signal—"

Again she felt swept up against him, painfully tight. "I told you to come alone."

"I am alone." Her voice died away in the pleasantly warm woolly surface.

It seemed to her ages that they stood thus; quite long enough for her thoughts—or were they only emotions—to waver vaguely. Her fleeting impressions of the morning came back—impressions of adventure, medieval life, indefinable romance.

"Is this what you wanted me to come out here for—to hold me so that I cannot breathe?" Her voice had a quick tinge of scorn in it.

His grasp suddenly relaxed. "I wrote you what I wanted."

"Well—I've come to talk it over with you."

"There's nothing to talk about."

"Oh, yes there is—a great deal. You threatened to expose me."

This seemed to hit home; at any rate it kept him silent for a few moments. "Is that what brought you?"

"Yes. I wanted to know what you thought would frighten me into giving you ten thousand dollars."

"So you are frightened!"

A snow weighted bough fell to the ground with a crackling report. He started and looked about. "I don't like it here. We'd better get out into the open field."

She laughed easily. "You don't trust me."

"Why should I? Come along?"

He swung her easily up into his arms, strode to the creek and sprang across it. Then he placed her on her feet, still

holding her arm, and pushed forward. At the lonely oak she stopped.

"Why remain out here when my house is there, warm and comfortable? There's nothing to be gained by being frozen to death. What good would ten thousand dollars do either of us if we were found dead in the morning!"

He leaned forward and peered down into her face. Then he laughed abruptly. "So you think I'm that easy—that I would walk into a trap without any suspicions at all!"

She thought this over a few moments. "I wish there were some way to convince you that I am not planning any sort of trap. Isn't the fact that I came out here alone evidence of my sincerity? I even wore the sable coat you suggested; and which you seem to know is worth more than ten thousand dollars. I can think of nothing else to say unless—"

She loosened the collar of her coat—"Unless you can see that I'm wearing a string of pearls much more valuable than the coat."

"Why do you want me to go to your house?"

"Only so that we can talk the matter over leisurely—comfortably. There's a nice log fire in the library."

"You mean you are willing to consider the—the advance."

"If you call it that—yes."

Again he peered down into her face. She met his gaze steadily and tried to make her eyes convincing.

"All right." He drew himself up until he towered above her. "Go ahead. Lead the way. But remember—I can defend myself."

They walked without further words straight toward the house. Once, before a stone wall that bounded her property, she stumbled. He caught her quickly and steadied her. At the front door, before ringing the bell, she turned toward him.

"You had better pretend to be a friend—before the butler."

If your clothes are—"she hesitated over the word "suspicious."

keep on your overcoat."

He nodded and followed her into the hall. She went directly to the library, leaving him to give his hat and gloves to the butler. She switched on the lights, threw off her coat, sank down in the deep divan and held out her hands to the warm blaze. She was not at all sure what she was in for; but at least it was not boring. There was still a fragment of thrill to the adventure. She looked up. Where was he?

Why was he stopping so long in the hall? Then he came through the door. She looked at him without speaking. He had not taken her advice. He had got out of his overcoat and now stood before her, tall, even taller than he had appeared in the wood. A swift glance at his clothes was reassuring. They had the unmistakable air of being carefully cut and carelessly worn. His soft collar and foulard tie were distinctly smart. And his face—

She stared at him quite frankly, studying his features one by one; and again the emotions of the morning flashed back. He had the face of an adventurer, a condottiere, perhaps even a pirate; romance shone out of his steady dark eyes; it was part of his large aquiline nose, his generous impetuous mouth that was covered by a short clipped mustache; it was in his deeply tanned skin, his broad forehead, his carelessly brushed back thick hair.

HE MET her glance without flinching, steadily, his head lifted a bit imperiously. She was the first to look away. "Sit down there—anywhere." She pressed a bell button. The butler appeared. She gave an order for whisky and soda. When they were alone, she indicated a box on the table.

"You'll find cigarettes there." He held the box out to her, she took one, and he lighted a match and held it for her. Then he drew out his cigarette case and chose one of his own, lighted it, inhaled deeply, pushed a chair near the fire and sat down.

She broke the silence. "You don't look the part. You rather have the atmosphere of a gentleman."

There was a flash of white teeth, as imperious as the gesture of lifting the head; then the smile was gone, swiftly, definitely. His face was almost stern. "It's my first experience."

"Amateur! I imagined so—from the letter."

"Then you've had similar experiences."

She frowned. "No. I probably shouldn't have acted this way if I had."

"Then how did you know that I—"

The butler entered, placed a tray on the table, withdrew. She nodded toward the decanters. "No—I don't want any—"



He was bending over her, his face very near hers. Surely that dark fire in his eyes was not one of satisfaction. "Yes," he said, "that is the price you must pay!"

thing," this to his gesture as he arose. He poured out some whisky, added soda, and returned to his chair holding the glass.

"Why did you happen to pick me out?"

He was looking into the fire now, his eyes away from her. She sensed a slight smile on the averted face. "I suppose it was that sable coat. There's something suggestive of useless wealth in sables."

"You said you had seen me."

He nodded. "Several times on the train. Before that, too. In Paris—last summer."

"Was it there you thought you had discovered the—the incriminating information you mentioned?"

He did not reply, still sitting with averted face and sipping from the tall glass from time to time.

"Why did you think I would be an easy mark?" she continued.

For a little time it seemed that he was not going to answer any of her questions; then he turned abruptly and looked fully at her. It was then she discovered his eyes had a strange un-get-away-from quality. They seemed to be looking straight into her mind. "Your face—I think. It is very"—there was the quick, flashing smile, again; but as before, only for a second—"very beautiful. It shows—not exactly suffering—perhaps sorrow expresses it better. At any rate I found it

immensely sympathetic. I felt fairly certain you'd understand."

She winced. "Understand what?"

"Someone else's difficulties."

She pretended to stifle a yawn. "Are you going to tell me a hard luck story—something about financial difficulties—a sick wife—starving children! I shouldn't bother, if I were you. That sort of thing doesn't go well with dashing T's and negligible G's and bold O's."

He stared in blank bewilderment.

"Your handwriting." She lighted a second cigarette from an unfinished one. Then: "Aren't we wasting time?"

Again he smiled, this time into her eyes. "I find it rather delightful here. It was your suggestion, you know."

"I asked you here to explain why I should give you ten thousand dollars. I see no reason why I should acquiesce in your demands."

"You don't." The words were almost an exclamation of intense relief. He turned quickly and faced her. Then, again suddenly changing expression, he crossed to the door, locked it, came back and stood beside the divan, towering over her.

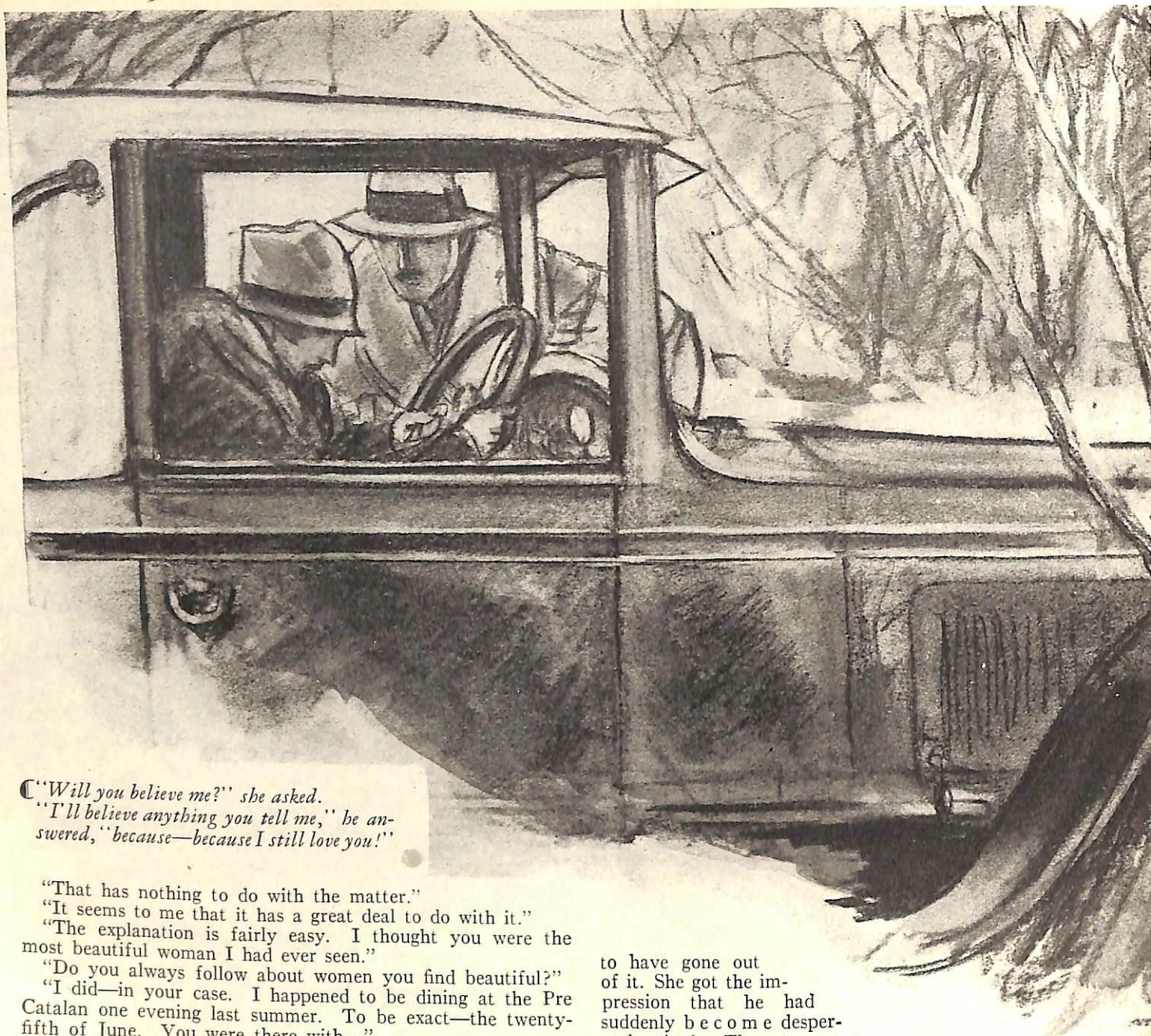
"You read my letter. I have told you I was in Paris last summer. I saw you several—many times."

"Are you a detective?"

Another smile, faint this time, accompanied by a slow shake of the head.

"Then why were you seeing me—or following me, which ever it was?"





"Will you believe me?" she asked.  
 "I'll believe anything you tell me," he answered, "because—because I still love you!"

"That has nothing to do with the matter."  
 "It seems to me that it has a great deal to do with it."  
 "The explanation is fairly easy. I thought you were the most beautiful woman I had ever seen."

"Do you always follow about women you find beautiful?"  
 "I did—in your case. I happened to be dining at the Pre Catalan one evening last summer. To be exact—the twenty-fifth of June. You were there with—"

She tried to cover a start with a quick gesture of reaching for a cushion—"with John Wemyss. Later that evening—or was it really morning; you'd remember better than I—I saw you again, coming out of his apartment on the Rue Varenne. This last encounter was mere chance. I happened to be living in that part of town. Perhaps it will be quite easy for you to explain—perhaps—" He stopped abruptly as if awaiting, expecting her to refute what he had said.

Her lips straightened, she sank back more comfortably among the cushions. A whole minute seemed to drag by.  
 "So I must pay you ten thousand dollars for hiding that from the world."

She looked up slowly. He was bending over her, his face very near hers, his dark eyes glowing somberly. The expression was quite different from any he had yet shown. For a moment she had the weird sensation that something was making him suffer. Surely that dark fire in his eyes was not one of satisfaction. But before she had time to receive more than a fleeting impression, he had turned away and crossed to the fireplace. Watching him, she saw that his hands were clenched.

"Yes," he threw back over his shoulder, "that is the price you must pay."

"When do you want the money?"

She had to put the question a second time before he answered.

"Tomorrow."

"That means going into town."

"Yes."

What was the matter with his voice! All the vigor seemed

to have gone out of it. She got the impression that he had suddenly become desperately tired. There was even a droop to his shoulders that had not been there a short while before.

"Will you come here for it tomorrow night?" she asked.  
 Again he was slow in replying. "No."

"Then—"

"I'll meet you in town."

"Where?"

"Anywhere—the Waldorf—34th street entrance."

"At what time?"

"Noon will do."

"Very well. I'll be there."

She lighted a third cigarette and waited for him to reply. But he showed no intention of speaking again. She stared at his back with slightly wrinkled brow. When he swung about and started toward the door without looking at her, she rose.  
 "You're going!"

He put the key in the lock, turned it, and did not look at her. "Is there anything more to say?"

She smiled. "You are not even going to thank me for doing this?"

His frown—it was more than that; it was a look that oddly resembled an unspoken curse—made her shrink back from him. "What have I to thank you for? It is you who should thank me for keeping silent—hiding your—your—" He crossed swiftly to the divan, towered over her, suddenly thrust out his arms and swept her into an embrace more painful than the one in the pine wood. His hard, burning lips pressed against her cheek, her forehead, her hair, and lingered briefly upon her mouth. Then his hold of her relaxed, he pushed her roughly from him, and hurried from the room.



She heard the front door slam after him with a definite sensation of finality. Something had come—and gone; something that had been—amusing. She considered the word and cast it aside. It did not meet the situation at all. He was not at all amusing. He was disturbing. Why? Of course he was not what she had expected; and yet in a way he was. The letter had told a good deal. She ran quickly over what had happened and found herself dwelling on the moments out there in the pine wood when he had held her so close, so painfully close, to him. There had been something immensely steadying about that. Standing there against him she had been conscious of big, strong, inevitable forces. She tried to smile the feeling away; and failed. It was absurd; yet—And what had this strange change of attitude meant; his indifference, his weariness, his—what was it—almost despair. The way he had kissed her. Anyone would have thought he had been driven into doing it against his will.

She moved restlessly around the room. It had not yet quite assumed its normal proportions. It was still filled with his presence. She picked up a cushion from the chair in which he had sat—it was covered with a bit of faded rose brocade, a piece she particularly liked—and ran her hand over it. The gesture brought her glance to the chair; and to a cigarette case lying in it. He had left it there. She picked it up. Platinum—quite plain—with three small initials in the corner. J. A. U. Jr. She was still looking at it when the butler entered. She slipped it into the folds of a scarf and went to her room.

The next morning she took the nine o'clock train into town. He was already in the chair car when she entered. She recognized his head over a newspaper. During the journey he never once looked her way and left the car immediately upon arrival in New York. She drove to the bank, drew a check for ten thousand dollars, asking for ten one thousand dollar bills, put them carefully away in the patent clasped bag she had brought with her, and arrived at the Waldorf half an hour before noon. She remained there until one o'clock—waiting. He did not come. She lunched alone and returned to the country at four o'clock. When she reached home she locked the money in a safe and then—well, what was there to do but wait? Surely he would come that evening and explain what had happened. One does not go so far as he had and then let insignificant events interfere. She dined alone—again mere routine; and still waited. At nine o'clock she became impatient. Perhaps he would hesitate about coming to the house. The thought stuck in her mind and carried her toward decision. A few minutes later she was out in the snow, tramping toward the pine wood.

She passed the lonely oak, stood there a few moments—an unmistakable black spot in the surrounding white—and waited for the low whistle. If he were waiting, he would surely see her. No sound broke the intense stillness. She went on, reached the wood, looked about. She stood on the same spot as the night before; there was the same pungent clean scent of pine boughs; there was the same calm moonlight. But there the exhilarating sensation stopped. The silence was almost frightening. She felt that she had arrived in an utterly dead world. Suddenly she shivered. She was desperately cold. She tore back to the house and crouched down before the fire.

The next day passed; and the next evening. Again she went to the pine wood; and found it somber and deserted. But the scent of the pine boughs brought his presence back to her with startling reality. It was a part of him; the part that she seemed to be clinging to with incredible tenacity. When she got back to the house she took out his cigarette case and looked at the initials a long time. It might not be so difficult to find out who he was. There were not many names that began with U, especially when there was a Jr. attached. Nor were there many stations on the railway beyond her own. The telephone book might explain who he was. She found the book and hesitated—as she had during the past two days. Something held her back from finding out who he was. She couldn't help feeling that it was taking an unfair advantage. An unfair advantage with a blackmailer! Something funny in the thought. But he was no more a blackmailer than she was. Money had nothing to do with it. Hadn't he shown that by not coming for it! Fear rushed over her. Did he mean to make known that incident that he had mentioned! Perhaps this was an explanation of his strange behavior. Her fingers turned the pages of the book. She must know; she must see him again. Returning the cigarette case would make the means simple. Ubbinati—Ullman—Urban. None of these names had the prefixed initials or the significant Jr. Ah—there it was! J. A. Urquart, Jr. She snapped the book to. Three stations north. A matter of twenty miles. The Social Register completed the information. Evidently he lived there alone with his father, the mother being dead.

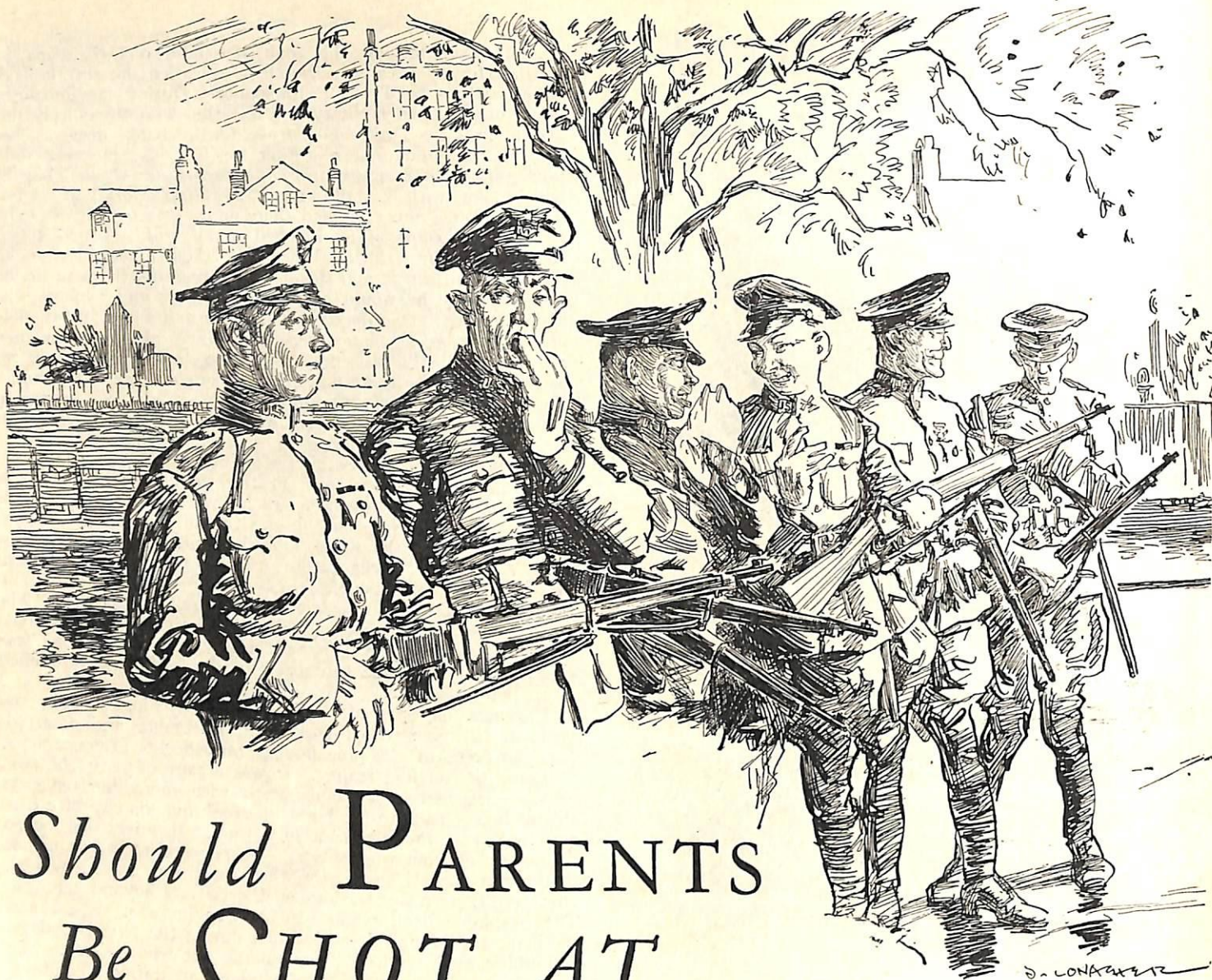
Sunday came with another heavy fall of snow. Why had he bothered at all if he had not intended to follow up the matter? Had something happened? She must know.

She skidded most of the way down the hill. For several miles it was very hard going. One village, two, were passed. She entered the fourth slowly and made inquiries. The house she sought was the second beyond the village, on the left, set back from the road; a red brick house with an avenue of cedars. A few minutes later she turned from the road and entered the avenue. The house was a disappointment. It was almost as ugly as the unsightly garage; but solid, calm, permanent. Again she thought of the night when she had been clasped in his arms. Strange how the places people lived in took on the personality of the owners; or the owners took on the personality of their houses. Which was it?

Now she was at the door. A decrepit butler answered the bell. Mr. Urquart was not at home; neither the father nor the son; both had gone for a tramp in the woods; yes—together; they always did on Sundays. She left the cigarette case without explanations and turned away. There seemed nothing else to do.

[Continued on page 70]





# Should PARENTS Be SHOT AT SUNRISE?

Albert Payson Terhune says it's either that or  
—a most alluring alternative

**H**E WAS a moderately well-preserved old chap, to outward aspect; though, as he got down from the car and walked toward the firing squad, his left leg had a sciatic accent and he wheezed a bit from the mere effort of stepping from the tonneau to the ground.

His son, slender and in the late twenties, jumped lightly to earth and fell into step beside the oldster; his arm dropping in friendly fashion across the latter's slightly sagging shoulders.

Ted Perette was a good son. Nobody could deny that. He who detested getting up early, had robbed himself of several sweet hours of sleep, for the sake of driving his father over to the Execution Ground and of saying a last good-by to him. He had even canceled an attractive night club date, the evening before, in order that he might not oversleep. Yes, Ted was a living disproof that filial and affectionate sons no longer existed in the year 1998.

The firing squad had been standing at ease. Now at a word from their officer the six marksmen stood trigly at attention, facing a blank wall. The officer himself came forward with a pleasant smile to meet the civilian newcomers.

Old Mr. Perette clasped with flabby goodfellowship the officer's courteously outstretched hand.

"Good morning, Captain," he blithered. "I hope we're on time. Yes, yes, quite so. We are. I see that, now. The sun

won't be up for another two or three minutes. So good of you to come! I feel like apologizing to you and my boy, here, for dragging you both out of your snug beds at such an hour. The mornings are chillier than they used to be when I was young. Besides," he prattled on with a tinge of peevishness, "what inconsiderate blockhead ever invented the rule of holding executions at sunrise? Beastly silly hour for any civilized man to be out-of-doors. Now, eleven-thirty in the morning strikes me as an ideal hour to be shot. A nice night's rest and a good breakfast comfortably digested and—"

"Dad," expostulated young Perette, as the officer smothered a yawn, "you're getting garrulous again. And you're boring Captain Throop. He—"

"Not more than one-sixth as much as his gallant men will bore me at sunrise!" chuckled the oldster, his gnarled visage twinkling and crinkling at his own flash of wit. "I—"

"There, there, Dad!" interposed Ted. "That kind of wheeze may have passed as humor in your day. But it's all wet for this generation. And it's always a strain to listen to people trying to be entertaining, at this hour of the morning. Besides, after all, you know there is something just a little solemn about being shot. And you might at least—"

"Solemn?" the old man caught him up, snappishly. "Solemn? Not a bit of it, my lad. It's solemn to go on living



"The wisest and best of all the jumbled reforms this world has ever known, is the law providing for the shooting of Parents at Sunrise—parents who no longer are needed." The old father rambled on but neither his son nor the Captain paid the slightest attention.

Illustrations  
by J. Conacher

after nobody wants you around any longer. It's even worse than solemn. It's rotten. It's solemn to see your own generation sink floppily into the discard, before you've had half the fun and work out of life that you think is due you. It's solemn to be yawned at, where once you were applauded. It's solemn to be a withered leaf that the green new buds are forcing off its twig. All those things are solemn. So are plenty of other old-age happenings; including the terrible icy loneliness that begins to creep in.

"But it's anything but solemn for me to face the firing squad which has the magic to wipe out in one volley all my lonesomeness and not-wanted-aroundness; and to send me in an instant to dreamless sleep or else to a bourne of Eternal Youth. It isn't solemn. It's as jolly as the start of a school-vacation. No, boy, I'm—"

**H**E BROKE off, half wistfully, after the manner of unheeded old age. His son was trying to make a match burn in the dawn-wind; and to get a light for his own cigarette and for the officer's. Neither was paying the slightest attention to the pattering talkativeness of old age. Patiently, the father waited until the task of igniting the cigarettes ceased to engross their every faculty. Then, smiling ingratiatingly at them, he mandered on:

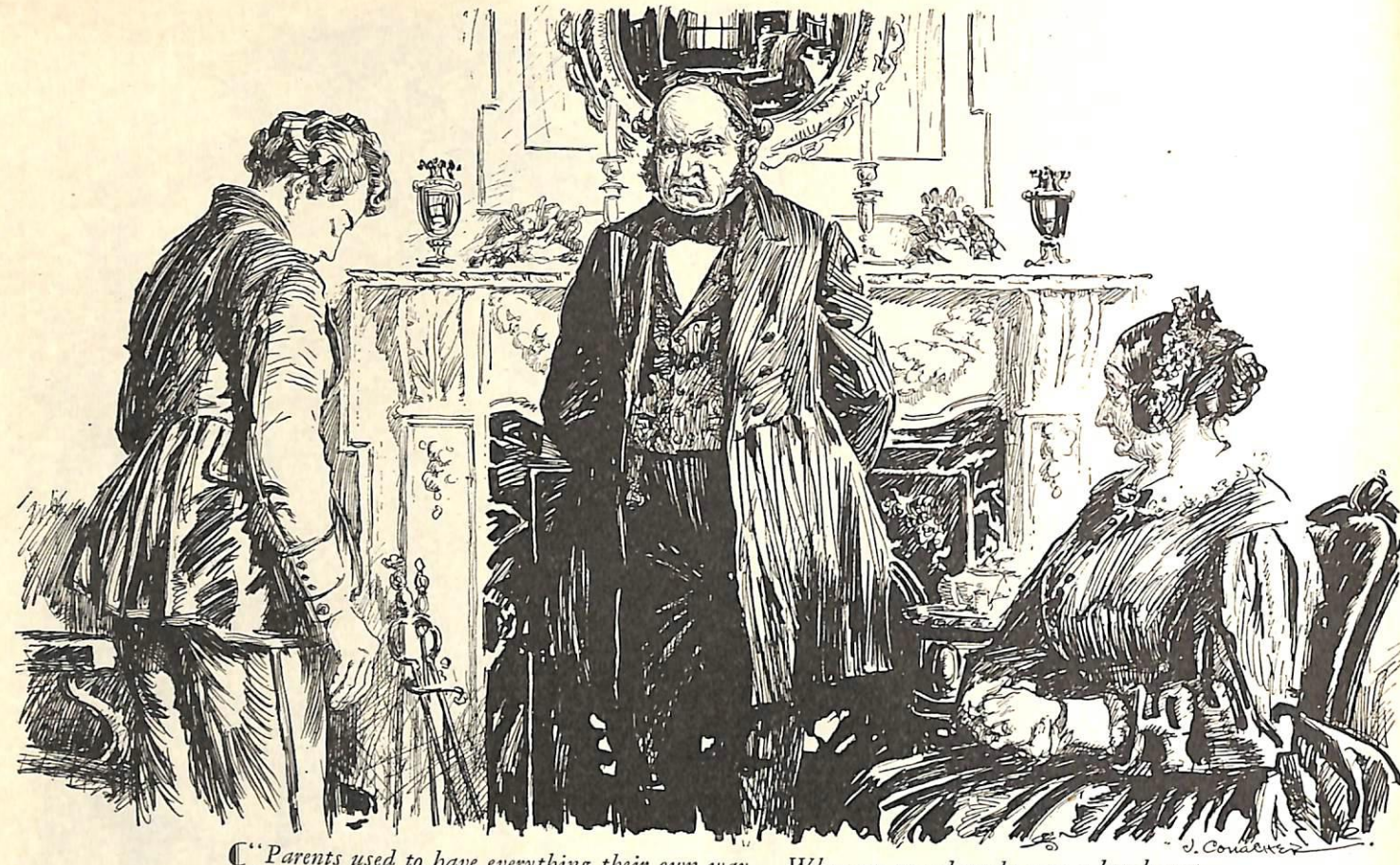
"Of all the jumbled reforms and innovations this world of

curs has ever known, the splendid law providing for the Shooting of Parents at Sunrise is the wisest and best. I opposed it, the first time it came up for popular vote. But that was because I was neither old nor young. My own father was dead; so I had no practical reason for wishing parents put out of the way as soon as they should reach the age when no longer they were of use and when they threatened to become a bore and a burden on their progeny. I was not young enough to see its advantages to others; nor old enough to realize its infinitely greater advantages to myself. You see, Captain—"

"Delete the chatter, Dad!" laughed Ted, with the kindly tolerance he might have used in rebuking the overloud barking of an old and loved hound. "You're wasting our time; and you'll make the captain late to mess. See, the sun is showing over the top of the hill. Good-by, Dad. I'll walk as far as the blank wall with you. You'll guy me as a rank sentimentalist, Captain; but I feel a bit blue over losing the good old cuss. He wasn't nearly as much of a pest as a lot of parents are. Were you, Dad? Well, good-by and good luck to you. Want a handkerchief over your eyes? No? That's a plucky Daddy! Just wait till I get out of range, Captain. Thanks. All ready!"

If you have read as far as this, let me explain to you that I have not tried to be feebly humorous in the foregoing scene. I have pictured something severely practical and commonsense. If ever a debating club may chance to argue the question, "Should Parents Be Shot at Sunrise?" the Affirmative





"Parents used to have everything their own way. When my grand-uncle was a boy he cut loose at a class supper and didn't return till midnight. It was his first and LAST offense."

team will be able to score far more points and far more effective points than can the Negative. The latter must rely, for their argument, almost wholly on sentiment; which, as any realist will tell you, is no argument at all.

When I speak of Parents, remember I don't refer to the sire and dam of some infant who needs paternal care—although in Russia and elsewhere it has been claimed, seriously, that the State can bring up its young citizens far better than can their own parents.

I am talking of the father and mother whose actual job, as father and mother, is completed, and who are of no more use as parents.

Briefly, here is the theorem:

A man and a maid marry. They have several children. They cease to be entities. They cease even to be a Married Couple. They assume the mighty job of Parentage.

To this job, the ideal man brings all his brain and his energy and his courage; in the piling up of enough money to make a home such as he is desirous his children's home should be; and to provide his brood with every possible comfort and luxury and advantage.

To the job, the ideal mother brings all the same fine qualities as does her husband; plus an inexhaustible fund of wise patience. By dint of all this, she manages the home, and brings up the children as she believes they best should be brought up in order to master life's future problems and battles.

What is the result of this dual life-work? Why, the better it is achieved, the sooner the children are in a position where no longer they need their parents.

Mother and Dad have legislated themselves out of a job. Henceforth there is no more call for their services as Parents, than for those of a stage-coach maker (or than there would be today for the services of an expert bartender if Prohibition had succeeded in prohibiting).

They are out of work, as Parents. And, unluckily there is no longer a chance for bootleg parenting. Of old they renewed their parent days in helping to bring up their grandchildren. But the mother of today is too wise in the modern upbringing of children to let Grandpa and Grandma spoil them or give them unhygienic coddling or outworn discipline.

That was good enough for children in the days of Granny's youth. But we know better now.

Then what is left? What further use are Parents, anyhow; when their young have gone out into the world, equipped and

strong for the leading of their own lives? That is not a rhetorical question. I'd like the answer. In my own narrow-gauge mind, I can find but one practical reply which seems to fit the case: Shoot them at sunrise.

Life was different, once. This was a roomy old world; for people as well as for things.

Of old, the Grandsire was the patriarch of the Home. Honorably and honored had he spent his years and his powers for his descendants. In his declining days, his hearthside was a throne. His wisdom ruled the household; curbing and guiding the wilder and less experienced younglings who adored him.

To an elderly Jew I said, last year:

"There is something your people have, which we Gentiles have lost and which we couldn't afford to lose. I mean your Patriarchal home-government; the veneration and eager obedience you Jews give to old age. It is one of the most beautiful things in life."

He glowered at me, a moment, then gruffly he asked: "Are you making fun of me? If you aren't, let me tell you something. I am sixty years old. In my childhood and boyhood and young manhood, my grandfather and then my father were as much kings in our home as ever David was king over Israel. They ruled us sternly. But they ruled us lovingly and benevolently and wisely. Their word was our law. We revered them, and we rejoiced to do them honor."

"Well, look at us, today. In my own home it is as it is in the homes of my friends. I am the head of the family. I am the oldest. I am the father and the grandfather. Am I a king, as my own father and grandfather were?"

"I am not!"

"My children have absorbed this new Yankee independence of the twentieth century. Their children absorb it from them and from their schoolmates. If I give my daughter a command, she laughs at me. If I give my son a rebuke, he either pays no attention to it or he swears at me and calls me an old fool."

Now, rid your mind, please, of any notion that this learnedly philosophic article of mine is a diatribe against up-to-date conditions or that it is an old man's snarl at Youth. It isn't.

I am pointing out, merely, in entire good humor, certain conditions that exist; and I am suggesting the only sane remedy that I can think of.

I am not blaming Youth. I am not even blaming conditions. The conditions are here; and they have to be met. It is pleasanter to meet them by shaking hands than by shaking one's fist.

They are very important characters, these same conditions. Washington freed us from Great Britain. Lincoln freed the negro from serfdom. Modern conditions have freed the new generations from the slavery of the Parent Fetish. They are liberators, these conditions. Let us greet them as such; with due respect.

No longer does Great-uncle Ebenezer's black broadcloth Sunday suit repose grandly in the hair-trunk, up-attic. Yet the suit was made for him in 1873 by Gersh Lockwood: one of New York's most eminently fashionable tailors. The hair-trunk weighed approximately a quarter-ton and it was bought at the justly famed New York emporium of A. T. Stewart.

But, as I have said, the attic no longer exists. There is no place for a huge hair-trunk in a city flat; or even in the two-by-three houselet which has replaced the rambling country home of other days.

The suit must go to the junkpile, as well as the trunk. There is nothing else to do about either of them; no other way of disposal.

Human junk must head in the same general direction. That does not mean that a man and a woman, necessarily, must be shot at sunrise, just because they happen to have brought children into the world. They can live on, indefinitely, and more or less happily, if they care to do so merely as man and woman; and if they do not insist on remaining professional Parents, to children who have no further need nor wish for Parents.

Parents, as Parents, must become extinct as soon as their parenting job is finished; even as the dodo bird and the ichthyosaurus and the pterodactyl and similar prehistoric nightmarelike creatures were scrapped as soon as their usefulness was ended.

Said Elsie Dinsmore, aged fifteen or thereabouts, to her stern sire with sidewhiskers and a choker, when she had committed some such sinister crime as learning only two pages of the Westminster Catechism on Sunday, instead of the required three:

"Father, I confess with shame that I have done wrong; and I am ready to submit myself to any punishment which you may deem fit to inflict."

(By the way, are any of you old enough to have had the "Elsie Dinsmore" books rubbed into your mentality when you

were kids? Terrible, they were. But I think I have made almost no mistake in this quotation from a volume I have not read in forty-four years.)

Well, the average child of a half-century ago was brought up so nearly like Elsie that the stories seemed only stupid and not in any way absurd.

But what would the 1927 girl of fifteen say if her parents sought to make her learn the Westminster Catechism at all? What would she say if her whiskerless and non-chokered father should reprove her sharply for gargling cocktails and for holocausting cigarettes and for wallowing in petting parties? Would Daughter answer as did Miss E. Dinsmore? Or would her refreshingly frank reply warn her father that a certain lethal Sunrise was drawing ever close and closer to him?

Such were the parental advantages of the nineteenth century mid-Victorian era over the twentieth century mid-Vulgarian era.

Are the sons and daughters to blame? They are not. They didn't make Conditions. Conditions made them.

WHEN we Parents were young, the world was rolling at a leisurely pace; and mankind was working ten hours a day. Now the world is spinning at top speed, and mankind somehow has more leisure time than ever before.

When we Parents were young, there were few theaters, no picture houses, no motors, no golf, almost no country clubs. A trip to England was more unusual than is a World Cruise, nowadays.

The Home bulked big. So did the Church (and, in spite of pessimist-forecasts, the Church will continue to bulk big).

Both Home and Church were mightily on the side of Parental Authority. There were few places, except Home and Church, to which the Young could go for recreation and help.

In the days of our parents' parents there were practically no other reputable places open to Youth. Hence, in those prehistoric grandsire days Parents had everything their own way.

Here are one or two true incidents of parental authority—not freak cases, but typical—in the early and middle nineteenth century and even a little later. You youngsters will call me a liar when you read them. But there are other old-timers like myself who will vouch for the truth of what I shall say.

[Continued on page 64]



"What would the 1927 girl say if her father should reprove her for gargling cocktails and holocausting cigarettes?"



THAT square purple envelope would be Phyllis, of course. Phyllis always made a point of impressive stationery.

There was quite a little pile of letters by Hilda Blair's breakfast plate this morning, in response to the notes she had been sending to her out-of-town friends announcing her engagement to Gregory Thorpe. Her new diamond flashed joyously in the morning sunlight as she sorted her mail, and she made little extra motions with her left hand so that it might flash the brighter. But in some obscure way that square purple envelope from Phyllis dimmed the flash. After all, the diamond was small and of course the setting was really white gold, not platinum. She and Greg had agreed happily that white gold was every bit as pretty and that nobody would know the difference anyway. But Phyllis *would* know, if ever she laid eyes on the ring, that it was not platinum; and she would know to a nickel how much cheaper the gold setting was. Phyllis was like that.

"Hilda, do eat your cereal. You haven't any too much time," urged Mrs. Blair in her slow, gentle voice. "It's half past eight now, dear."

Hilda verified the hour by her wrist watch and reluctantly put aside her letters to attack her cereal. For the Caswell Electrical Company, which employed her services at twenty dollars a week, expected its office force to be in the office promptly at nine A. M., regardless of such private cataclysms as matrimonial engagements and diamond insignia of the same.

Ten minutes later, Hilda was walking briskly down Fairview street toward Main. She was a jaunty little figure in her sports coat and her scarlet felt hat; perhaps just a shade too plump for the emaciated mode of the moment but to the normal masculine eye which finds rosy, dimpled cheeks and soft curves easier to look upon than purple shadows and haggard lines, she looked all the prettier for that pleasant plumpness. That was what Greg told her, anyway.

The day proved a busy one at the Caswell Electrical offices and it was lunch time before Hilda got a chance to open the letter.

"Darling Hilda"—so it read—

"How quaint of you to announce your engagement six months ahead, in these speedy days! I'm always forgetting that Hammerstown clings to the old customs, but it is delicious to be reminded. I don't think I know Gregory Thorpe very well, though of course I remember him in our high school days. He was the redheaded boy who always blushed when he recited, wasn't he? My dear, I do hope you will

# TINSEL & GOLD

By Mary Badger Wilson

Illustrations by Adolph Treidler

be happy for ever and ever—that's the Hammerstown picture of marriage, isn't it? And, seriously, I hope that your Gregory will make scads of money out of the pencil business. (Wasn't it pencils you said he manufactured?) Then some day he can take you out of Hammerstown. I hate to think of your being buried there for always and getting fat and frowsy and contented.

Hilda shuddered and pushed aside her cup of hot chocolate topped with whipped cream. "Fat and frowsy and contented". Ugh! What a picture!

"And now, my dear," the letter continued, "I've a surprise for you. I'm taking a couple of weeks' rest next month. I'm simply worn out. When one puts one's very soul

into a color scheme and when the choice of an inconsistent chair gives one a sick headache, the decorating profession *does* take it out of a body. Especially when one can't resist the white lights at night. Theaters, dancing, late suppers night after night—that's the foolish way I live. I'm a perfect wreck, my dear. So I was wondering about a restful, peaceful place for a little vacation when your letter came. And with a sudden inspiration I thought how perfect it would be to spend a week or so with darling little Hilda and how amusing to see Hammerstown again.

"Now, of course, my dear you must tell me frankly if this is not perfectly convenient for you. If you haven't an extra bed or you are not prepared for company now, you must just say so.

"Drop me a line about it when you can take time from your Gregory. Does he still blush?"

"Heaps of love

"Phyllis Dean."

Hilda tucked the letter back into her handbag and hastily



(Hilda watched Greg's expression whenever he looked at Phyllis, and a little shiver chilled her heart.

## Being A LESSON IN LOVE

finished her fruit salad. She must write to Phyllis immediately and tell her to come whenever it suited her. Otherwise Phyllis might assume that the Blair house was not provided with an extra bed, which would be a mortifying idea to have abroad.

Hilda returned to her afternoon's work at the Caswell offices with a laggard step. She walked not briskly now but with a slow uncertainty as one must walk who ponders disquieting news.

Of course, she thought loyally, it would be divine to see Phyllis again, simply divine. Dear Phyllis who had been her very best friend in high school. But . . . Well, Phyllis was evidently used to such a thrilling life in New York that Hilda was a little frightened at the prospect of entertaining such a sophisticated guest.

That night she broke to her mother the news of the impending visit. Mrs. Blair showed slight enthusiasm. She was not an inhospitable lady—she and her husband were jolly middle-agers who loved to have the house full of their children's friends. But Mrs. Blair had not cared any too much for the schoolgirl friendship between Phyllis and Hilda and she was not particularly pleased to see it renewed now after the lapse of years.

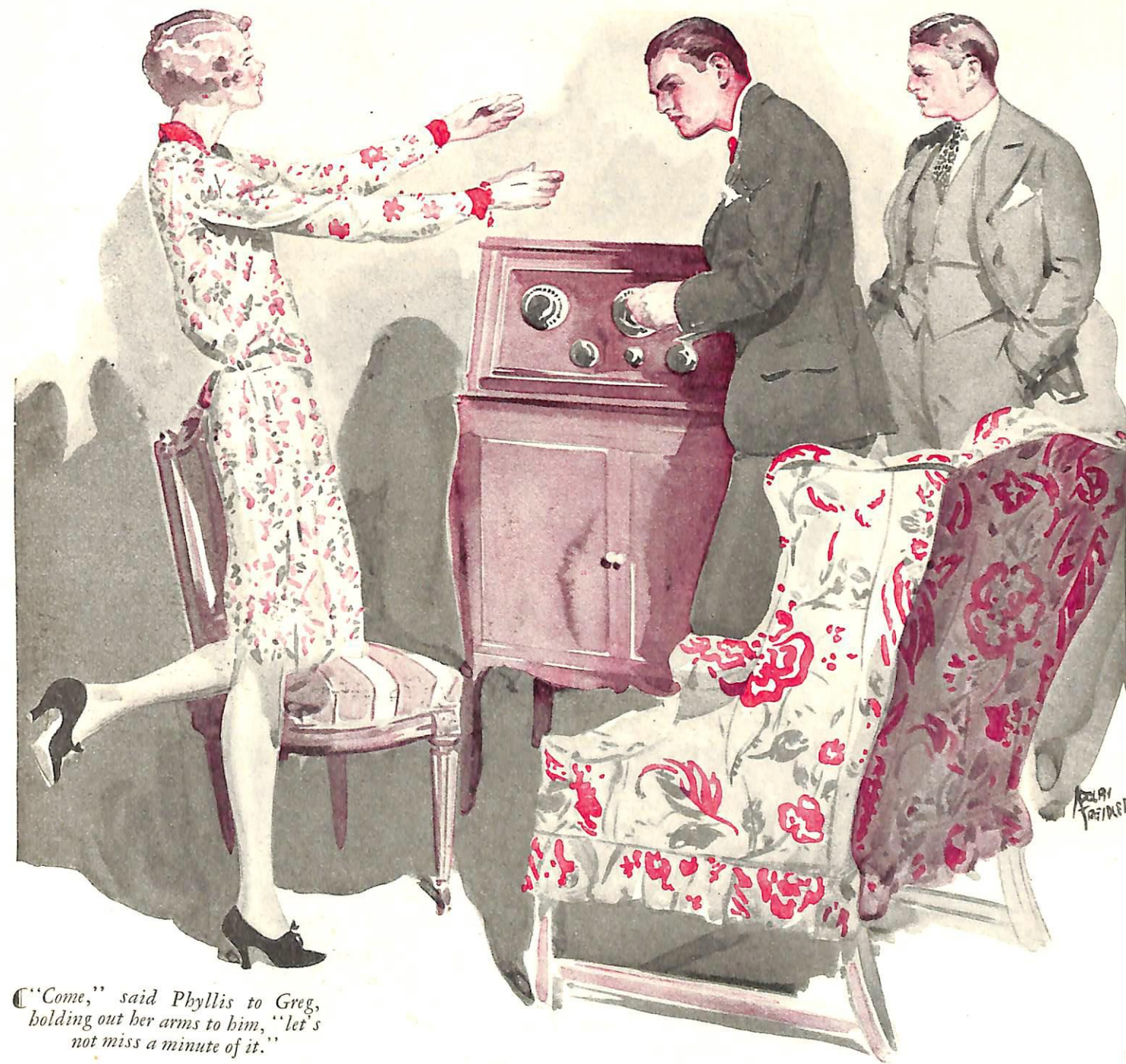
Phyllis had kept herself in Hilda's thoughts during the years by occasional letters, increasingly New Yorky in tone.

First of all, there was the question of a room. Since the twins had grown big enough for a room to themselves, the Blair house was completely filled with family and there was no guest room. Phyllis would have to room with Hilda but here too was a problem, for Hilda had only a single bed, a little painted bed, ivory white with garlands of pink rosebuds. "I'll give Austin a cot and I'll bring the brass bed from his room in here for Phyllis," Mrs. Blair said.

"Oh, but Mother!" Hilda protested. "It wouldn't match." She was remembering that phrase in Phyllis's letter "an inconsistent chair gives me a sick headache."

"Fiddlesticks," said Mrs. Blair. "You certainly don't imagine, my dear, that we can buy a new bed just to suit a color scheme for a two-weeks' guest."

The absurdity of that was patent even to the distressed Hilda. So, to make up for the jarring note in the decorative scheme, she flung herself feverishly into other details. The Blair linen closet was ransacked for its choicest guest towels and the shops of Hammerstown were ransacked for French powders and perfumes and tinted bath crystals. It cost her a nice little slice of her bank account to get them.



"Come," said Phyllis to Greg, holding out her arms to him, "let's not miss a minute of it."



Her own room completed, she turned her thoughts and fears to the rest of the house and to her family.

"Oh, Mother," she exclaimed exasperatedly, "can't the twins eat in the kitchen while Phyllis is here? Their table manners are simply atrocious."

"Why, I don't think they are so bad for ten years old," Mrs. Blair said placidly. "Just leave them to me, dear, and I'll see that they behave while you have company."

Hilda was a little trying these days, jumpy and nervous and preoccupied.

Even Gregory was conscious of a change in his fiancée; she seemed a little removed, almost absent, and the thing that he particularly loved about Hilda was her vivid quality of being present.

"I wish that girl'd come on and get her visit over with. I'm sick and tired of her already. Why do you bother so? I remember her back



(Phyllis, in an exotic black and gold negligée, stretched herself languidly as Hilda came in.

in school and she wasn't such a muchness. Thin and moony. Darn her! Why did she have to come butting in at this time just when we've got engaged and naturally want to see something of each other."

If Hilda's family had thus expressed themselves, there would have been an explosion. But, strangely enough, she did not find herself exploding with indignation at Greg's heretical remarks. She even heard herself chuckle. And she rubbed her cheek affectionately against his nice, tweedy shoulder.

"But you'll be sweet to Phyllis, Greg, won't you? For me?" she wheedled.

"For you, darling," he promised, his voice deepening with the untarnished wonder of young love.

Phyllis arrived on a two-fifteen express, which meant that Hilda had to beg an hour off from work in order to meet her. And then, of course, the express was late so that Hilda, divided between fear of a tardy return to the Caswell Electrical Company and fear of not meeting her guest, was in a fine state of nerves when the train finally pulled in. But Phyllis was cool, assured, fashionably casual.

Hilda threw herself upon her old-time school friend with the affectionate fervor of Hammerstown.

"Darling Phyllis," she exclaimed. "How good it is to see you."

Phyllis disengaged herself from the embrace, with woman-of-the-world restraint and adjusted her fur neckpiece.

"Funny old Hilda," she laughed. "Still an impulsive infant, aren't you? It's good to see you too. Even if you will wear your hats on the back of your head."

She reached out and pulled the brim of Hilda's scarlet felt a little further forward, scarcely a half inch. But Hilda had the feeling that her hat had been perched comically on the crown of her head until Phyllis had corrected it.

"Taxi, ladies?" inquired a cruising red-cap.

Phyllis looked politely vague.

"Yes, yes. Of course," said the flustered Hilda. "See if you can get us Mr. Kephart's car. It's the most comfortable."

"Mr. Kephart's done took a party out to the old Milbank place. He won't be back in an hour or more, Miss," said the red-cap. "Best I c'n do for you now is Ike's jitney, I guess."

Phyllis laughed a cool, metropolitan laugh.

"How delicious to know the taxis by name," she observed. But she climbed into Ike's rusty touring car very graciously. Mrs. Blair met them hospitably at the door, greeting Phyllis with uneffusive amiability.

"Awfully nice to see you again, and Hilda," Phyllis commented.

"It's nice to see you," Mrs. Blair fibbed politely. "I'm glad we could help you with your vacation."

Hilda, struggling up the narrow staircase with both of Phyllis's bags, felt distressfully that Mother had said the wrong thing entirely. To distract attention she called loudly.

"Come on up, Phyllis, and let me show you the way. I have to hurry back to work, you know."

"You are to share my room," she continued apologetically as Phyllis followed her. "Our family is so spread out now that we really need a bigger house."

She led the way into the spic and span, pink flowered room over which she had worked and worried. Phyllis pausing at the threshold, smiled amusedly.

"How typical of you, Hilda dear," she remarked. "It looks just like the maiden's prayer."

Hilda blushed.

"I expect your own room at home is very lovely," she said.

Phyllis shrugged one slim shoulder.

"Oh, it changes. To express my personality as that changes, you know. This year it is all black and gold. Exotic."

"I see," Hilda said, her brown eyes wide with wonder. Imagine changing your bedroom furniture to suit a mood!

What an awful lot of money Phyllis must make in the decorating business. Disquietingly she recalled the Caswell Electrical Company which had grudgingly granted her an hour's leave.

"Oh, I must fly, Phyllis. See you again this evening."

Breathless and fifteen minutes late into the bargain, she returned to work. An accumulation of reports waited on her desk, to be typed. It was a hectic afternoon. The Executive Secretary was on what the office knew as "an efficiency jag" and all sorts of past mistakes were being dragged out into the light and pawed over.

Fagged and a bit headachy, she dashed home just half an hour before dinner time. She found Phyllis, in an exotic gold and black negligée, reading a confessional magazine and occasionally stretching out a thin hand to extract a chocolate from the big box that rested beside her on the bed.

At the sight of Hilda returned, Phyllis put down her maga-

zine, yawned and stretched herself, lingering long over it.

"H'lo, darling. Back from the day's grind," she said sleepily. "Tired?"

"A little," Hilda admitted, but smiled with an attempt at bright hospitality. "Have you had your bath, Phyllis?"

"Half an hour ago," Phyllis said. "A whole tub of hot water like a decadent Roman. Helps to keep one slender, you know."

She extended a slim arm from her silk negligée, and spanned it with the fingers of the other hand, as though testing to see that she had not gained an extra ounce.

"Have a chocolate," she offered the box, on the top layer of which she had completed considerable devastation. "Or do you lay off sweets?" she suggested, with a lazy glance at her friend's inclined-to-be-plump figure.

Hilda had just reached out for the offered chocolate. But she drew back her hand fearfully.

"I expect I am too fat for candy," she said dreadingly. "Well, since you've had your tub, I'll be springing into mine. It's almost dinner time and Greg is coming for us right after dinner."

"The faithful fiancé! Does he leap to attention so soon?" Phyllis laughed musically. "Then I must be arising and making myself beautiful, mustn't I?"

Subtle intonations in her voice expressed the ridiculousness of a New York sophisticate adorning herself for a small-town swain.

Hilda discovered that the Roman bath had exhausted the hot water. And she could but notice, anxiously, that bath crystals and dusting powder had been used with a lavish hand that counted not the cost. She wondered if there would be enough to last through the visit.

Back in her room she found Phyllis seated at the dressing table, applying herself to the task of facial make-up with an artist's absorption. Hilda perforce dressed without a mirror, save for such scrappy glimpses as she could secure over her guest's shoulder. She felt frumpy as they went downstairs to dinner, but Phyllis was cool and chic and assured, wearing a delectable chiffon frock in three shades of violet.

Dinner was a trying meal. The twins stared steadily at the guest over tumblers of milk from which they seemed to drink inexhaustibly.

Austin (Hilda's brother) launched into a detailed account of the practise game of football in which he had taken part that afternoon. Hilda felt as though she would scream. How horribly bored Phyllis must be!

Phyllis merely played with the juicy roast, smoking hot sweet potatoes, creamed carrots, and asparagus salad which Mrs. Blair had prepared. Mr. Blair remonstrated.

"Here, young lady, you aren't complimenting the cook."

"I'm a small eater," Phyllis said, esthetically.

"We must fatten her up while she's with us, Mother," Mr. Blair insisted.

Phyllis ran a satisfied hand down the smooth hiplessness of her chiffon frock.

"But it isn't at all smart to be fat these days," she said. "Fortunately I don't care for food so it's easy for me to stay slim."

"Too many sweets between meals, I guess," Mrs. Blair commented. "That was a pretty big box of candy you had."

Mr. Blair laughed teasingly.

"Sweetheart's parting gift, eh Phyllis? You and Hilda fixing to step off at the same time?"

Phyllis smiled with cool detachment.

"Hardly," she answered. "I have too many interests to tie myself down to one yet. Life's too thrilling. But Edgar is a frightful dear about showering me with things. He saw me off on the train, of course, with candy and magazines. Edgar Winslow—he's with the Greater Consolidated people. Nice old darling but I don't think it would amuse me to marry a business man."

Mr. Blair was impressed.

"Greater Consolidated's a big concern," he said. "A young man is lucky to be with them. What does he do?"

"Oh something executive. I never bother to ask."

GREGORY arrived early. Dinner was just over and Mr. Blair was turning the dial to get a New York jazz orchestra on the radio, when Gregory appeared, bringing with him one John Graves, an amiable youth who could always be counted on to fill in.

Phyllis gave Gregory a casual hand and a subtle smile.

"Nice to see someone who 'knew me when,'" she murmured.

Gregory blushed.

Hilda, feeling horribly ashamed of his inadequacy, diverted attention to John Graves.

"John is new," she recommended him. "His people moved here after you went to New York, Phyllis."

"You came from a big town, didn't you?" Phyllis flattered, with an appraising look at his well-tailored suit.

"Not me," he denied. "I came from the great open spaces.

Hammerstown's big enough for Johnny—why, lady, I get all tangled up with the traffic signals down at Main and Fifth streets."

Gregory laughed boisterously.

It was the fashion in Hammerstown to laugh at John Graves who was expected always to be the life of the party.

"Well, shall we try to make the first show?" Gregory asked. "Or would you rather wait for the second one?"

"Let's go now," Hilda decided. But Phyllis asked lazily:

"Movies? Do they really amuse you? I'd much rather go somewhere and dance."

[Continued on page 53]



(As the love story developed on the screen the angry fire died in Hilda's heart. She gave her hand to Greg who grasped and held it.



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, the Dick Davis of Beloved Memory, war correspondent, good fellow—a fortunate soldier of fortune.



WARD McALLISTER Inventor of New York's social set, the "400", out-of-date, though a Register continues the tradition.

(Left) The sentimental "In the Gloaming" song days linger in memory.



(Above) Skirts that trailed on the grass at Vassar College trail there no more.



(Above) Roses and cream lace—an evening hat creation built for hair.



(Left) The Dream of Youth was once the Gibson Girl.



(The hat with a flare, not for the boyish bob.

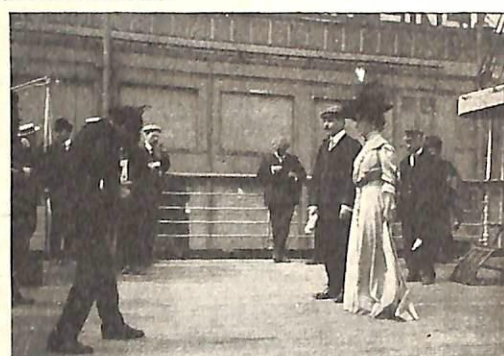
© Robert Howard Russell



(TEXAS GUINAN, the hostess who reigns supreme today (or rather tonight). She whips up a good time and cares nothing for social rating.



(ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH has always followed the styles. In the 1900's posing skirts and posing hats required skill.



(MRS. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, leader of the "400" in the '80's. She swept down staircases, flanked by flunkies, and held Court. She was an exclusive hostess.



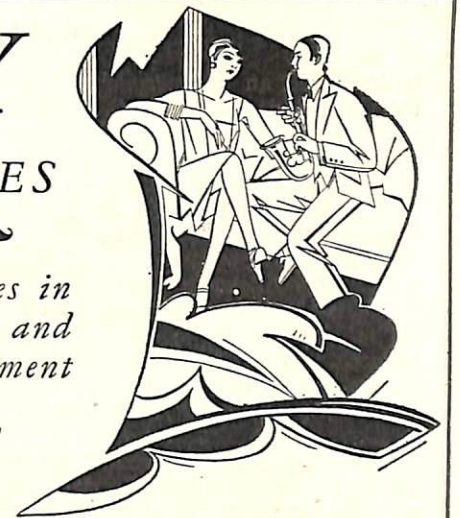
# HISTORY

AS TOLD IN PICTURES

Our GIRLS—NOW and Then

(A series of articles which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, travel, sport and entertainment

Arranged and Commented upon by  
MONTROSE J. MOSES



EDITOR'S NOTE. The reason for this series of articles is well founded on human interest. Men and women alike are eager to see themselves in perspective. They are prompt to heap sarcastic mirth on the queer notions they once held, the queer hats they once wore, the queer experiments they once hailed. "Is it possible," they ask themselves, "that such and such things could have been?" Look here upon this picture and on this. The answer is irrefutable. You can't get around it. Manners proclaim the Age. And pictures give the Age away. Never before in our history as a people have we been so conscious of change as we are today.

When two people meet, their instinct is to brag of the latest feat of prowess, as detailed in the morning paper, to discuss the latest invention, to contrast the Now and Then. We may be a practical Nation, bent on accumulation of the Dollar, but enough is happening to us daily to supply us with Hero Tales for many a year to come. Lindbergh's hop to Paris is ballad stuff for the immediate future. It caught our imagination and we went wild. The whole world may be commercially bent, but the Time is filled with events to feed the Spirit. Within the memory of each one of us, scientific marvels have happened, new industries have assumed gigantic economic significance, the skyline of our vision has become ragged with mammoth buildings. We smile over what was Yesterday, we thrill over what is Today, we speculate over what may be Tomorrow. A modern Omar has a theme. The Giant World of our creating startles us. We are but human; there is something Superhuman about the Age.

Children are born with forked lightning in their hands as their inheritance. The infant world, says Shaw in "Back to Methuselah", already knows by instinct many things that their greatest physicists could hardly arrive at by forty years of strenuous study. The infant is no longer thought precocious when it gurgles the word "ball," but the natural thing nowadays is for it to pronounce distinctly the word "automobile." In other words, the Nursery is speeded up to accord with the general Speed of the Age. Youth twirls the radio dials nonchalantly, Youth knows all about airplanes, Youth reads the newspapers understandingly.

In this series of panoramic discussions, we are placing the evidence in balanced contrasts. What is the verdict? We are much more open and above board Today than we used to be. We have uncovered many more things than our legs, and we are smug for it. Those mooted silences of the past, those smirking ignorances we now discover were no guarantees of purity. Some of the pictures we have unearthed show insinuation Then to have been equally as suggestive as our present day frankness; they show sex to have been just as dangerously rampant in long skirts and pinched waists as in silk stockings and bobbed hair. The Sampler Girl ate her heart out in an effort to discover some secret communication with the boy she liked. The Smoking Girl is much more protective of herself in her freedom. She knows what it all means and what is more she knows how to protect herself.

All these contrasts are excellently well preserved in pictures which may be taken as historical and social documents.

And so we are asking you to look upon this picture and on that and to judge of merits and demerits for yourself.

Will the next Generation be conservative as a reaction against the New Freedom? Women will never return to the confinement of long skirts, to the inconvenience of long hair, to the discomfort of high collars and wasp waists, we have heard Fashion Editors declare. And at the same moment we have read that Fashion Dictators have begun advocating wigs for evening wear to correspond with the color of the evening gown. Fads, like Real Estate Values, may jump anywhere.

This motion and change, this tearing down and setting up, this adventure which is brave and reckless, joyous and not without its spiritual significance—we intend to suggest some of it by pictures and interpretative text: a chart of ways and means, of direction and speed, of morals and manners!

THERE was a time when the Gibson Girl pleased everything that was sentimental in us. The news-stands were quickly denuded of the issues of Life that contained the double-page Gibson cartoons. The American Girl—long, short, fat, slim—imagined herself IT, coiled her hair, tilted her chin, poised her figure as Gibson would have it. Every callow youth set his jaw and shaved off the bloom of a mustache because Charles Dana Gibson had drawn the ideal of manhood. Fauntleroy curls and Buster Brown haircuts were no more distinctive than this Gibson craze. Everybody was doing it.

Scarcely a den but had two or three Gibson pictures on the walls. Ecstatic joy came to the girl heart when Gibson and Richard Harding Davis joined talents in the latter's novel, "Soldiers of Fortune." Davis was a sort of Gibson man anyway. If one were engaged, it was the proper thing for the couple to spoon over the pages of "Soldiers of Fortune." Such romance relieved the monotony of the Humdrum Home.

This was the period when the Gibson Girl delighted and the Ibsen Girl shocked one. Nora, in "A Doll's House," and Hedda Gabler were considered queer young women, holding ideas of independence and of sex that were not quite nice. At luncheon parties women were asked not to discuss Ibsen, however much they might read him. In London, George Bernard Shaw, the vegetarian, was under the ban of the censor for his Fabian boldness. He hailed the Ibsen Girl. "Of course such a man would," exclaimed conservative society! To the Puritan Ibsen was obscene. To the sentimentalist, the Gibson Girl, with her slender curves, was delightful; but Hedda Gabler's sinuous lines were diabolical. Today the Gibson vogue has passed into history, and Ibsen's notions are old-fashioned, though his heroines are still vital in the theater and are good acting parts. And of course everyone would like to have Shaw to dinner.

Someone declared not long ago that women in the past did not really dress but upholstered themselves. The woman of the present avows that only now has she really understood the art of clothes, the value of lines. The Passementerie Era is passé. The crinoline made her a



## HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

balloon and an uncontrollable balloon when she sat down; the bustle gave her a shelf-like appearance; the puffed sleeve and the mutton leg kept her from standing shoulder to shoulder with anyone. She wore switches in her hair, she had a fine assortment of "rats" for her pompadour. Her Psyche knot or her tight coil was as arbitrary as her Grecian bend or her sheath skirt. She trailed the ground with dirty and ragged braid on the hem of her gown. She possessed hips and a wasp waist. But she was not supposed to have legs. She took arduous lessons in the proper way of holding her skirts, but skirts there must be! A leg was something to laugh at in vaudeville, but not to be taken seriously in the home or at the dressmaker's. In fact, the immediate past may be designated as the Legless Age; the present as the Skirtless Age.

The long skirt was required when a woman rode horseback; hence the sidesaddle was necessary. What a wagging of tongues when the divided skirt was announced for bicycling and horseback riding! Fashion decreed that on the bridge path a beaver hat and a stock were the things for women; even high boots were required—but beneath a Niagara of skirts—a mannish mannikin without legs. If now, the girl wears knickers when she mounts the horse astride, why should there be any hesitancy, as there seems to be, about wearing knickers on the golf course or in front of the tennis net? This is worthy of mention as showing how curiously the current of change behaves, how unreasonably social sanction acts—at breakneck speed in one direction and sluggishly in the other.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor was once the social dictator of New York; her fame was broadcast. She ruled her world like a monarch, and Ward McAllister—who originated the "400" list of social lions and lionesses—was her census taker. He indicated who was socially "Who's Who" on Manhattan Island. A function at Mrs. Astor's home was regarded by the press in the light of a receiving day at Buckingham Palace. One was flunkied into her presence.

The prestige and importance of our social sets today have declined. The much-sought-after Hostess is no longer the one whose house could not be entered without social approval, but the one whose doors are easily opened to get in, but not so readily opened to get out except in payment of large bonuses. Mrs. Astor never charged \$1.50 for a cheese sandwich, or \$2.00 for a glass of carbonated water. But I doubt today if one in a thousand could tell offhand who is the social leader of "all that is left of the '80's 400." Yet there is scarcely anyone who does not know Texas Guinan and her Night Club. A change has happened to the word "Hostess." Even the young folks of the so-called "smart set" prefer the new kind.

Does this preference mean wild deterioration? The bit seems to have been taken from between the Modern Girl's teeth, the check rein from her body, and she is off into the pastures of the New Freedom. One cannot help feeling that she has escaped a bad thing, that in the past she was not really protected but stifled, that the process of keeping her weak kept her also in poor health. The New Freedom has made the American Girl much more healthy. She has qualities she never before possessed; or if she possessed them they were taken away from her through maternal muddle-headedness. She is now frank, direct; she thinks for herself, she acts for herself, knows more about herself. There are no longer mooted questions to make her blush; she speaks naturally of things that are natural things to speak of. When she blushes, she has good reason to. She may be foolishly free sometimes in her manner, but she is very jealous of her virtue. She smokes, she bobs her

hair, she sports a boyish figure, she's hail fellow well met. She flashes by in a roadster at a speed to put the old buggy to shame; she makes a record drive on the green with no clinging vine insouciance; she doesn't expect a man to allow her to put her supposedly tiny foot into his extended hand in order to mount her gentle pony (more likely than not she won't have a horse unless it bears on its mustang flank the brand of a famous ranch), but notwithstanding she is feminine.

Call her excesses the evils of the New Freedom, it doesn't matter in the long run—she's a woman still, a much healthier woman, a more companionable one. In the old plays and novels, Man merely went into Wall street to make money to keep the social pace. His women folks weren't interested as to how or why the money came in; they ran up bills which swamped the mails (and males); they merely measured prosperity by the broughams, the ball dresses, the conservatories, the number of servants. Then always, during some social function, the poor Man—pushed to the edge by extravagance—left the gay party, went to his bedroom, and the merry waltzers were suddenly startled by a pistol shot. The walls came tumbling down around the beruffled figures of the women folk—the economic dependents. But that type of female folk has gone the way of the jabots and stocks and basques and toque bonnets and bustles. That life is the funny sheet over which the silk-stockinged flapper laughs with glee.

The male man of the past—when he wasn't submerged by work—assumed a superior manner before his women folk; he flaunted his whiskers as an insignia of his prowess; he was gallant to the ladies with the same condescension that a mother showed her child. Woman was to be worshiped, but her individuality was to be bullied. She was the weaker sex and needed protection from the sheltering arm of the house; she only now and then went forth to catch a glimpse of the Man World. But in the broad open spaces of the dinner table, where men were men, woman must vamoose after a certain course; she might wish to remain, but she must join her sisters after dinner, leaving the men to their wine, cigars and racy stories. If a novelist wished to be bold, he had his heroine return just at the height of a pointed story. But it was an age where a Girl could only do what was designated as the "suitable thing." There were huge realms of unmentionable topics, of Feminine Ignorances. The pedestal of Womanhood was built on a quicksand.

It is not so long ago since the chaperone was necessary for every occasion. All that a girl might do in the presence of a man was to embroider and simper behind an embroidery frame, or else sing sentimental ditties and glance surreptitiously at the manly form by her side.

In my secluded home town one dared not overstep this code. If a girl went buggy riding with a man, and he drove one horse, it was merely a buggy ride; but if a spanking team took the place of the single nag, then we might expect the announcement of an engagement before sundown.

The Girl of Yesterday was supposed to be protected; she wasn't supposed to protect herself. She was to remain innocently ignorant. But her game was to cheat Convention and to taste of freedom on the QT. She had apparently to live up to her Softness. With the New Order of Things, the girl protects herself and is happier and healthier for it. The lounge lizard of the past made the girl worship him as her superior; she served him tremblingly. She did so in the name of those "helpless, tired men folk!" No lounge lizard in the world today could demand or get such service.



—Courtesy of Ladies' Home Journal  
**ETHEL BARRYMORE**, in the early 1900's, was the idol on and off the stage. She was the girl emulated by girls.



In the correct days, a girl must ride a side-saddle, even though she wore top hat and stock and boots. Today the girl rides free of skirts and like a jockey.

Wasp waists and boyish bobs; the age of hips; the age of flat chests; veils and barbering; kid gloves and silk stockings—all the signs of the differing times.

Courtesy of Ladies' Home Journal

Courtesy of Liberty Magazine



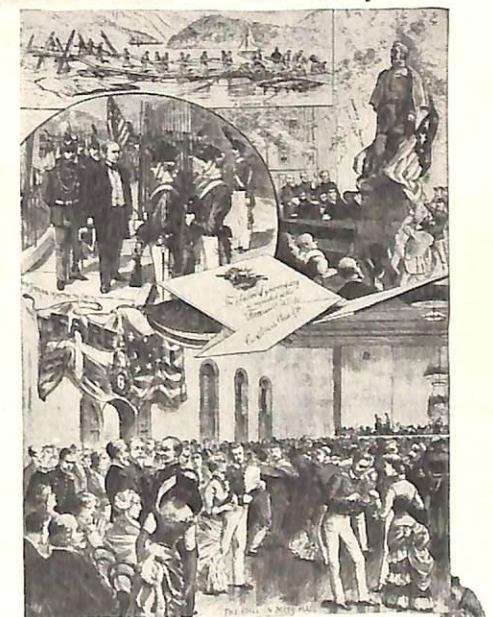
When leg o'mutton sleeves and trains were the fashion.



(Left) In 1870 dancing was formal; women were clinging vines. But under the skin they were no different than the girl of today. At West Point (Right) the maids were not as simple as novels say they were. Our intimate supper dance today (Below) is not a whit more sophisticated.



LADY DECIES née VIVIEN GOULD in her wedding dress. Trains foamed at the feet of brides yesteryear.



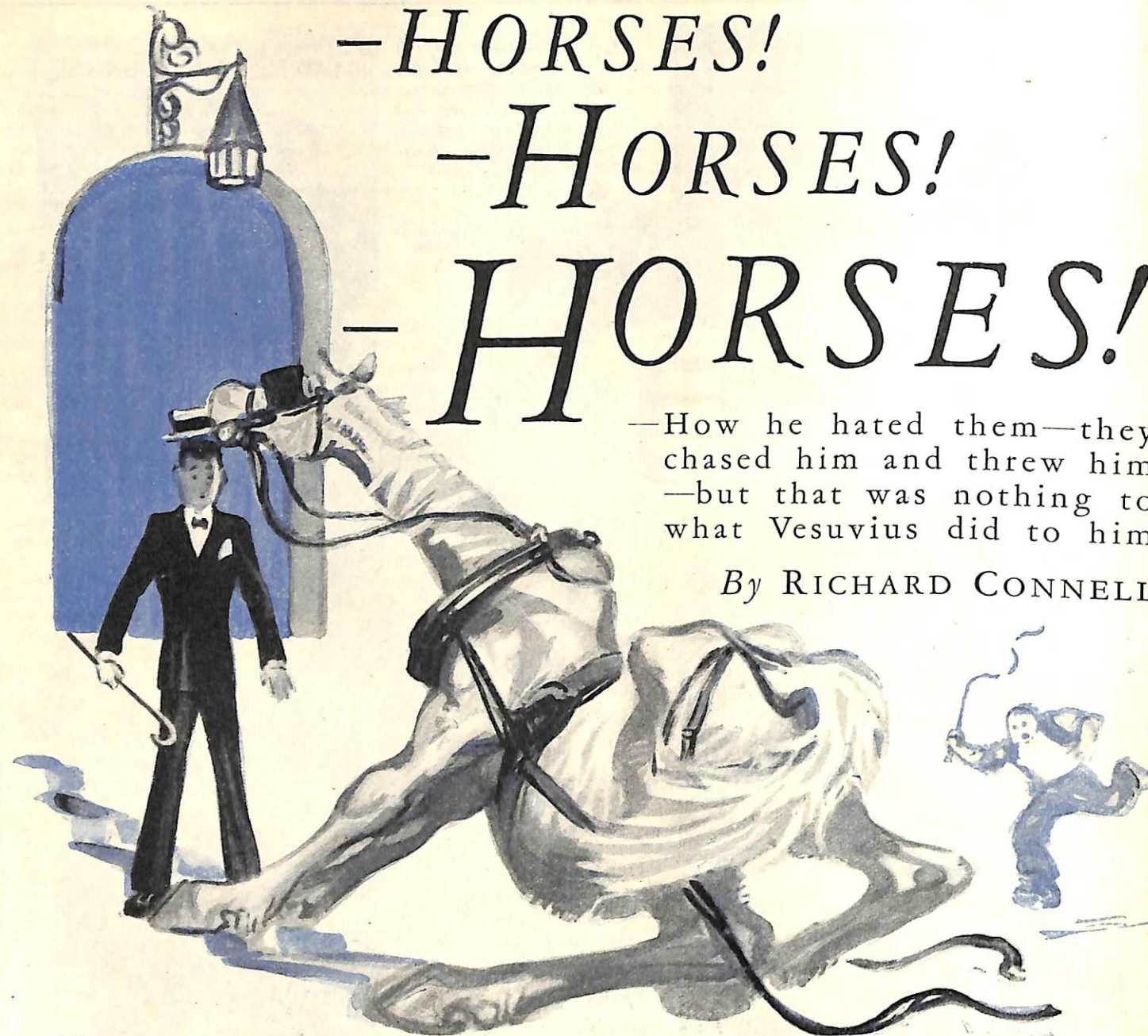
Lounge lizards in the blasé '70's smoked their pipes and probably lisped Persian Omar Khayyam to the adoring female.



# -HORSES! -HORSES! -HORSES!

—How he hated them—they  
chased him and threw him  
—but that was nothing to  
what Vesuvius did to him

By RICHARD CONNELL



“Vesuvius recognized me. She even tried to eat my hat!”

(Cartoons by David Robinson)

ONCE a year I smoke a cigar. This is on the twenty-first of May. With me it is a rite almost sacerdotal. Each spring I observe it religiously. This is why. I know that if I perform the rite on that day something very much out of the ordinary will happen to me. For fourteen years I have done this—and the day has never failed me. Life, even in New York, is, in the main, flat. Romance is ever just around the corner, or in the next apartment. However, on the twenty-first of May I have only to put on my best suit and necktie, purchase the largest and most expensive cigar the art of man has contrived, stroll up Fifth avenue puffing expectantly, and something unusual, strange, fantastic is bound to occur.

For this I can give no reason. That the day holds magic for me I know—but I do not know why. True, it marks an anniversary in my life. It was on this day that I, the most verdant cub reporter in the great city, covered my first news story. It was a not altogether glorious performance. The city editor sent me to interview a very great man, the foremost financial giant of his time. I did not know that this was a species of office hazing. The very great man was a terrible person who never gave interviews. Indeed it was his habit to do bodily harm to reporters who gained admission to his presence. Of this trait I knew nothing. I was twenty, and as green as the lawns of Central Park that mild fair day.

With a proper awe, but resolutely, I approached the marble

sarcophagus wherein dwelt the very great man. I remember (Guardian angels protect the young!) informing the butler, loftily, “Please tell Mr. Whoeveritwas that a journalist wishes to see him—at once.”

An imposing secretary—he wore a braided cutaway—came out. He was an immensely suave young man who got—and earned—a large salary for placing a buffer of honeyed words between his irascible employer and journalists, common newspaper men and the public generally. Unctuously he bade me come into his office. He was sorry—almost to the point of tears—that the press of business would deprive his chief of the pleasure of talking to me, etc. All the while I could hear a rumbling and masterful snorting in the very next room. I argued with the secretary, but feebly. He was polite but adamant. By way of consolation, he offered me a cigar, long, negroid, magnificent. I had never smoked. He lit a match and held it out toward me. My duty was plain. As a journalist, and man of the world, what could I do? I knew, by observation, a little about the technic of smoking cigars. Nonchalantly I bit off an end. Less nonchalantly, I swallowed it. I held the cigar to the proffered light. I pulled, manfully. Nothing happened.

“Try biting off the other end,” the secretary suggested. I’ll say this for him; he didn’t smile. I did so. I puffed violently, like a tug getting up steam. The secretary stood up and gazed pensively toward the door. I stood up, too, thanked him, and

said I’d call again. Before I reached the door I was attacked by a feeling more acute and exigent. I reeled across the spinning room, careened against a door, tumbled headlong through it, and fell—plop—on to a particularly thick, soft and handsome rug. At last, oh so dizzy, I looked up. Even in my condition I recognized at once the face which stared down at me.

“What the devil?” said the very great man. “Now what the devil?”

In my befuddled state the only thing I could think of to say were the first words I had been prepared to address him when I interviewed him.

Lying there on his office rug, I piped, so wanly, so squeakily, “Mr. Whoeveritwas, tell me how to make a hundred million dollars.”

The mufi-eyebrows went up. There was a glint in those steel eyes, an almost warm glint. Then he, who was said never to laugh, burst forth into the most tremendous bellowing chuckle I had ever heard.

“Why, you blasted young ape,” said the very great man, “you work for it.”

The illest journalist in the world automatically squeaked out the second question on his list.

“But what about luck?”

Maybe the very great man, standing over me, was reminded, by my forlorn state, of a time, many years before when he first came to the big city from an Ohio farm, with nothing in his pockets but his cold hands, and as unversed in the ways of the world as I appeared to be, and was. At any rate—he, the great uninterwined, said, gruffly enough, but with an amused look:

“Luck. Sure. Don’t forget, young fellow, there are two kinds of luck—bad and good. A man in the course of his life runs into both kinds in equal proportions. If he’s wise he discounts the bad; and when the good comes along, he bulls it. He backs himself to win—”

He went on quite a while in that strain. Nothing startlingly new; no secret formula of success; but coming from him it was good for a column on the front page—and an editorial pat on the back for me.

That is how I started to celebrate the twenty-first of May.

The fourteenth anniversary started inauspiciously. All the way up Fifth avenue I puffed at my cigar—and life and traffic and people passed me in an uneventful stream. I was disappointed. When I reached Central Park not a single beautiful blonde lady with a butterfly tattooed on her thumb had hailed me from an apple-green limousine; no cry of help had caused me to rush into a bizarre apartment to rescue a fair maid from the clutches of Chinese high-binders. Nothing, in short, happened. Had the day lost its magic? I sat down on a bench not far from the bridle path, smoking slowly, making the cigar last—for I clung to hope.

“Ugh!” The stranger on the bench beside me had expelled the exclamation. Clearly it came from the depths of a troubled soul. I looked at him. It struck me, at once, that I had seen his face before. It was a rather handsome, well-cut face, though wobegone, and with a note of cynicism about the eyes. A youngish-oldish man he was, with spats, a gardenia in his button-hole and costly clothes. A pair of riders galloped down the bridle path. He followed them with resenting eyes.

“Horses, horses, horses,” he muttered. It was

a very bitter mutter. I stared at him wonderingly. “Yes,” he said, suddenly. “You’ve seen my face before. Don’t tell me where.”

More horses and riders trotted by. He turned from them with a shudder.

“I’m a haunted man,” he said.

“What’s haunting you?” I asked.

In a funereal voice he replied.

“Fate.” Then he added, “You can’t get away from fate.”

“I suppose not,” I said.

He was silent a moment, then broke out.

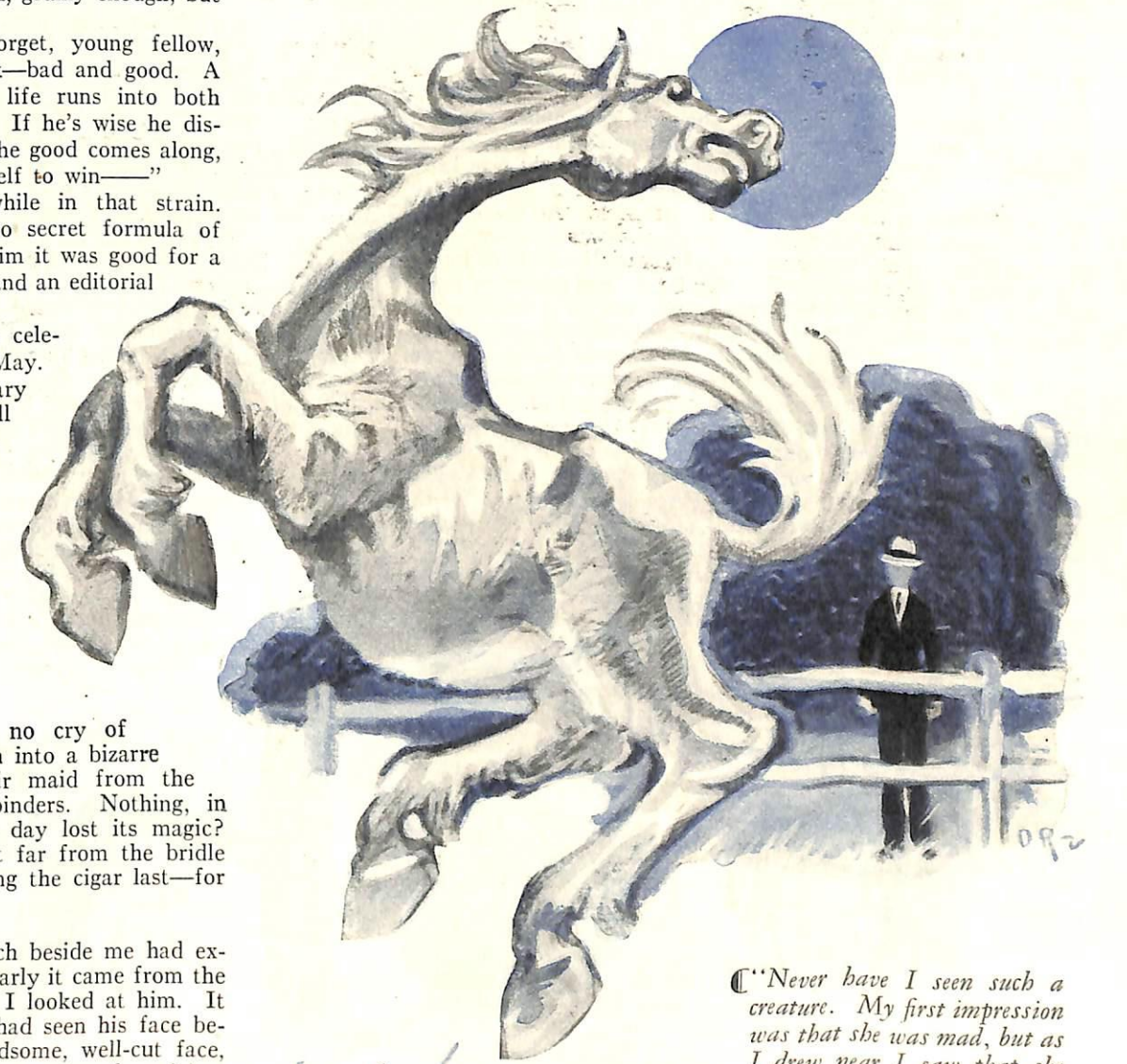
“Listen. I’m desperate. If I don’t talk to somebody I’m apt to have a fit, right here and now.”

“I’d rather you talked,” I said.

“Don’t try to place me,” he said. “I’m nothing—nobody. I was born under an evil star. Where? It doesn’t matter. My father owned a racing stable. Nothing special. When I was a baby, a horse frightened me. Stuck its ugly nose into my perambulator. I had convulsions, they say. I’ve been deathly afraid of horses ever since. Horses, horses, horses! I hate ‘em. Lord, how I hate ‘em! But I can’t get away from them. Look, now. I come here to the park to sit and brood—and the only empty seat I can find is slap-bang against the bridle-path.”

He wagged his head despondently.

“I wanted to be an actor,” he said. “Probably I should have tried to be a sailor. Not many horses on ships. But I couldn’t dodge destiny. An actor I must be. I had some ability and a fair set of features. Well, I came to New York from my dad’s stock farm—against his wishes. He wanted



“Never have I seen such a creature. My first impression was that she was mad, but as I drew near I saw that she was chasing bumble-bees and eating them!”



me to be a horseman. I did not panic the town with my art. I had hope, though. You see my dad was supposed to be pretty well fixed. There were eight of us children, and I was the youngest, but I figured that some day I'd come in for a nice little legacy that would pay the rent until I could land a real job. Poor dad had been thrown from a horse and hadn't much longer to live. I liked him though he hadn't much use for me. I was sorry when he died. They sent for me to come home to Kentucky to hear the will read. I went. Well, brother James got a string of thoroughbreds, and sister Madge got a house and a car, and brother Rufus got fifteen thousand dollars, and sister Edna the same—and finally they got down to me. The pompous old family lawyer read out my name—and I waited, expectantly. Then he read, "To my youngest son, I give, devise and bequeath—Vesuvius."

"Great Scott," I exclaimed. "I had no idea Dad was that rich."

"Brother James laughed.

"It's not a volcano," he said. "It's a mare."

"And what a mare!" said brother Rufus.

"I was shocked. Still I held on to hope. Some mares are worth thousands. I started off to the stables to inspect my inheritance. I found old Galahad, the darkey stable-hand, asleep in the sun.

"Where is Vesuvius?" I asked.

"Galahad opened his eyes. He sniggered—nastily I thought.

"Oh, her!" he said. "Down yonder in the pasture."

"To the pasture I, very worried, went. There I beheld, for the first time, Vesuvius. My first impression—at a distance—was that she was mad. She was cavorting about crazily. Drawing nearer I saw what she was doing. She was chasing and eating bumble-bees.

"Now I never knew much about horses; but one look at Vesuvius told me she was unlike any other creature that ever cluttered up the face of the earth since the day of the five-toed eohippus. To begin with, she was enormous. I don't mean just big. Her legs were yards long. She was knock-kneed in front, and bow-legged behind. Her body was brief and stumpy, rather like a beer keg, and from it shot a neck like a giraffe's, a thin, rubbery sort of neck. At the end of the neck was a huge head. In color she was a dirty white and her coat was as shaggy as a grizzly-bear's, and full of burrs.

"On seeing me, she stopped eating bees. She peered at me a moment with the somewhat wall-eyed look of a slightly intoxicated person. Then, with a loose-limbed, shambling, drunken sort of gait she ambled to the fence and inspected me more closely. Then she laughed—yes, I mean it—the unbelievable creature threw back her head and laughed. It was a diabolic sound, a rumbling, throaty chuckle that mounted the scale and finished with a treble titter. Her small wicked eyes twinkled maliciously, and she crinkled up her elastic lips in an expression of amused dis-

dain. It was perfectly clear to me that she knew who I was, knew all about me, my hopes, my expectations, my disappointment. I knew at that moment, and so did she, that she was my fate, my mocking fate.

"There we stood looking at each other, she, grinning a gloating, superior grin; I, glaring at her with resentment and hate. She knew I loathed her. It didn't matter to her in the least.

"They say that an animal will always drop its eyes if a human being looks at it steadily. Don't you believe it. I looked right at Vesuvius, and she looked right back, till I could stand it no longer and turned away. Right then she knew she had me beaten. As I turned away she laughed again, gutturally. She shot out her telescopic neck and I heard her teeth click as she just missed nipping me.

"My mind was made up. I'd abandon her. No, perhaps my father's legacy was not such a sorry practical joke on me after all. I woke up Galahad again.

"Galahad," I said, "why do they call that mare Vesuvius. Lot of fire and spirit, I suppose."

"That man certainly had a nasty snigger."

"No, indeedy, boss," he said. "It's on account of her eruptions."

"Look here, Galahad," I said, in the manner of one doing something handsome, "I'm going to give you that mare."

"He looked alarmed."

"No, indeedy, boss," he said, positively. "Not me. I got my own troubles."

"My brother James took pity on me. He gave me fifty dollars, a ticket back to New York, and said he'd take Vesuvius off my hands."

"Not that she's worth it," he said. "They won't even take her at the bone-yard."

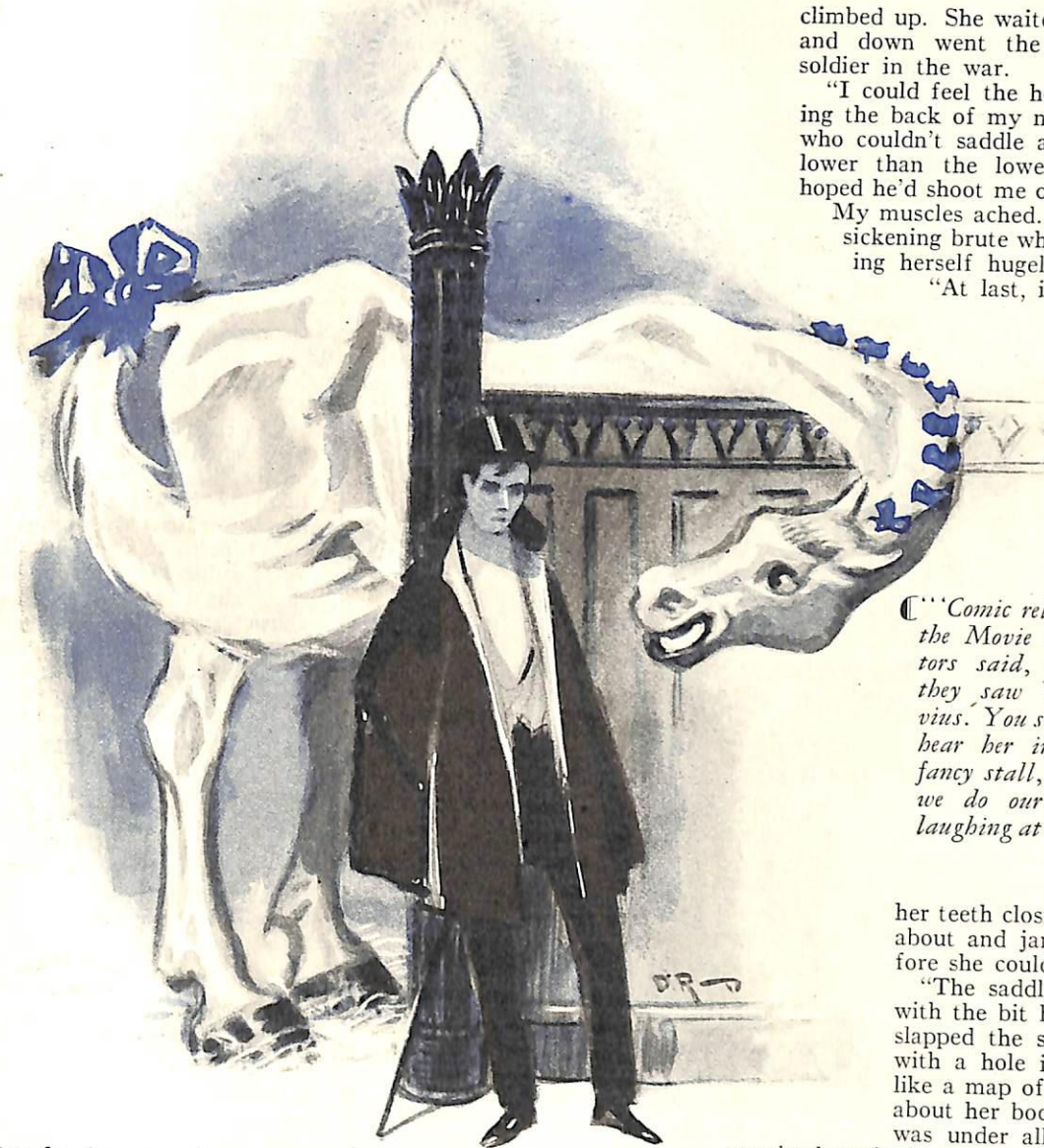
"Blue, I returned to New York. Along came the war. My name was the first drawn out of the draft hat. I was glad in a way. I wasn't cut out to be a soldier; I was soft, hated discipline, but at any rate in the army I'd eat regularly. I was packed off to one of those southern training camps and my military career began. As a doughboy I was an utter bust. They soon perceived that I couldn't learn to present arms without cracking myself in the nose with my gun, and on one fatal day, a West Point colonel, inspecting my regiment, peeped up my rifle barrel and found spider-webs in it. When he got over his apoplexy he had me shunted to the military police. If there was one thing in the world I was less fitted to be than a soldier it was a cop—and I found myself both.

"My major was a bully chap. That is to say he had the voice and etiquette of a bull. This was only natural, for he had been brought up among cows in Texas. In his cow-punching youth he'd been known as the 'Riding Kid from the Bar-P Ranch', and he gave us to understand that he was the fellow who invented horses. I wouldn't put it past him. He lined us up one morning and his big red nose was quivering with excitement. I feared the worst. I was right.

"Today," announced the major, "our horses arrive. Hereafter, we are to be mounted."

"Picture my joy. Off I went to my detail

"Vesuvius divined that I meant to put a bit in her mouth. In desperation I seized her halter, wound it round the bottom of a post and pulled with all my might."



"Comic relief," the Movie directors said, when they saw Vesuvius. You should hear her in her fancy stall, after we do our act, laughing at me!"

climbed up. She waited till I was up, then moved away, and down went the ladder and the most distressed soldier in the war.

"I could feel the hot, hostile eyes of the major searing the back of my neck. By his code, I knew, a man who couldn't saddle and bridle a horse was six degrees lower than the lowest imbecile. I half-fared, half-hoped he'd shoot me on the spot. My forehead prickled. My muscles ached. I kept making futile lunges at the sickening brute who was my Nemesis. She was enjoying herself hugely. She knew how I was feeling.

"At last, in desperation, I seized her halter,

wound it round the bottom of a post, braced myself, and pulled with all my might. After a long tug-of-war I was able to make Vesuvius bend her head down till it was a foot from the ground. I could at least reach her jaws, now. I held the bit close to her large, unpleasant teeth.

"Nice horsie," I crooned. "Good ole horsie. Open. That's a good girl. Open." She kept her jaws clamped together. Again desperation gave me an inspiration. I turned my back to Vesuvius and bent over. It was a temptation I knew she could not resist. I felt

her teeth closing on my O. D. pants. I wheeled about and jammed the bit into her mouth before she could close it again.

"The saddle still remained, but my triumph with the bit had given me fresh confidence. I slapped the saddle—one of those army affairs with a hole in it—on her back, which looked like a map of the Andes. I tightened the girth about her body. I hadn't realized how fat she was under all that hair. To my surprise she

remained motionless, seemed almost docile. I clambered up on her. That is to say I was boosted by a kind friend. I got a grip on her ears and hauled myself into the saddle. My friend cast off the halter, and away we went—Vesuvius and I—to join the others who were lining up to be inspected. It was only about three hundred yards I had to ride. It felt like a trip round the world seated on a buck-saw.

"It seems it was the major's fanciful notion to parade his gallant troop past the division headquarters, about two miles away, in the hope that the general would see us and be impressed by the major's efficiency. Oh, those two miles—those endless, agonizing miles! Vesuvius jogged along with the other horses, which were all well trained cavalry mounts. They seemed to trot smoothly; not she. And I'm the sort of fellow who gets sick on a ferris wheel.

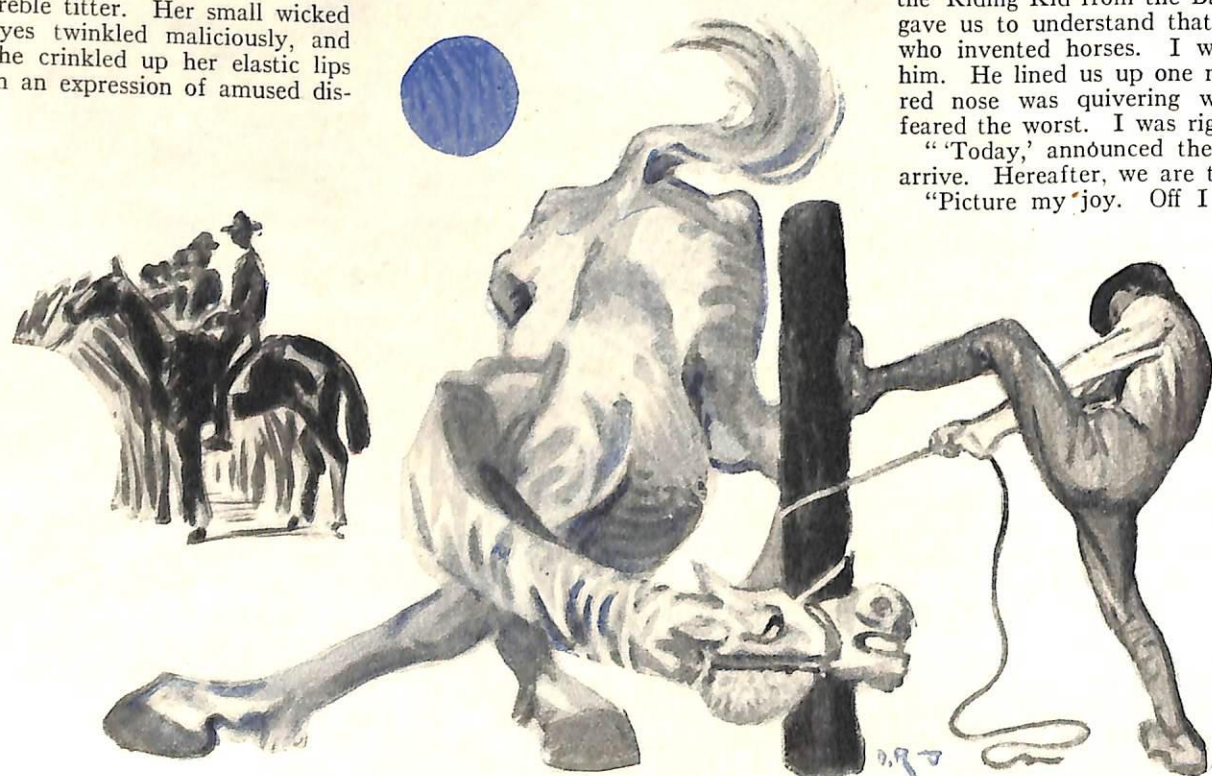
"We had trotted a thousand miles and a hundred years when I had a sensation that something had happened to Vesuvius. Riding her hurt, but in a new way. We were in sight of division headquarters now. The very tip ends of the hairs on my head ached. I gritted my teeth and tried to sit erect. Jolt, jolt, jolt, jolt. The major stopped to take a last look at his company. His eye focused on me, grew hot with ire, and the wrath which mottled his face was terrible to see. In a sputtering roar he addressed me.

"You—you—fall out, you! Hide in those woods!"

"That is the gist of what he said; the actual wording was somewhat more virile. And I'd been thinking that in the circumstances I was doing nobly. I gaped at the major.

"Look at your saddle, you blasted fool!" bellowed the major. I looked. I had no saddle. There was nothing between me and Vesuvius's ridge of backbone but a blanket. I stared about wildly. I heard a flip, flip, flip against Vesuvius's legs. Then I found my saddle. It had slipped from beneath me and was dangling under her body.

"Crimson with shame, I guided the brute into a clump of





pine trees, and anchored her to one of them. Clearly, to redeem myself, I must saddle her promptly and properly, and rejoin the troop. Then began the hardest battle I had in the whole blooming war.

"I'd get the saddle on her back, all right, and pull the surcingle as tight as ever I could. Then I'd shin up a tree and fling myself on her. We'd get about twenty yards and the saddle would begin to slip. At thirty yards it was lost entirely, and I'd hear it going flip, flip, flip against her legs. At last I tumbled to what the canny brute was doing. Every time I tightened the girth she would puff herself out with air. As soon as I mounted, she would depuff herself and, of course, the surcingle would be loose and the saddle would slip off. I threatened her. I tickled her. I tried tricks and cajolery. All to no avail. At noon, utterly weary and sore, I gave up. I went back to camp. The boys were lined up for noon mess. When they saw me coming along the road, a volley of cat-calls and derisive whoops went up from the mess line.

I was given what is known in army circles as the royal, ripe raspberry. For I was leading Vesuvius by the bridle, and I was carrying her saddle on my own head."

The stranger stopped, sighed, then continued.

"I won't harrow you with the details of my life in camp," he said. "Every day was like every other day, or worse. I had to curry-comb Vesuvius. I had to feed her. I had to get a bit in her mouth, always by the hazardous method I devised. I yearned for the trenches and the comparative comfort of being shot at.

"At last we went overseas. Before I went I had a last talk with Vesuvius, and I told her just what I thought of her. She laughed and took a sly parting kick at me.

"In the excitement of being in France, bound for the Front, I forgot her—almost. They halted us at a little village called Bernay, back of the Front. It was pleasant hearing the shells burst, and never a neigh or a whinny. Then one day a big lorry pulled up near our pup-tents, and at the sight of what it contained I felt like a man who has had an anvil dropped on his abdomen. Saddles!

"Tomorrow," announced the major, beaming, 'we go down to Abbeville and get horses. There's a big corral there, full of them.'

"That night I was guarding a ration dump when I heard a humming and a zooming in the sky. Shafts of silver light shot up through the darkness. Guns began to bark. It was our first air-raid. I said a sort of prayer to the planes—

"Planes, if you must hit something, you know what."

"In the morning the major gloomily told us the news. My prayer had been answered. The planes had popped a couple of big bombs into the corral at Abbeville, and had killed our horses, all of them, that is, except twenty.

"Twenty of you will be mounted," the major said. The top-kick read off the names of the lucky men. I held my breath. Well, my name was the last on the list.

"I couldn't fathom it. I was notoriously the worst horseman in that outfit, or any other. I suddenly had a dim, horrible hunch, which I shrank from believing. And my hunch was right. One of the twenty surviving horses was Vesuvius.

"I didn't find the war so bad. I really hadn't time to notice it—much. I was too busy with a private war of my own. My big problem was not ducking whizz-bangs. It was keeping from being gnawed, walked on and kicked by Vesuvius. I guess I know every rough road in Belgium and Northern France from Calais to St. Quentin. I rode over them all—on Vesuvius. Sometimes she went where I wanted her to go, but mostly I went where she wanted to go. I got so fed up with her, I became reckless. No use. No shell could harm Vesuvius. She bore a charmed life. Finally somebody stopped the war, and I was the gladdest man in all the armies. I left Vesuvius in a hop field in Flanders, eating the bare hop-poles and itching herself on some barb-wire.

"I came back to New York and tried to get a job on the stage. They wouldn't take me in any of the war plays because they said I didn't look like a soldier. My sister Edna helped me a little. She'd married a big churn man and had a swell house on upper Lexington avenue. Edna was a good-hearted girl, and practically her only disadvantage was that she was a fool. She gave me a birthday party. She said she had the nicest surprise for me, a present she was sure I'd just love. I hoped it would be an overcoat. Well, it wasn't. She led me to the window of her house, and pointed out into the street.

"There's your surprise," said sister Edna, pleased pink with herself. I looked. I moaned. There, tethered to a lamp post, was a horse—and you get just one guess what horse it was. She'd been clipped and washed and she had a blue ribbon on her mane, but you couldn't disguise Vesuvius. Edna, you see, was sentimental about horses. It was her idea that I must be devoted to the creature which carried me through the war. It seems that I had sent her a snapshot from camp of myself aboard Vesuvius—and big-hearted sister Edna had spotted him on Fifth avenue one day, drawing a hansom cab. So she bought Vesuvius from the man. He didn't haggle. When she offered him forty dollars, he said 'Sold!' without hesitating a second. He even offered to unharness Vesuvius then and there, right on Fifth avenue in front of the cathedral, and deliver her to Edna on the spot."

The stranger stopped talking and looked gloomily into space. "Is that all?" I asked.

"No," he sighed. "There's more. I was living in a room the size of a box stall on West Forty-ninth street. I'd just secured a rôle in a show. I had to walk on in the second act and say 'Gentlemen, here comes the Duchess, now, the wittiest woman in all England.' For this I drew down forty a week—and I had a horse to support. Vesuvius could inhale a dollar's worth of oats in a minute and a half. [Continued on page 79]

## Let SHRINE SERVICE Help You

—In Your Household Problems—In Your Travels  
—In Your Investments—In Your Shopping

Mrs. Christine Frederick, domestic science expert, has placed her famous Experiment Station at the disposal of Shrine readers for testing household devices and food products. She has monthly articles of Special Cookery Technique, Recipe Contests, etc., and can aid you in your household problems. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck, who conducts our Travel Bureau, invites you to write her for any information you may wish about Travel. She will do travel shopping for you, make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York. Our Financial Bureau in charge of J. C. Royle, a leading authority, will give you information about investments. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Financial Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York. Hundreds have received aid from our Service Departments. We want to help you, too.



—Mrs. Christine Frederick —Jonathan C. Royle —Anne C. Granbeck

# Right you are— if you think you are

CA Play which  
answers the  
question: Who  
Can Judge His  
Fellow Man?

CA Story from  
the Stage by  
LUIGI  
PIRANDELLO

Translated by  
Arthur Livingston

THE

household of Commendatore Agazzi is very much upset over the strange case of Signora Frola, a neighbor, who lives next door with her son-in-law, Ponza. They are upset first because Ponza's wife does not live with them but on the top floor of a dirty apartment on the outskirts of the town. They are upset because their idle curiosity has ferreted out that Signora Frola's daughter is virtually a prisoner, and the poor mother has to go daily to see her, sending messages (rather than climb the five flights of stairs) in a basket drawn up and down from the balcony to the courtyard. And finally they are peeved because Ponza, a subordinate to the Commendatore at the prefecture, has failed to call upon the family, nor has he acknowledged the call the Agazzi family has made upon Signora Frola.

A small Italian town does not differ from other small towns: a suspicious case such as this grows by what it feeds on, and Amalia Agazzi, wife of the Commendatore, excites the interest of her family and friends, and so in the Agazzi household the curious affairs of the family next door take on the qualities of a cause célèbre.

They all can explain the matter perfectly. The Commendatore, his wife, his daughter, his friend Sirelli and his wife—all of them speculating and surmising; they know exactly why the Signora is separated from her daughter. Every little incident they can lay hand on is rolled under and over their tongues. It is quite evident that Ponza is a bully and a villain; that Signora Frola is browbeaten; and that Ponza's wife is a deluded creature or an unfortunate bereft of liberty.

To all of this idle curiosity, Lamberto Laudisi assumes an indifferent air. This brother of Signora Agazzi is a philosopher, poet, humorist. If one has imagination, one can imagine anything about the poor unfortunates living next door. And you may be right, and I may be right. It all depends on how we look at it.

Laudisi—Why . . . I find all you people here at your wits' end trying to find out who and what other people are; just as though other people had to be this, or that, and nothing else.

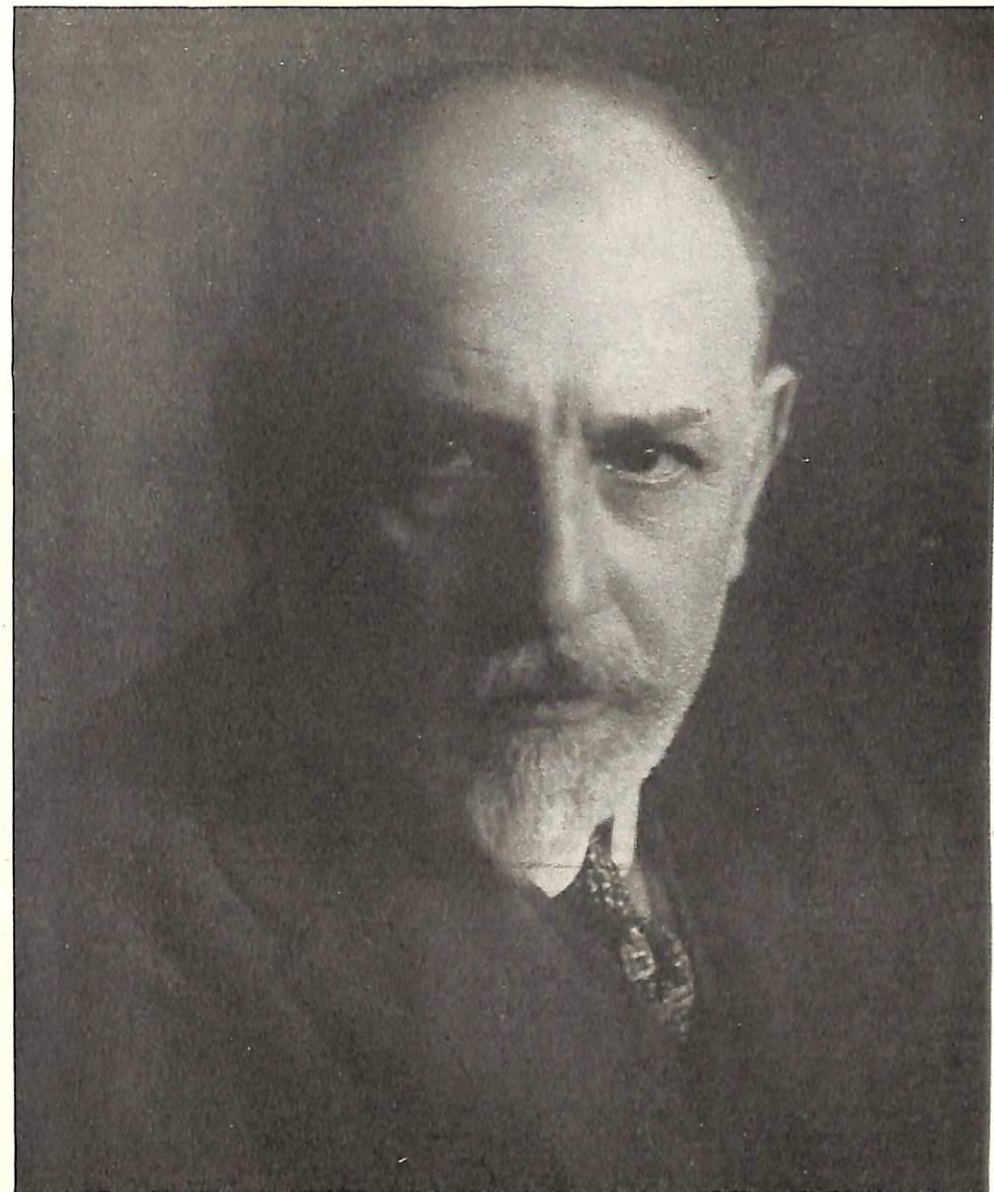
Signora Sirelli—All you are saying is that we can never find out the truth! A dreadful idea!

Signora Cini—I give up! I give up! If we can't believe even what we see with our eyes and feel with our fingers . . .

Laudisi—But you must understand, madam! Of course you can believe what you see with your eyes and feel with your fingers. All I'm saying is that you should show some respect for what other people see with their eyes and feel with their fingers, even though it be the exact opposite of what you see and feel.

But there is no charity among them. They rake up every bit of evidence: Ponza's nervous face, the mother-in-law's pathetic black dress, their slack manners—it is all so evident that a crime is hidden somewhere.

Thus the time is ripe for Signora Frola to call upon the Commendatore's family. This she does. She is a quaintly eager little person, whose eyes are sad but whose lips are



Luigi Pirandello, artist, novelist and dramatist, was born in Sicily, June 28, 1867. His influence in the Italian theater has resulted in a movement called the "Grotesque" or Pirandellism. American playgoers know him principally for his great play "Six Characters in Search of an Author."





nervously twitching with the shadow of a smile. The Commendatore's wife, and those friends who are with her, eagerly surround the unsuspecting victim of their curiosity. They put her through the third degree. They learn of the earthquake that wrecked her native village—sister, daughter, niece affected. But worse fared Ponza—his whole family buried beneath the ruins.

Signora Frola is urged onward in her story, which she tries hard to conceal. The daughter away from her—was it not natural that a young married couple should wish a life of their own? Things are just as she would have them, though her looks belie her assertion. The Signora becomes quite confused with her explanations and excuses. She leaves the Commendatore's household as much baffled as ever. Did you notice this and that, they exclaim, their tongues awag.

Soon there follows Ponza, black hair, low forehead, a ferocious look in his eyes. He is conciliatory in apology to his chief's household for his seeming rudeness. But he is under excitement.

Ponza—I suppose my mother-in-law has been talking to you people about her daughter, my wife. Am I mistaken? And I imagine she told you further that I have forbidden her entering my house and seeing her daughter intimately.

Amalia—Oh not at all, not at all, Signor Ponza. Signora Frola had only the nicest things to say about you. She could not have spoken of you with greater respect and kindness.

Dina—She seemed to be very fond of you indeed.

Agazzi—She says that she refrains from visiting your house of her own accord, out of regard for feelings of yours which we frankly confess we are unable to understand.

Signora Sirelli—Indeed, if we were to express our honest opinion . . .

Agazzi—Well, yes, why not be honest? We think you are extremely harsh with the woman, extremely harsh, perhaps cruel would be an exacter word.

Ponza—Yes, that is what I thought; and I came here for the express purpose of clearing the matter up. The condition this poor woman is in is a pitiable one indeed—not less pitiable than my own perhaps; because, as you see, I am compelled to come here and make apologies . . . (He stops and looks about the room. Then he says slowly): My mother-in-law, Signora Frola, is not in her right mind! She is insane!

The Company—Insane! A lunatic! Oh my! Really! No! Impossible!

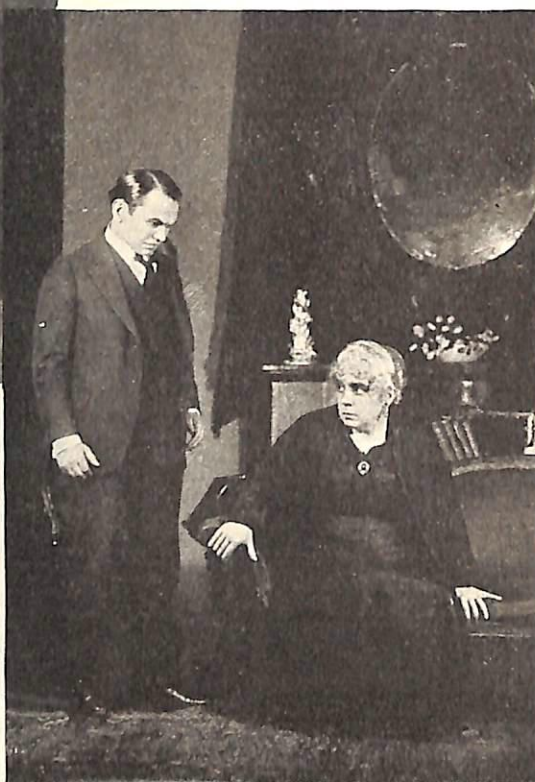
Ponza—And she has been insane for four years.

Signora Sirelli—Dear me, who would ever have suspected it! She doesn't show it in the least.

Agazzi—Insane? Are you sure?

Ponza—She doesn't show it, does she? But she is insane, nevertheless; and her delusion consists precisely in believing that I am forbidding her to see her daughter. (His face takes on an expression of cruel suffering.) What daughter, for God's sake? Why, her daughter died four years ago! (A general sensation)

Everyone at once—Died? She is



(Laudisi (REGINALD MASON)—to the gossiping villagers—I find you people at your wits end trying to find out who and what other people are, just as if other people had to be this or that!

(Ponza (EDWARD G. ROB-INSON) to Signora Frola (BERYL MERCER)—And you, saying that your daughter, Lena, plays better than you, when you know she has been dead four years!

dead? What do you mean? Oh, really? Four years ago?

Ponza—In fact it was the death of the poor girl that drove her mad.

Sirelli—Are we to understand that the wife with whom you are now living

Ponza—Exactly! She is my second wife. I married her two years ago.

Amalia—And Signora Frola believes that her daughter is still living, that she is your wife still?

Ponza—Perhaps it was best for her that way. She was in the charge of a nurse in her own room, you see. Well, when she chanced to see me passing by on her street one day, with this woman, my second wife, she suddenly began to laugh and cry and tremble all over in an extreme of happiness. She was sure her daughter, whom she had believed dead, was alive and well; and from a condition of desperate despondency which was the first form of her mental disturbance she entered on a second obsession, believing steadily that her daughter was not dead at all; but that I, the poor girl's husband, am so completely in love with her that I want her wholly for myself and will not allow anyone to approach her. She became otherwise quite well, you might say . . . Judge for yourself, ladies and gentlemen! You have seen her and talked with her. You would never suspect in the world that she is crazy.

Amalia—Never in the world! Never!

Signora Sirelli—And the poor woman says she is so happy, so happy!

Ponza—That is what she says to everybody; and for that matter she really has a wealth of affection and gratitude for me; because, as you may well suppose, I do my very best, in spite of the sacrifices entailed, to keep up this beneficial illusion in her. The sacrifices you can readily understand.

In the first place I have to maintain two homes on my small salary. Then it is very hard on my wife, isn't it? But she, poor thing, does the very best she can to help me out! She comes to the window when the old lady appears. She talks to her from the balcony. She writes letters to her. But you people will understand that there are limits to what I can ask of my poor wife. Signora Frola, meanwhile, lives practically in confinement. We have to keep a pretty close watch on her. We have to lock her up, virtually. Otherwise, some fine day she would be walking right into my house. She is of a gentle, placid disposition fortunately; but you understand that my wife, good as she is, could never bring herself to accepting caresses intended for another woman, a dead woman! That would be a torment beyond conception.

Amalia—Of course! Poor woman! Just imagine!

Signora Sirelli—And the old lady herself consents to being locked up all the time?

Ponza—You, Commendatore, will understand that I couldn't permit her calling here except under absolute constraint.

Agazzi—I understand perfectly, my dear Ponza, and you have my deepest sympathy.

Ponza—When a man has a misfortune like this fall upon him he must not go about in society; but of course when, by complaining to the prefect, you practically compelled me to have Signora Frola call, it was my duty to volunteer this further information; because, as a public official, and with due regard for the post of responsibility I occupy, I could not allow any discreditable suspicions to remain attached to my reputation. I could not have you good people suppose for a moment that, out of jealousy or for any other reason, I could ever prevent a poor suffering mother from seeing her own daughter. (He rises) Again my apologies for having intruded my personal troubles upon your party. (He bows) My compliments, Commendatore. Good afternoon! Thank you! (He goes out)

Here is a new aspect of the case for those anxious folk who feel a self-imposed duty of reaching the truth about things. After all, they had noticed the unsound state of Signora Frola's mind. And they are poignantly aware of it as the little lady is again announced. What does she want this time? Life is indeed a flutter of surprises, a succession of suspicions.

She begins in strained excitement. Signor Ponza—he has just been here? Was he calm?

Signora Frola—From the way you all look at me I can tell that he came here to prove something that I would never have confessed at all for all the money in the world . . . When I came here a few moments ago you all asked me questions that were very cruel questions to me. And they were questions that I couldn't answer very well; but anyhow I gave an explanation of our manner of living which can be satisfactory to nobody, I am well aware . . . How could I tell you people, as he's been doing, that my daughter has been dead for four years and that I am a poor, insane mother who believes that her daughter is still living and that her husband will not allow me to see her?

Agazzi—What do you mean, your daughter?

Signora Frola—(Hastily and with anguished dismay) You know that's so. Why do you try to deny it? He did say that to you, didn't he?

Sirelli—(With some hesitation) Yes . . . he did say that.

Signora Frola—I know he did; and I also know how it pained him to be obliged to say such a thing of me. It is a great pity, Commendatore! We have made continual sacrifices, involving unheard of suffering. I assure you; and we could endure them only by living as we are living now. It must look very strange to people, seem even scandalous, arouse no end of gossip! But after all, if he is an excellent secretary, why should people complain? He is a good worker, isn't he?



(Amalia (CLARE EAMES)—Left—We were trying to do Signora Frola a favor in calling, but she refused to receive us and did not return the call. Laudisi—If people see fit to keep in their own houses haven't they a right to?

Agazzi—To tell the truth, I have not watched him particularly, as yet.

Signora Frola—Oh he really is, he really is! All the men he ever worked for say he's most reliable; and I beg of you please don't let this other matter interfere. And why then should people go tormenting him with all this prying into his private life, laying bare once more a misfortune which he has succeeded in mastering and which, if it were widely talked about, might upset him again personally, and even hurt him in his career?

Agazzi—Oh, no, no, Signora, no one is trying to hurt him. It is nothing to his disgrace that I can see. Nor would we hurt you either.

Signora Frola—But my dear sir, how can you help hurting me when you force him to give almost publicly an explanation which is quite absurd—ridiculous I might even say! Surely people like you can't seriously believe what he says? You can't possibly be taking me for a lunatic? You don't really think that this woman is his second wife? And yet it is all so necessary! He needs to have it that way. It is the only way he can pull himself together; get down to his work again . . . Why, he gets all wrought up, all excited, when he is forced to talk of this other matter. You may have noticed it . . .

Agazzi—Yes, that is quite true. He did seem very much excited.

Signora Sirelli—Well, well, well, so then it's he!

Sirelli—(Triumphantly) I always said it was he.

Agazzi—Oh, I say! Is that really possible?

Signora Frola—(Beseechingly) My dear friends, what are you really thinking? It is only on this subject that he is a little queer. The point is, you must simply not mention this particular matter to him.

Agazzi—But this is not enough, madam, as you will understand. Do you mean to say that Signor Ponza, your son-in-law, came here and made up a story out of whole cloth?

Signora Frola—Yes, sir, yes, sir, exactly . . . You must look at things from his point of view.

Agazzi—What do you mean? Do you mean that your daughter is not dead?

Signora Frola—God forbid! Of course she is not dead!

Agazzi—Well, then, he is the lunatic!

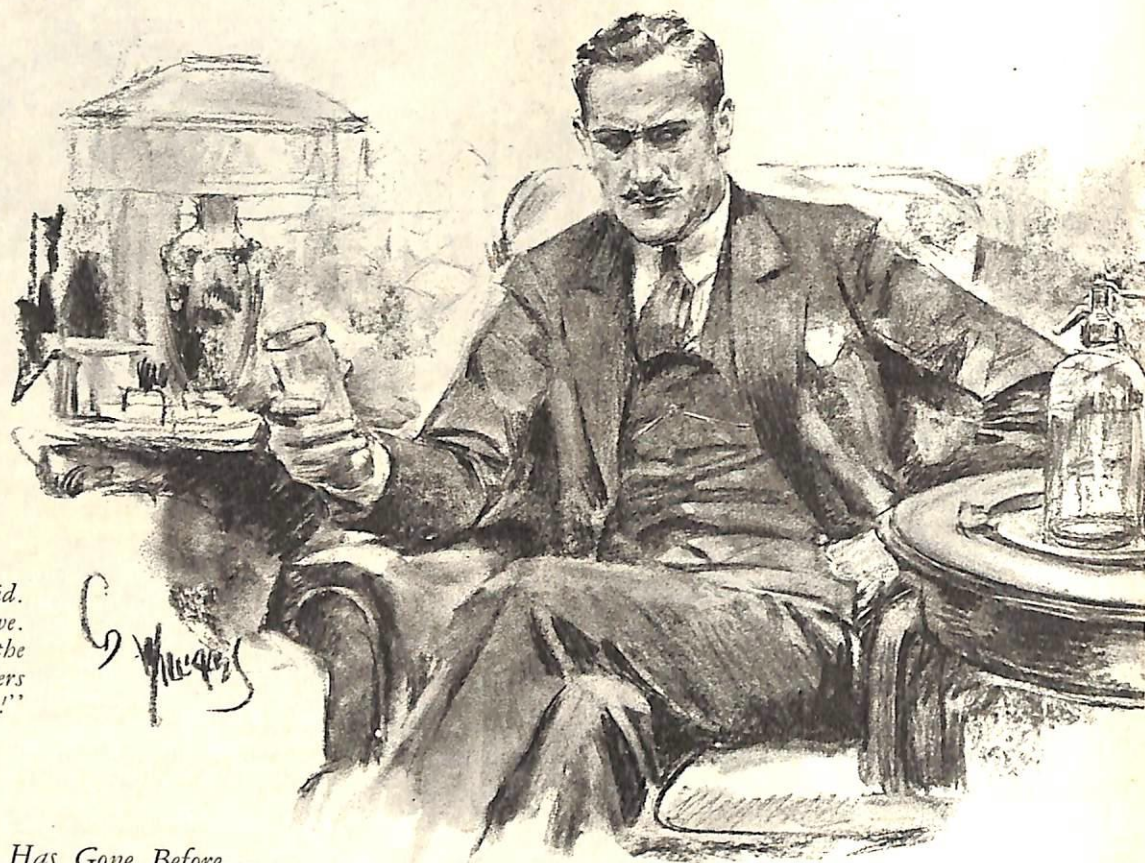
Signora Frola—No, look, look, not that, not that! Let me explain . . . You have noticed him, haven't you? Fine, strong looking man. Well, when he married my daughter you can imagine how fond he was of her. [Continued on page 67]



# MYSTERY HOUSE

By LEROY SCOTT

*(The Girl he loves is used as a tool to outwit Peter Buchanan.)*



"Arnoldo," Beatrice said. "Delacroix is a detective. He's here to solve the mystery of the old murders and he's after both of us!"

**H** *(What Has Gone Before—*

OW many more years are you planning to keep me under suspicion! I demand that you arrest me and put me on trial for the murder of Mrs. Dodge and Murray Randolph. Either prove me guilty or give me my chance in life!" It was young Larry Kane challenging the veteran prosecutor Jackson, who for the last three years had been carrying on a fruitless inquest into one of the most sensational murder mysteries Long Island had known for a generation.

Mrs. Dodge, the beautiful and youthful wife of the rich and handsome Arnoldo Dodge, and Murray Randolph, noted more for his gallantries than for his practise of law, were found shot to death in Randolph's cottage. All evidence proclaimed it a "love crime." The bulk of suspicion pointed at Larry Kane and Peter Buchanan. As Larry had discovered the murder it was believed that in jealous rage he had mistaken the mother, Mrs. Dodge, for her daughter, Maida, with whom he was in love. The resemblance between the two was striking.

But Peter Buchanan was by far the most interesting figure in the case. A clever lawyer he had just been convicted of blackmailing and been sentenced to five years in jail. It was while he was free on bail that the murder was committed. Ugly to the point of repulsion and handicapped by an inferiority complex, he had loved the murdered woman in his youth, only to see her won by his more favored step-brother, Arnoldo Dodge, who had always hated and outwitted Peter. It was this known love for Mrs. Dodge that brought Peter under suspicion—even though he had married the coldly beautiful Beatrice Leyton, who had divorced him as he lay in a prison hospital helpless from the mysterious "accident" which

immediately followed the murder. A year later Beatrice married the "bereaved" Arnoldo Dodge.

While Larry Kane was "exploding" in the district attorney's office he received a message from Maida Dodge that Peter Buchanan had been brought to live in Locust Lodge, renamed Mystery House, the scene of the murder. His physician explained that living in the environment of the old crime might help Peter to recover from paralysis.

All the time that Peter Buchanan was supposed to be lying in bed, unable to speak or move, he was working with his friend and physician, Dr. Grayson, on plans and schemes to solve the murder mystery. Peter, certain of his brother's guilt (with the possibility of Beatrice as accomplice) planned his own death to take place later, and disguised as Peter's friend, Henry Delacroix, from South America, he prepared for the ordeal of facing the two who knew him most intimately—his former wife, Beatrice Dodge, and his step-brother, Arnoldo Dodge.

Dr. Grayson's skill had worked such wonders in Peter that he was completely rejuvenated, made over into another person, whom no one could possibly recognize.

"I'll put myself across as Delacroix," he cried. "And when I clear up this mystery and so clear my name, I'll make Maida Dodge love me, as I love her!"

Seven weeks later Peter (as Delacroix) after publicly declaring that he intended to clear Peter Buchanan's name of the old murders, was invited to call upon Beatrice and Arnoldo, and his disguise was perfect. As part of their plan Peter and

Illustrations by  
C. D. Williams



was just as bad, except that late in the afternoon he had a call from Larry Kane.

He welcomed Larry chiefly because Larry represented to him possible news of Maida. He quickly finished with Larry's sympathetic inquiries as to his condition, and with Larry's renewed offers of assistance, and with his practised ease shifted the subject to Maida Dodge.

"Something's worrying her, Mr. Delacroix. Something terrible."

"What is it?" Peter asked sharply.

"I haven't the slightest idea. I've asked her and she's refused to tell me."

It flashed upon Peter that perhaps the explanation of her behavior was that Maida, using her own methods, had somehow come upon evidence of those things against her father which with Peter were still nothing better than suspicions.

"I just drove her to the station. She's staying in New York over night, to see a new summer show, she told me. Somehow that doesn't sound to me like her real reason. I tell you, it's got me worried, Mr. Delacroix!"

It had Peter worried, too, and he wondered about the nature of Maida's unknown trouble much of that night.

Thursday dragged by with the suspense-racked Peter counting the sluggish minutes until Captain Bur-

kett's telephone call, expected around three o'clock, should come through. Finally it came at a quarter past three. Again, to one listening in, the talk would have seemed that of a broker reporting to a client upon certain stocks; but to Peter and Dr. Grayson this code message conveyed the information that Arnoldo had just paid over five hundred thousand dollars in cash and had received in exchange the documents from Peter Buchanan's Scandal Chest.

"The actual loss of a fortune of that size—particularly since it is their entire fortune—is certain to stimulate talk between Arnoldo and Beatrice!" cried Peter. "Talk that will open up the past and which we'll make sure to hear!"

At that moment the telephone rang again. Dr. Grayson, who answered the call, pushed the instrument across the desk toward Peter.

The voice that sounded in Peter's ears was Maida's, a voice shot through with urgency and agitation. For five minutes Peter listened tensely and talked tensely; then he turned eagerly back to Dr. Grayson.

"Maida's in New York," he reported breathlessly. "She says something has happened that changes everything—something that has a great bearing on the old mystery—something she wants to tell me as soon as she can! She's coming here to the cottage, but as she can't get away from New York for several hours, I'm not to expect her until around eleven to-night! Now I wonder what has happened?"

"Wait for Maida," said Dr. Grayson. "And while you wait, suppose you practise your magic."

Dr. Grayson removed Peter's bandages, and behind the drawn shades of his bedroom and before his mirror Peter rehearsed a thousand times his bit of legerdemain whose essential point was the handling of two small twin bottles in such a manner that there never seemed to be more than one bottle.

It was exactly eleven o'clock when the expected ring came at Peter's bell. Dr. Grayson opened the door, and Maida

Dr. Grayson arranged the "murder" of Peter Buchanan, supposed to be lying helpless in Mystery House. So with all Green Manors looking on the house was burned down. Delacroix then publicly accused Arnoldo of Peter's death in order to get control of Peter's scandal cabinet containing damaging papers which could send Arnoldo to jail.

Beatrice, clever and ruthless, used every means to gain Delacroix's confidence, assuring him she wanted to clear Peter's name (her former husband), and he pretended to believe her. As he still had the keys to his old home he gained access to the study off the library and heard talk between Arnoldo and Beatrice in which they mentioned him as a real enemy who should be "made away with."

One stormy night Peter, in answer to a note from Beatrice, went to meet her on the grounds of her home, in the summer-house on the edge of the Sound. Peter had a miraculous escape from death when the house went over the cliff. A murder plot had failed.

Peter and Dr. Grayson arranged that the district attorney should be within call any time they might need him within a few days. They explained that circumstantial evidence looked as though they would be able to solve the murder of Peter Buchanan, but until they had more concrete facts they could not tell him anything further.

In the meantime Peter kept practising a trick before the mirror with two bottles. With lightning swiftness he made it seem as if he were juggling but one bottle. This trick was to play an important part in Peter's plans to make a murderer confess guilt.

**A**SIDE from the harassed Jackson's call, Monday was for Peter merely a trying fraction of that trying stretch of hours that had to be lived through until word came from Captain Burkett. Tuesday Peter was allowed out of bed, but otherwise the day was as great a trial. Wednesday



stepped out of the darkness of the porch into Peter's sitting-room, followed by Larry Kane. Both Peter and Dr. Grayson were struck instantly by the piteous, frightened pallor of the girl.

"First thing, Maida," Dr. Grayson greeted her, "you are to have a bit of brandy."

"No—no—I haven't time for it!" she cried. "I just want to tell Mr. Delacroix something, and then hurry away. And please, Doctor, I think I'd like to see Mr. Delacroix alone."

"So you're giving orders, young lady, instead of taking them!" grumbled Dr. Grayson. "All right—I'll be waiting."



(Now that Beatrice had ceased struggling her composure was perfect. She laughed mockingly. "What a pretty story! Maida—Peter's daughter!")

"And you, Larry," Maida continued, "please wait for me out in the car."

Dr. Grayson obediently went out, but Larry remained and gazed at her in pleading misery.

"I wish you'd let me stay, Maida, and let me hear what it's all about! You know how I want to help you!"

"Later I'll tell you everything, Larry. I'll—I'll have to! But not now. So please go!"

This time he turned and silently went out. For a moment Peter and Maida stared at each other without speech. Maida obviously too distraught for her tumultuous ideas to come out in ready words, and Peter too thrilled by the mere fact of being once more alone with the person on whom all his dreams of romance were built. Then Peter came to himself and placed a chair for the exhausted girl.

"Please sit down, Miss Dodge."

"I can't—I can't!" she panted. "I couldn't tell you—what I've got to tell you—if I were sitting down!"

"Is it so terrible as that, Miss Dodge?"

"I'm not so sure that it's terrible at all. Perhaps, when I get more used to it, I may be glad that it's the truth. I rather think I shall. But—but the big point to my story is still the greatest surprise of my life!"

"But before I come to that, I must tell you many other things that will help you understand it. And first of all, Mr. Delacroix, I want you to know that there are now two persons whose names I'm hoping you'll be able to clear."

"The person besides your mother—who is that?"

"Let me come to that person in my own way." She paused, then drove herself on with a great effort. "Mr. Delacroix, I never suspected the truth—not even the faintest hint of it—till three days ago. Then—then my father told me everything."

"Your father!" exclaimed Peter.

"What my father told me goes way, way back—to before I was born," she went on in her low, half-stifled voice. "He told me it was a secret he had kept from me all my life, and had intended always to keep from me. But—but—things had developed in such a manner that he saw the only way he could hope to keep on keeping the old secret was to share the secret with me. What I have to tell you, Mr. Delacroix, is a very difficult story for a girl to tell. Particularly about her mother."

"About your mother!" exclaimed the mystified Peter.

"My mother, yes. And therefore about me. Perhaps the easiest way for me to begin is to show you a letter my father showed me."

From her purse Maida took a folded sheet of paper and handed it to Peter. It was yellow with the years. When Peter opened the letter he received a shock the like of which he had rarely felt before. The letter was in his own handwriting, and was not only genuine but was such a letter as he could by no possibility ever forget. It was a love letter addressed to Maida's mother—written when he was hardly more than twenty, and in the thrall of his great boyish passion—written when Maida was two or three—written when Laura Dodge had had it convincingly demonstrated to her that

her marriage with the brilliant Arnaldo could never hope to be anything better than an unending tragedy with the actors pretending happiness with their smiling masks. The letter redeclared Peter's long-standing and undying love—begged Laura to elope with him, taking little Maida.

"That letter is from Peter Buchanan," Maida explained.

"I recognize the handwriting," Peter managed to return.

"I thought you would—since you knew Peter Buchanan so well," and then she added, chokingly, pleadingly: "Please—you understand the rest of the story, don't you, without my saying anything more?"

"I don't understand anything at all," Peter replied blankly.

"Then I'll have to go on, Mr. Delacroix. Father showed me other old letters from Peter Buchanan; he had been jealous at

than he had. So, since exposure was close and I was so deeply concerned, he decided he had to tell me."

"Threatened by whom?" cried Peter, in premonition of what was coming.

"By the men who killed Peter Buchanan and stole that thing people call his Scandal Chest—which was just a steel cabinet where he kept important and personal papers. He had treasured the letters my mother had written him and had saved them. They were found in the stolen cabinet. They made a complete story of—that old love affair—and—and of me. The thieves were going to make those letters public—somehow in connection with the old murder mystery—unless my father bought the thieves off."

"My God!" breathed Peter, appalled by the devilish ingenuity and audacity with which Arnaldo had evaded Peter's plan and twisted it to his own purpose. "And you bought them off—with your own money!"

"Yes—with my money since my father did not have enough. That's why he had to tell me, because he didn't have enough to meet their demands. And that's why I've been in town the last two days—raising the money in cash. I didn't mind so much the effects of that old story on myself—but—but I couldn't bear the thought of another scandal being piled on top of the scandal already resting on my mother's name."

"Then it was your half million that was paid over!" exclaimed the benumbed Peter.

"A million," she corrected. "That's what the thieves demanded, and that's what I gave father for them."

"A million dollars!"

"And I'm afraid that'll not be all," she continued. "Father thinks the thieves held out some of the letters, and will use them to make further demands."

For the moment Peter was too aghast to speak; his mind stood staring, as it were, at this amazing revelation, trying to take it in and also take in all its implications. Arnaldo had not only gained possession of the documents which incriminated him, but had made the very neat profit of half a million dollars on the deal—this by adroitly playing upon the loyal affection of his daughter for her mother. And by this same invention of the story of Peter's paternity revealed to the thieves by the Scandal Chest—

ironically enough inspired by what Peter considered his own clever plan—Arnaldo was undoubtedly planning to get from Maida the balance of her fortune!

Peter was fairly jerked back to the present by something Maida was saying in a thrilled voice.

"After all—I'm—I'm glad to learn the truth, even if I had to learn it in such a way. It's—it's worth the price."

"Glad?" echoed the dazed Peter.

"Don't you see? Somehow I never felt as a daughter should toward—toward Arnaldo Dodge. There was always something unreal, strained, in my feeling. I now understand why Peter Buchanan used to like me so much, and why I liked him so much. I didn't know it then, but it was the natural, instinctive love between father and daughter. So since he was my real father, I'm glad that I know it. For—for—if things had been otherwise—I'm certain I'd have loved him very much!"

Peter, staring hard at her, had no words.

"That's all I've come to tell you," she went on. "Except that since Peter Buchanan was my father, I know he could not have killed my mother! And since he was my father, I want his name cleared—I want his name cleared! I want to beg you to do your best to clear him."

Peter's words still would not come.

"Whenever I can help, please let me know—please!" she quavered. "I'll always be ready! And now it's time I went out to Larry. Good-night."

[Continued on page 71]



the time and had intercepted them. They were all love letters, written to my mother. And then there was a written statement from my mother to my father. It admitted everything."

"Admitted everything!" exclaimed Peter. "Admitted what?"

"Admitted that I am really the daughter of Peter Buchanan."

He stared gapingly, blankly at her, paralyzed by the invention which placed him in such a relationship to her, changing him from her lover to her father.

"It's not so!" he burst out. "Most of those letters and papers you saw are forgeries!"

"No, they were not! Something inside of me tells me that they express the truth."

"But I tell you that those things lie!"

She smiled ever so faintly. "It is now my turn, Mr. Delacroix, to ask how you can be so sure of that?"

She had him there. He could not answer convincingly without telling her that he himself was Peter Buchanan—and this was certainly the most injudicious of all moments for that revelation.

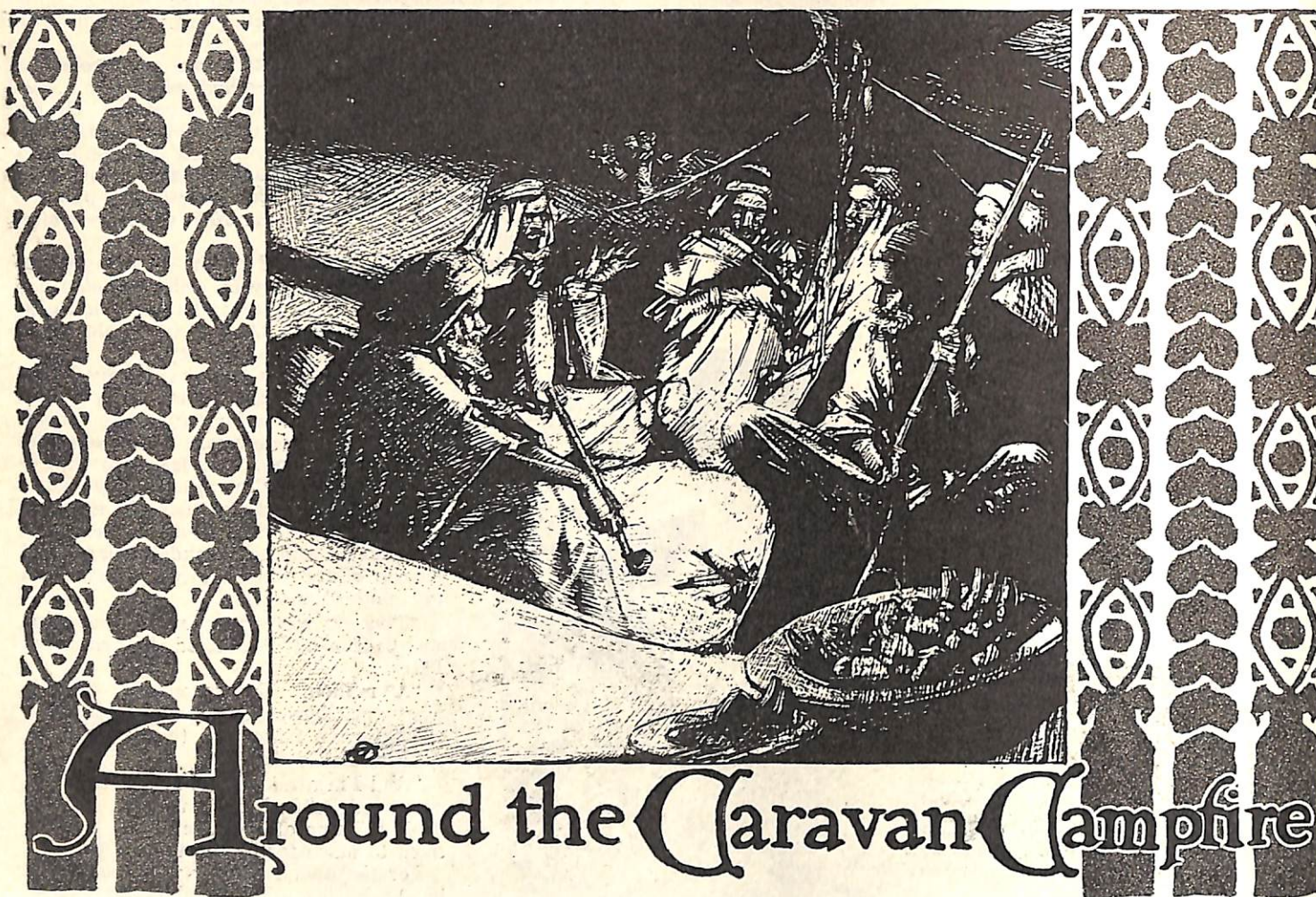
"If all this is true, then why did your father wait so long before he told you?"

"He said he really wanted me to believe I was his daughter. And for all our sakes he wanted to avoid a scandal, since he was willing to accept the situation as it was."

"Then why has your father told you all this now?"

"He could not help himself. He was threatened by exposure of the whole story unless he paid over more money





# Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

**I** WENT TO lunch an hour ago, happy as a necktie salesman singing "Blest be the tie that binds." I had done a fairly good morning's work, had a nice letter from an appreciative Shriner with good taste in literature, and was as full of joy as a hornet with two stingers working at a Sunday School picnic.

Just ahead of me a moving van, backed up to the sidewalk, was unloading office furniture. They had a skid from a tail gate of the truck to the sidewalk. As I was about to pass a heavy steel filing cabinet got away, coasted across the sidewalk and crashed into a plate glass window.

It missed me by three feet, but if I had hair on my head it would have stood straight up! As I walked down the street I got to thinking just suppose that thing had hit me. Just suppose I had let my accident and life insurance lapse. Just suppose my wife had had Recorder Larry lay in her lap the check from the Widows Fund of my Temple. Then I just supposed the thing had crippled me so I had to lie in bed for the rest of my days a helpless cripple!

I just supposed myself into a state of misery. I cannot recall when I have been so sorry for me! I never had as much trouble in my life as during the next fifteen minutes just supposing myself!

A fool? Surest thing you know, I was a fool! Because you are a Shriner I can be perfectly frank and tell you, old top, you probably are another!

Half the things we make ourselves miserable about are as silly as that! Nine out of ten of the things you worry yourself about could never happen. Look at your face in the mirror. You are wrinkled like a prune! Most of them are worry wrinkles caused by just supposing.

There are fellows you hate. Men in your business circle, men in organizations to which you belong whom you believe have done things to spite you and to annoy you. Truth is,

most of them have never given you a thought! The bad motives you ascribe to them are the result of your just supposing.

Owen Wister makes one of his characters say "I am an old man. I have had a lot of trouble. Most of it never happened!" Most things you have worried about never happen any more than that filing cabinet broke my more or less beautiful legs.

Your doctor will tell you that you could live ten years longer and be ten times as happy if you would cut out just supposing. Most of the things you worry about are of no consequence and never happen anyway.

A Noble in my Temple is a real live poet. Lots of people write poetry, but this fellow sells it, which is different again. He has written about the birds and the bees, the flowers and the trees but to my mind he spilled his biggest head full of ideas when he penned:

"The cow is in the hammock  
The cat is in the cake  
The children in the ash can  
What difference does it make?"

Suppose the cow does break down the hammock . . . suppose the cat does get dough on his whiskers . . . suppose the kids do get dirt on their pinafores. There are more hammocks, dough and pinafores where those came from! The kids, the cat and the cow will come out all right, why worry?

Just supposing is like flashing a roll of bills before a lawyer, just plain foolishness. Yet we all do it, especially you!

A man is given an imagination to distinguish him from the other brutes. Properly trained it is the source of the greatest joy which comes to the animal which walks on its hind legs. Untrained, it produces his most utter misery. Allowed to run wild, it lands him in a madhouse. Imagination can be trained just as we train the muscles of the arm accurately to drive a golf ball or handle a billiard cue.

Being miserable is a state of mind, not a state of fact. Nothing is so conducive to misery as [Continued on page 65]

## SYRIA BREAKS ALL CEREMONIAL RECORDS

SYRIA TEMPLE, Pittsburgh, which was granted a dispensation on May 19, 1877, held a Ceremonial in the Stadium of the University of Pittsburgh on June 25 to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. The Temple has a membership of 18,700 of whom 14,965 were present. There were 2,000 visitors, making a total attendance of close to 17,000. It was the largest Ceremonial ever held and one of the most successful.

A business session was held at the Mosque at ten o'clock after which the candidates were checked in the auditorium. Then there was a parade around the Oakland District. Captain D. Lee Pryde of the Arab Patrol was Marshal of the uniformed organizations, composed of the First Division and Past Potentate Joseph N. Mackrell was Marshal of the Second Division, composed of the Nobility. Past Potentate and Imperial Treasurer William S. Brown was Honorary Chairman. The following Imperial officers and visitors were present:

Clarence M. Dunbar, Imperial Potentate; William B. North, Secretary to Imperial Potentate; Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial Assistant Rabban; William S. Brown, Imperial Treasurer; Philip C. Shaffer, Past Imperial Potentate; Lou B. Winsor, Past Imperial Potentate; William J. Highfield, Potentate, LuLu; Henry W. Merritt, Potentate, Irem; George F. Eisen-

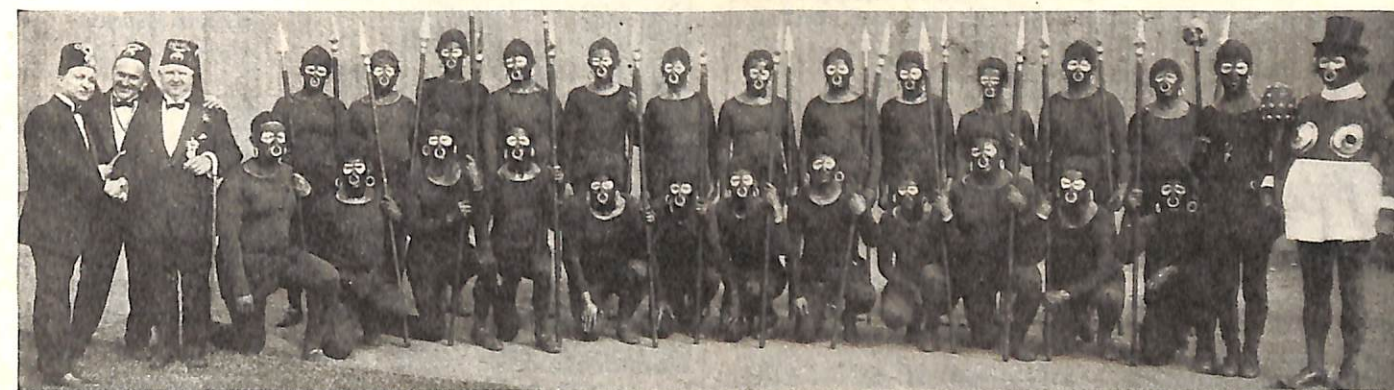
brown, Potentate, Rajah; Malcolm MacDougall, Potentate, Jaffa; William C. Kohlmetz, Potentate, Damascus; Will Curtiss, Potentate, Moslem; Worthington P. Wachter, Potentate, Ali Ghan; Guy W. Galbraith, Potentate, Al Koran; George L. Vieweg, Potentate, Osiris; George H. Chase, Potentate, Ismailia; George W. Seiber, Potentate, Tadmor.

The program at the Stadium began promptly at two-thirty. The Lord's Prayer was repeated by all the Nobles, led by Noble and Rev. Carl A. Voss. The American flag was raised by a detail from the Legion of Honor and The Star Spangled Banner was sung. This was followed by introduction of visiting Potentates and an address of welcome by Potentate James A. McDonald. The Patrol then formed lines and the Imperial Officers were escorted to the stage and introduced. Imperial Treasurer and Honorary Chairman William S. Brown escorted the Imperial Potentate through the lines and arch of steel and introduced him to the Potentate who welcomed him. Noble Brown then presented the Imperial Potentate to the Nobility after which a testimonial in the shape of a gold cornet was presented to him. Noble Dunbar responded by advancing to the band-stand and playing "The End of a Perfect Day."

[Continued on page 53]



Left to right—James W. Barber, Recorder, Syria; Frank J. Herman, Recorder, Jerusalem; E. E. Sykes, Past Potentate, Jerusalem; Wm. B. North, Secretary to Imperial Potentate, Palestine; Wm. J. Highfield, Potentate, LuLu; Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial Assistant Rabban, Damascus; Clarence M. Dunbar, Imperial Potentate, Palestine; William S. Brown, Imperial Treasurer, Syria; Lou B. Winsor, Past Imperial Potentate, Saladin; Philip C. Shaffer, Past Imperial Potentate, and Recorder, LuLu; Alexander Gilliland, Emeritus Member Imperial Council, Syria.



Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar greeting Potentate Dr. George L. Vieweg of Osiris, and his Zulu Patrol, at Syria's Fiftieth Anniversary Ceremonial.



A Panoramic view of Syria's Arab Patrol, and a glimpse of the crowded stadium at Syria's Fiftieth Anniversary Ceremonial.



## WITHIN THE SHRINE



**NOBLE CHARLES MILLER**  
*Korein Temple*  
*Rawlins, Wyoming*

Noble Charles Miller has been Recorder of Korein Temple, Rawlins, Wyoming, since 1905—two years after he became a member of the Shrine.

In Rawlins young and old swear by Charlie Miller, as everyone calls him. He began life as a railway man. He started as a news butcher, working out of Chicago, when he was only twelve.

At 17 he was firing an engine, and three years later he drove one—fast stepping, as any old railroad man will tell you.

But he gave up railroading when he married, preferring to be able to stay home more, and took to selling furniture in Rawlins. He has been a Mason since 1885.



**NOBLE HALLET S. WARD**  
*Sudan Temple*  
*New Bern, N. C.*

Noble H. S. Ward, of Sudan Temple, New Bern, N. C., was born in the backwoods of Gates County, North Carolina, 56 years ago, when things down in that country were still pretty tough after the war. He was the middle boy in a family of fourteen children, and the first job he ever had was loading logs, with a steer and three negroes to help him—work that put him through the Law School of the University of North Carolina.

He practised law in Plymouth, N. C., and pickings, for a while, were pretty slim. Then he came upon a supposedly obsolete but unrepealed law which said that a farmer could sue a railway company, in a justice of the peace's court for damages not exceeding \$200 for letting roving live stock pass over its cattle guards and damage crops. He got busy, and filed about twenty-five suits, for farmers who were glad to engage him on the familiar contingent fee basis.

In time the president of the railway sent for the district superintendent.

"Look here," he said, "can't we head off this lawyer, Ward? He's making a lot of trouble for us."

"Well, Mr. King," said the superintendent, "you know, Mr. Ward has got to live."

"I suppose so—I suppose so," said Mr. King. "But I think when he's living off my railway he might keep his expenses down!"

Noble Ward has served two terms in Congress.



**NOBLE J. H. SINCLAIR**  
*El Zagal Temple*  
*Fargo, N. D.*

Congressman J. H. Sinclair, of North Dakota, moved into North Dakota before that state had its name—his parents took him to a farm at Cooperstown, Dakota Territory, in 1883. He was elected to Congress first in 1918, and is now about to begin his fifth term.

Congressman Sinclair is a 32nd degree Mason and a Noble of El Zagal Temple, Fargo, N. D.

He is known in Congress as an authority upon agriculture. Originally he planned to teach school, and worked his way through the State Normal School at Mayville. But he has done little teaching. He prefers law-making.



**NOBLE J. H. MILLARD**  
*Cyprus Temple*  
*Albany, N. Y.*

James H. Millard, of Cyprus Temple, Albany, N. Y., is one of the men who get things done. He has played a leading part in the long campaign that is to bear fruit in Albany this year in the beginning of construction work on the new \$3,000,000 Masonic Temple there, and in his home town he has a great reputation for accomplishing what he sets out to do.

In Cyprus he has always been known as an organizer. He was a charter member of the Patrol, and one of its leading lights—captain, in his time—for twenty years. In 1920 he organized the Band, despite the traditional aversion of enthusiastic Patrol members for Bands, and in 1923 he led a movement that took both Patrol and Band to Kansas City, Bridgeport and Atlantic City.



**NOBLE ROBERT R. MILAM**  
*Morocco Temple*  
*Jacksonville, Fla.*

They call Noble Bob R. Milam "Dad" in Morocco Temple, Jacksonville, Florida—and it's a fine family of 3500 sons he plays Dad to! He has five sons of his own, as a matter of fact—three lawyers and two doctors, and three of them are Shriners. One is a Past Potentate of Morocco. Noble Milam is the great financier of Morocco Temple, and has long been a leading spirit on the Finance Committee, having also been Representative to the Imperial Council.



**NOBLE H. J. ELLIOTT**  
*Karnak Temple*  
*Montreal, Canada*

Noble Henry J. Elliott, of Karnak Temple, Montreal, is Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children in Montreal. He has been extremely successful in enlisting the support and aid of leading surgeons, even some noted in England, in the work of the hospital. A leader of the Canadian bar, Noble Elliott is a director in many corporations, having important financial as well as legal interests.

having important financial as well as legal interests.

## WITHIN THE SHRINE



**THADDEUS H. CARAWAY**  
*Sahara Temple*  
*Pine Bluff, Ark.*

What are you going to do with a man like Noble Thaddeus Horatius Caraway, of Sahara Temple, Pine Bluff, Arkansas? The man is United States Senator from his state. And in the Congressional Directory, his listing—those who belong to either house of Congress write these listings themselves—reads:

"T. H. Caraway, Democrat, Jonesboro."

Some time, look up this directory, and see what some honorable members you never heard of think it is important for the world at large to know about them!

His friends will talk about Caraway—when he isn't around—at considerably more length. They think he is a great man. He was born in Missouri, where in 1872, his father, a country doctor, was killed in one of the feuds that kept the Civil War going locally, long after Lee's surrender. Senator Caraway himself worked his way to a degree at Dixon College, Tennessee, was admitted to the bar in Arkansas, and, in time, went into politics. He served four terms in Congress and was elected to the Senate in 1921.



**NOBLE LOUIS F. HART**  
*Afifi Temple*  
*Tacoma, Wash.*

When Noble Louis Folwell Hart, of Afifi Temple, Tacoma, Washington, was a boy, with the world before him, his father thought he ought to go into business, his mother was inclined to believe he would make a fine preacher, and he himself was all for studying law. A compromise was reached, and he studied law. That is the sort of compromise that has usually been reached whenever Noble Hart's plans have differed from those of others.

However, he abandoned law, in time, and he was prominent as a fire insurance man in Tacoma when he was twice elected lieutenant governor of Washington. When Governor Lister died Noble Hart fell heir to his office, and was subsequently twice elected to fill it.

Governor Hart is a man of indefatigable energy. His two great hobbies are good roads and blooded cattle. He knows roads; no one can fool him, either, as to their condition in his state, for he makes a point of driving over every foot of the Washington state highway system every year. Some years ago he put \$25,000 into prize stock, and he now owns a herd valued at \$200,000.

**NOBLE C. B. WARREN**  
*Moslem Temple*  
*Detroit, Mich.*



Noble Charles Beecher Warren, of Moslem Temple, Detroit, is one of America's greatest international lawyers, his fame being second only to that of Elihu Root in that field. He has served as Ambassador to Mexico and to Japan, his embassy in Mexico following his conduct of difficult and delicate negotiations as chairman of the High Commission sent to Mexico in 1923 to bring about a resumption of relations. He is a member of the Executive Committee of the American Society of International Law.

During the World War Noble Warren was commissioned major, later becoming lieutenant colonel and colonel. He was chief of staff to Major General E. W. Crowder, provost-marshal general, who was in charge of the machinery of the draft, under the Selective Service Law.

**NOBLE HARRY S. NEW**  
*Murat Temple*  
*Indianapolis, Indiana*



Noble Harry Stewart New, of Murat Temple, Indianapolis, is also Postmaster General of the United States, entering President Harding's cabinet in 1923, after his defeat for reelection to the United States Senate. He was chairman of the Republican National Committee for two years. Like most Hoosiers, he comes honestly by his political tendencies. His father, John Chalfort New, was Treasurer of the United States under President Grant, and consul general in London by appointment of President Benjamin Harrison.

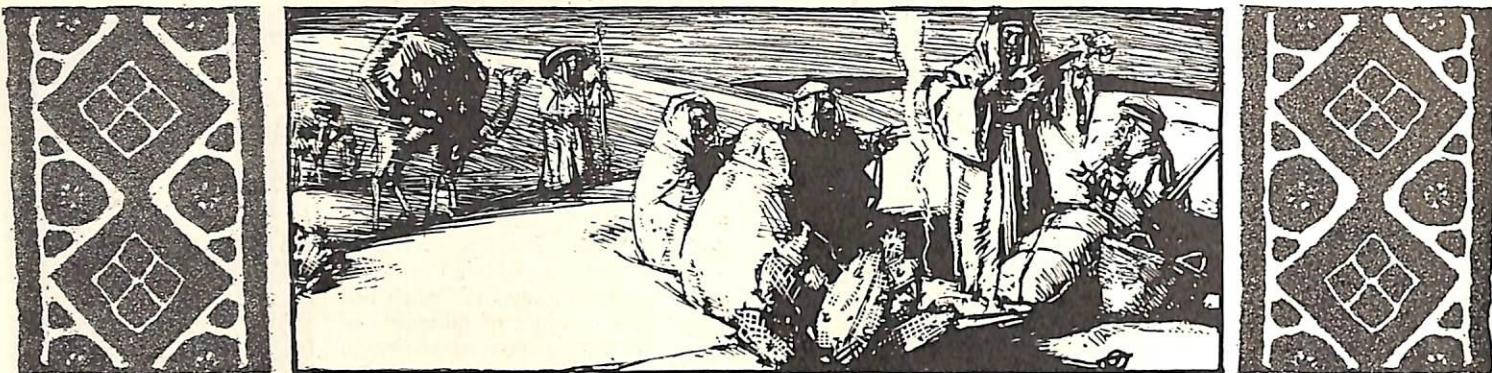
Noble New began life as a newspaper reporter, and was a newspaper owner and publisher when he definitely gave up journalism, in 1903. He is a Spanish-American war veteran also.

**H. F. NIEDRINGHAUS**  
*Moolab Temple*  
*St. Louis, Mo.*



Yes, it's Congressman Henry F. Niedringhaus now, the Past Imperial Potentate of that name having joined the law-making body in the present Congress. Henry's experience in deliberative and legislative bodies has been extensive, though this is the first time he has taken to active national politics. Noble Niedringhaus is not likely to drop into a rut in his new job as he isn't likely to stay in the ruck, even as a new Congressman. He isn't, and never has been, that sort of man. By no manner of means a professional politician, he didn't go after the Republican nomination in his district; it was forced upon him, not exactly against his will, but without any canvassing. First he wouldn't have it, because he was afraid going to Congress might make it necessary for him to give up his chairmanship of the Board of Governors of the St. Louis Unit of the Shrine Hospitals. That was arranged, and he turned loose a campaign that removed his district from the doubtful list in short order.





## THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

### THE BUILDERS IS AN ORDER WHICH TEACHES PHILOSOPHY OF MASONRY TO SONS AND BROTHERS OF MASONS

IT IS the big mission of Shrine hospitals to help and heal the bodies of physically unfit children for places of responsibility and self-sustenance. The originators of The Builders, an organization for the sons and brothers of Masons, planned it to watch over the mental attitude of under-age boys.

Over a large part of Illinois this organization has spread, teaching the philosophy of Masonry, and its high moral standards, helping boys of this most trying age through their formative period.

The work this Order has done speaks for itself, and as in the more far-flung Order of DeMolay for Boys, no boy has ever formed this contact who has not been helped and encouraged to a decent God-fearing life.

Experts have figured that a boy has three thousand five hundred and sixty hours out of school, not sleeping or eating. In these three thousand five hundred and sixty hours his life is made or marred. It is from these leisure hours that The Builders take a few each month to interest, educate and direct the boy's life.

### IT IS OUR DUTY TO EDUCATE NEW MEMBERS IN THE TRADITIONS AND AIMS OF THE SHRINE

IT HAS become trite to blame it on the war. But Masonry in general and the Mystic Shrine, in particular took to its bosom initiates in such numbers during the war period that we almost had quantity production of Shriners. The natural result of these great classes was that we ate more than we have digested. The need at the present moment is that these newly and perhaps hastily made members be educated in the traditions, history and aims of the Shrine.

Behind the fun and frolic are the serious portions of our ritual. Against a background of desert sand, caravans, pilgrimages to the sacred city of Mecca, sand storms and traditional Arabic hospitality, the real teachings of the Shrine have to a certain extent been lost sight of in this great addition of membership.

To these new Nobles we owe these traditions. To the Shrine as an organization we are pledged to teach them. At Shrine clubs and at the business meetings of the Shrine when there is no Ceremonial, properly posted speakers can give interesting educational talks which will instruct the newer members in the background against which the Order is built.

Who would not enjoy a description of the annual trip of the faithful Mohammedan across the hot sands of the desert to Mecca. Who would not listen with keen interest to any

traveler who has been in Arabia who could tell us tales of camels, caravans, and story tellers around the campfire re-enacting the Arabian Nights?

A brief story of the history of the organization, its numbers, the changes in its laws, the cities in which it has held its Imperial Sessions and other matters of its history would be fascinating to every wearer of the red fez.

How happy it would make any of us to see on the screen the picture of one Crippled Children's Hospital after another while some Noble told us what has been accomplished in each of these branches of the Shrine's great movement to make life more bearable to God's little unfortunates.

The Shrine is not only a joy distributing station, but an institution, the history, traditions and accomplishments of which can be pointed to with infinite pride by any Noble who knows where to point. It is our unquestioned duty to educate them in the worthwhile things of our Order.

### THE SHRINE'S GOOD WORK MAY CARRY IT FAR FROM ORIGINAL IDEA OF SELFISH ENJOYMENT

SOME wise sky pilot said that a stationary church in a moving world spells disaster for both. What is true of the church is true of every human institution. When the Shrine decides that it is now perfect and settles back with a smile of content for the good work it has done, that moment it will start on the downward path.

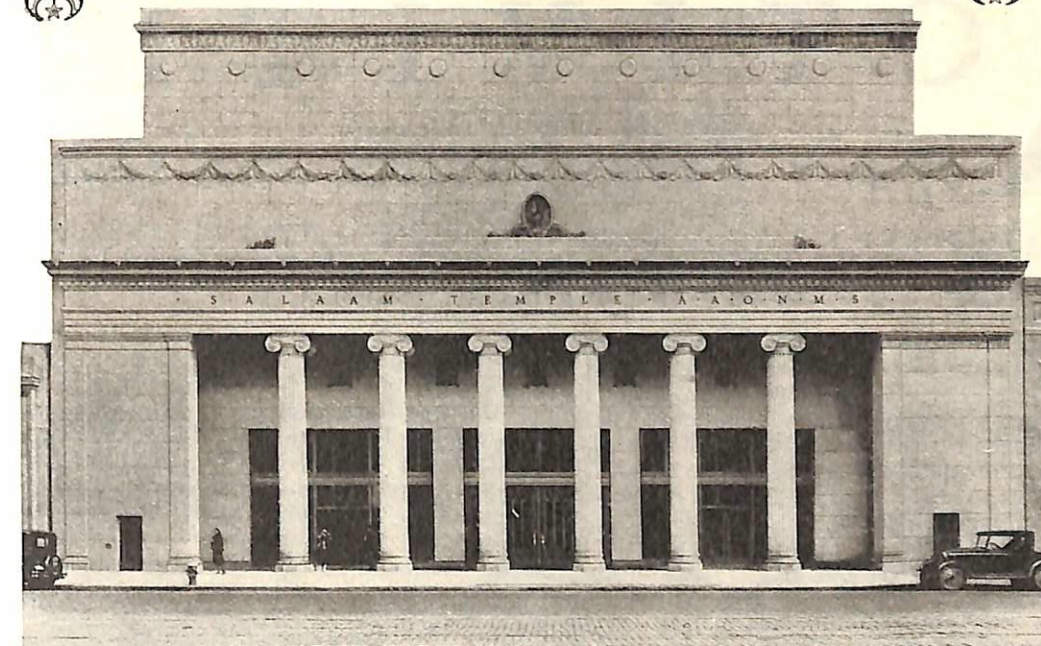
Ancient Craft Masonry has certain landmarks and traditions which by the very nature of its organizations it must observe and preserve. The Shrine is a modern organization whose good works may carry it far from the original ideas of an organization built for the selfish enjoyment of its members.

The hardest lesson for the old-timer to learn is that things are changing. Men and organizations must modify themselves to fit the newer ideas of a newer generation. It has been predicted that in a few thousand years children will know more at birth than the most deeply read scientist of today.

Twenty years ago the Shriner who predicted that we would have a dozen hospitals for crippled children scattered across this continent would have been laughed at. Today the finest boast the Shrine has is these same hospitals.

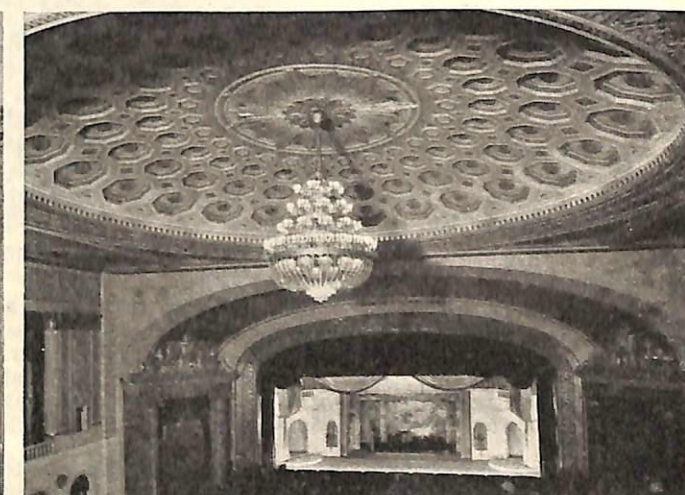
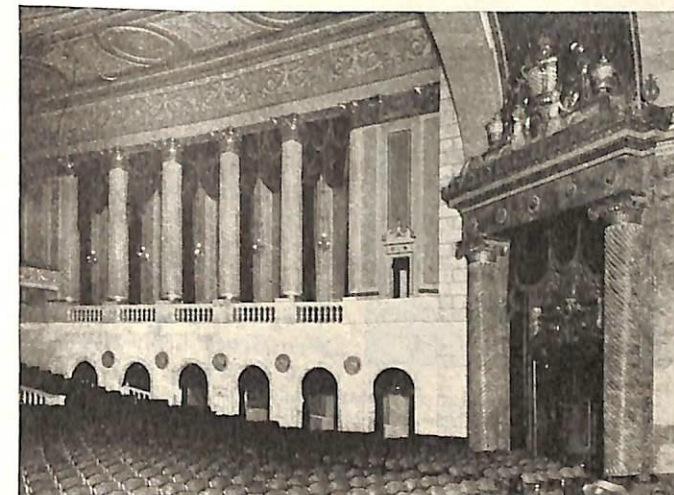
There are many ways of having fun. One of the best laughs which comes to a Shriner brings a bit of a choke in the throat. He laughs with the boy with the crippled arm who is throwing a baseball or the girl with the twisted leg, learning to do the Charleston.

The laugh wrinkles in a Shriner's face make fine irrigation ditches for tears which come readily to the man who laughs easily. The Great Seal properly applied to a high and lofty candidate, brings joy to the heart of any man, but it is not nearly so productive of smiles as to watch a kid who has never played, hopping around like a trick duck on a pair of little legs, once twisted, but now made sturdy in a Shriners' hospital.



## SALAAM'S Three Million Dollar Mosque

The whole Jurisdiction points proudly to Newark's Shrine Home



On March 27th, 1925, during Albert Schurr's term as Potentate of Salaam Temple, the corner stone for the handsome Mosque was laid by Grand Master Andrew Foulds, Jr., who is also a Past Potentate of Salaam Temple. Imperial Potentate Chandler was present. The dedication of the Mosque took place October 3rd, 1925. Imperial Potentate Burger officiated.

Salaam held a Ceremonial Session recently at Rutherford. There were the Uniformed Bodies' drill, a street parade and a banquet. Instead of calling the affair the Summer Ceremonial, as is usual, it was called "The Potentates' Home Ceremonial," because it was held in the home town of Potentate H. R. Brown.



The vast auditorium of the Mosque has accommodations for 3500 people, and a modernly equipped stage 80 x 100 feet. There is a magnificent banquet hall which seats 2500.

Left—The main foyer of Salaam Mosque, which leads to the auditorium, has a fine dignified simplicity which is very effective.

Reading from left to right—Noble Albert Schurr, who was Potentate of Salaam when corner stone was laid, 1925; Noble H. R. Brown, Present Potentate, and Noble Frank E. Davenport, Chairman, Building Committee.



# ACTIVITIES

## of the TEMPLES and Other News

### IMPERIAL POTENTATE

*Dines with COOLIDGE*

**S**TARTING on the first of his trips, Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar was met at Springfield, Mass., by Chairman George M. Hendee, of the hospital unit at that place, and Potentate John A. Webster. A visit to the institution was made between trains. Continuing to Albany, N. Y., the Imperial Potentate was greeted at the train by Secretary James R. Watt, of the Board of Trustees of the Hospitals and Potentate Frederick A. Nicholson of Cyprus. Past Potentate A. A. D. Rahn, Zuhrah, Minneapolis, joined the party here and accompanied them on the greater part of the remainder of the trip. The stop at Albany was a brief one, Chicago being the next port of call. On arrival, the party was received by Potentate Richard E. Kropf, Imperial High Priest and Prophet Thomas J. Houston, Imperial First Ceremonial Master Clifford Ireland, Past Potentate Wm. H. Wade, Chairman of the Board of Governors at Chicago, and other members of the Nobility. Calls were made at the homes of Nobles Houston and Kropf and the party then proceeded to the home of Noble Jones, where a garden party was given in honor of the Imperial Guest. On the way to the train a short stop was made at the home of Noble Sanford Burnham.

The private car of President Byram of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, was placed at the disposal of the Imperial party and the journey resumed to the Twin Cities, where Past Imperial Potentate Charles E. Ovenshire, Potentate H. P. Wood and a number of the Nobility of Zuhrah, were in waiting. Representative Tom S. Rishworth, Osman, St. Paul, had joined the party at St. Paul, breakfasting with them on the way to Minneapolis.

It being Sunday, there was no public demonstration, but a visit was made to the Ovenshire home, and luncheon was served at the automobile club, about sixty couples being present. Following that, a trip was made to the hospital where Imperial Potentate Dunbar made friends with the children. Supper was served at the Ovenshire home, after which the party returned to the car.

Aberdeen being the terminus of the Milwaukee, the private car returned to Chicago and the Imperial Potentate proceeded

on the balance of his journey by motor to Huron, S. D., where a special sleeper was in waiting for him. At Aberdeen, the party was taken in charge by Potentate Robert I. Hill and Divan of Yelduz.

Naturally, everything on this trip centered around the reception at the hands of President Coolidge. Potentate J. Arthur Jobe, Naja, Deadwood, was in charge of the party on this occasion. Among those received by the President were Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar, Past Potentate A. A. D. Rahn, Zuhrah, Minneapolis; Past Potentate Walter S. Sugden, Osiris, Wheeling; Noble Wm. H. French, Palestine, Providence; Potentate Jobe of Deadwood, and W. B. North, Secretary to the Imperial Potentate, Palestine.

President Coolidge was most cordial and served his guests with trout he had himself caught the preceding day in Grace Coolidge creek. He posed on the front porch for pictures, one with the Imperial Potentate and another with the visiting Shriners. It was a most interesting and enjoyable occasion for all the participants.



Noble Harry F. Cary, Past Potentate, Almas Temple, Washington, D. C.

**T**HE Shrine Magazine owes an apology to Past Potentate Harry F. Cary, Almas, Washington, for saying in a "Who's Who" notice of him that he had been with the Southern Pacific Railroad for thirty-four years. It should have been the Southern Railway System Lines. For eighteen of his thirty-four years of service he has been General Passenger Agent for that System. And to add insult to injury we spelled his name incorrectly. It is Cary and not "Carey." We salute Noble Cary and make our apology the more abject because when he was Potentate of Almas it was the first Temple to pass a resolution in favor of founding the magazine and increasing the dues to ten dollars.

THE EDITOR



(Left to Right) A. A. D. Rahn, Zuhrah; Walter S. Sugden, Osiris; Clarence M. Dunbar, Imperial Potentate; President Coolidge; J. A. Jobe, Naja; William B. North, Sec'y to Imperial Potentate, Palestine.

SEPTEMBER, 1927

47

*The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security*



## PROTECTION

**L**OOK at it through the youngster's eyes. Policemen! They're grand and big and brave in their soldier-like uniforms with the bright brass buttons. Thundering tons of traffic stop when they hold out a hand. Start when they blow a whistle. And how wonderful they are when they're mounted on horseback... cantering, prancing, commanding the world about them with a glance. Manly, and fine, and heroic... what a splendid thing to grow up and be a policeman!

But the officer of the law can be only one place at a time. And it is to you, the parent, that the youngster looks for protection at

all times. Left alone, or with trusting children who confidently look to you to meet any situation that can possibly arise—would not the means of immediate protection be worth many times its price to you?

For peace of mind and self-reliant security, Smith & Wesson originated the safety idea in firearms over 40 years ago. The 32 and 38 caliber S & W Safety make accidental discharge by adult or child impossible. In countless thousands of instances—in innumerable emergencies that offered no time to summon aid—these safe revolvers have solved the problem of home defense.

1. The revolver has a place in the hands of the law-abiding public.
2. A thug would rather attack an unarmed pedestrian, motorist or householder than an armed one.
3. To prohibit the manufacture and sale of revolvers in order to prevent crime would be equivalent to prohibiting the manufacture and sale of automobiles to put an end to automobile accidents.
4. The use of a revolver or any form of concealed weapon in committing a crime should demand an increased sentence, with no possibility of probation or suspended sentence.
5. A swift, sure punishment for crime is the only proper means for reducing crime.
6. The 2nd Amendment to the Constitution of the United States means just what it says: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

That is why we are proud of the high traditions of public service that have been handed down from generation to generation in this Company. In times of national danger it has enabled us to do our part in protecting the Nation as a whole, and in times of peace it has enabled us to protect the individual.

Our Descriptive Booklet N may interest you—it will be sent free upon request.

# SMITH & WESSON

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

## THE REVOLVER MANUFACTURER





# ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 46)

Those stag nights that Al Malaikah gives out in Los Angeles are already famous, but the one devoted to Athletics is worth mentioning. There were two wrestling bouts, one at 116 lbs. and one at 155 lbs. and eight fast boxing bouts. There was a mixed doubles tennis match participated in by May Sutton Bundy and three other nationally famous players. Lee Barnes, the Olympic World's Champion Pole Vaulting was on the program and Bud Hauser was another contestant who attempted to lower his world's record for the Indoor Shot Put Record. The game of "Doug" was a special feature put on by Douglas Fairbanks assisted by Charles Paddock, world's champion sprinter, and others.

Rajah Temple, Reading, preceded its Ceremonial with a roundup of the Pottsville Region. The Officers of the Temple and the Uniformed Units boarded a special train for Pottsville where hundreds of Shriners from all over the anthracite region were assembled. On the return to Reading a band concert and banquet preceded the Ceremonial which was given in true Arabic style.

Senator Capper, Governor Paulen and Mayor Rigby, all members of the Shrine, led the parade of Abdallah Temple, Leavenworth, previous to its Ceremonial. Thousands of visitors were present from adjacent Shrine Temples, Ararat Temple, Kansas City, Mo., sending more than 500.

A deal was recently completed whereby Nemesis Temple, Parkersburg, becomes the owner of 150 acres of land at Fort Boreman, a historic point overlooking the Ohio river. It is planned to erect a mosque 200 feet wide by 300 feet long on the grounds and a cement roadway will be constructed to the fort.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the Shrine Recorders Association was held at Atlantic City on June 13 with President Walter T. King presiding and eighty-nine members present. Addresses were delivered by Noble Linford D. Closson, Recorder of Crescent, Imperial Potentate Crosland and Noble Fred O. Wood of The Shrine Magazine. The following officers were elected: Fred W. DeLaney, Mahi, President; Frank B. Lazier, Nile, First Vice-President; George E. Kepple, Arabia, Second Vice-President; Frank J. Herman, Jerusalem, Third Vice-President; Will M. Cooley, Kerbela, Secretary-Treasurer. (See photographs below.)

El Maida, El Paso, suffered the loss of its Illustrious Potentate Allen Higgins Rodes who passed away on June 16 while at Atlantic City for the meeting of the Imperial Council. He was buried at Lexington, Kentucky, his old home, with Masonic honors, the remains being escorted there by Ill. Noble Sam P. Cochran and Recorder Harry W. Connolly.

El Maida, El Paso, has voted to contribute one dollar and fifty cents per member per year for the next five years to the Masonic Hospital in that city. This amount is to be taken from the Treasury and dues will not be increased.

## THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS

1927-28

CLARENCE M. DUNBAR, Palestine  
Imperial Potentate  
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia  
Imperial Deputy Potentate  
LEO V. YOUNG, Al Malaikah  
Imperial Chief Rabban  
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus  
Imperial Assistant Rabban  
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medina  
Imperial High Priest and Prophet  
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo  
Imperial Recorder  
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria  
Imperial Treasurer  
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig  
Imperial Oriental Guide  
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed  
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master  
JOHN N. SEBRELL, JR., Khedive  
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master  
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora  
Imperial Marshal  
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas  
Imperial Captain of the Guard  
HUGH M. CALDWELL, Nile  
Imperial Outer Guard

Bedouin Temple, Muskogee, Oklahoma, held its Second Annual Golf Tournament on the Muskogee Town and Country Club Golf course. The membership of Bedouin includes many enthusiasts of the game.

Preceding the Ceremonial of El Katif Temple, Spokane, forty novices had the place of honor in the parade through the downtown section. They also occupied a prominent place in the actual Ceremonial activities and it is said that anyone of them would have been very glad, indeed, to change his lot with the most ordinary spectator.

Kerbela, Knoxville, put on a Ceremonial at Erwin, Tenn. The arrangements were in charge of the Erwin Shrine Club, and twenty-five business men of Erwin were in the class of candidates who took the works. A similar number were on hand from Johnson City, Bristol, Kingsport, Greenville and other towns in East Tennessee. The Ceremonial was held in the afternoon and was followed by a banquet after which a street or open-air dance was held.

One of the features of the Ceremonial put on by Anah, Bangor, was the Fife and Drum Corps led by Wade F. Brackett. The appearance of this organization with its Drum, Fife and Bugle Corps make a parade of the Shriners something that is looked forward to by everyone in Eastern and Northern Maine.

More than 500 members of Kalurah Temple, Binghamton, attended the Golden Jubilee of Ziyara Temple, Utica. They traveled on a special train which made stops at Greene, Oxford and Norwich. In addition to the Divan and Past Potentates, Kalurah's Patrol, Legion of Honor, Band, Field Band and Chanters were in the group.

Akdar, Tulsa, had more than a hundred candidates in its last class. Many prominent visitors were present from neighboring Temples throughout the Southwest and the affair was put over with the usual Oklahoma pep and enthusiasm.

A grunting camel led the way into the armory when Afifi, Tacoma, put on its Ceremonial. A very large evening was had by all present, including the camel. The Divan of Nile Temple and many visitors from adjacent temples were present.

El Jebel, Denver, held a very successful Ceremonial Session on August 13, at Grand Junction, Colo. The Officers, Uniformed Bodies and Nobles went from Denver in two special trains.

A feature of the Ceremonial of Ahmed, Marquette, was the first public appearance of the newly organized Ahmed Chanters. The president is L. W. Upshaw, and the director G. A. Drach of Ishpeming.

A barbecue, potentate's ball, special entertainment for the ladies and a goodly bunch of novices served to make a success of the ceremonial held at Augusta by Alce Temple of Savannah.

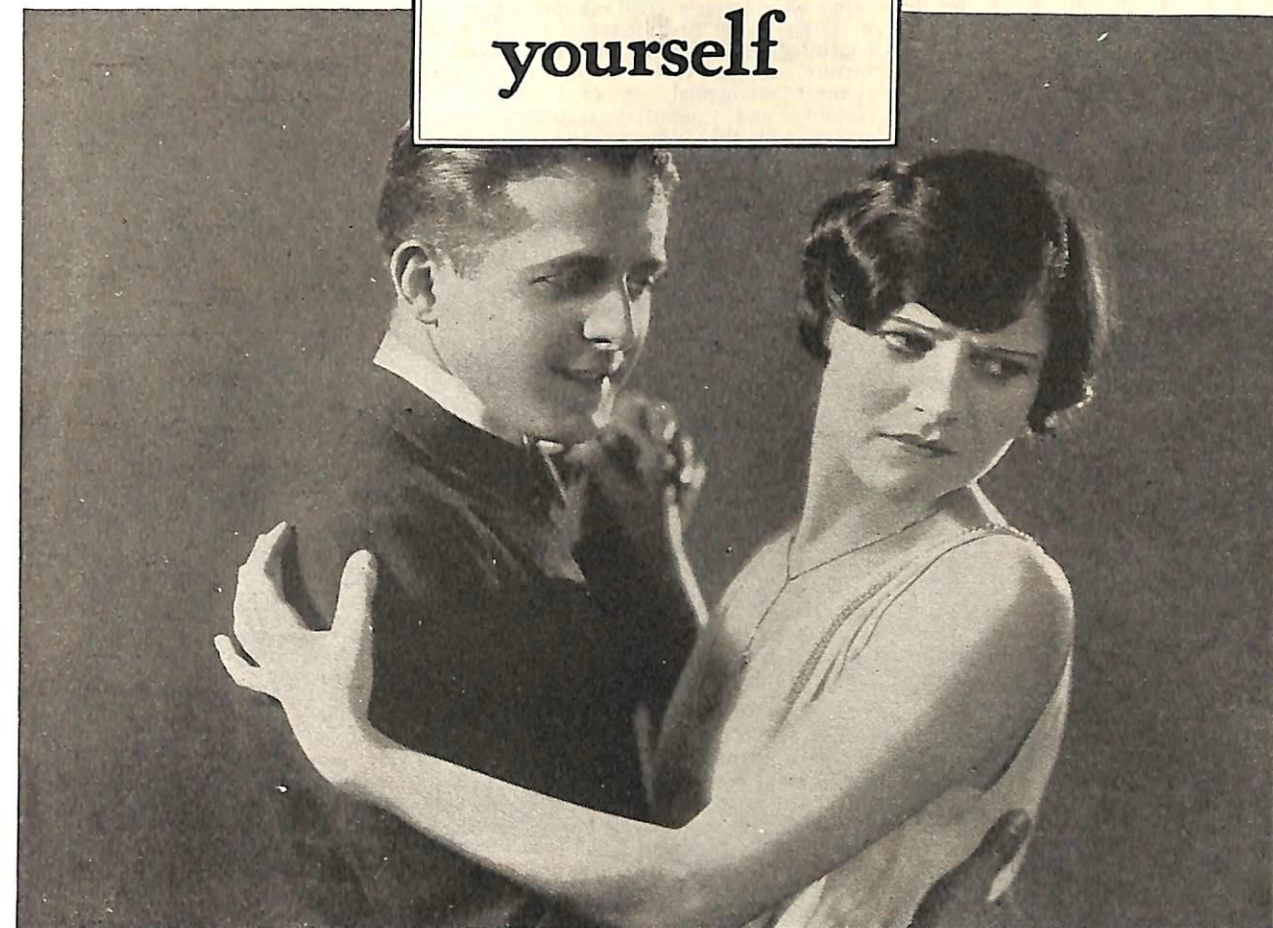
[Shrine News Continued on page 50]

## OFFICERS of SHRINE RECORDERS' ASSOCIATION



(Left to Right) Fred W. DeLaney, Mahi Temple, President; Frank B. Lazier, Nile Temple, 1st Vice-Pres.; George E. Kepple, Arabia Temple, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Frank J. Herman, Jerusalem Temple, 3rd Vice-Pres.; Will M. Cooley, Kerbela Temple, Sec'y-Treas.

don't fool  
yourself



## It makes you unpopular

No matter how charming you may be, or how fond of you your friends are, you can't expect them to put up with halitosis (unpleasant breath) forever. Don't fool yourself that you are always free from halitosis. Few people escape it.

Since you yourself cannot tell whether you offend this way, the wisest thing to do is to use Listerine, the safe antiseptic, before any

1/3  
Had Halitosis

200 dentists declare that about every third patient is frequently halitoxic—and further declare they have been forced to use Listerine in self-defence.

Face to face evidence

engagement with nice people.

Immediately it destroys unpleasant odors arising from teeth and gums—the most common source of halitosis. And its antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth.

Better keep a bottle handy in home and office, so that you may always be sure. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

# LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

FALL IN LINE

Millions are switching to Listerine Tooth Paste because it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time than ever before. We'll wager you'll like it. Large tube 25c.



## WITHIN THE SHRINE

### ACTIVITIES of the TEMPLES

[SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 48]

#### COMING EVENTS

Sept. 5th—Ceremonial, Alce Temple at Albany, Ga.  
Sept. 5th—Ceremonial, El Mina, Galveston, at Beaumont  
Sept. 5th—Ceremonial of Mahi, Miami, at Ft. Pierce  
Sept. 6th—Kiddies entertained at matinee, by Hella, Dallas  
Sept. 8th—14th — Canadian Pilgrimage, Salaam, Newark  
Sept. 13th—Ceremonial, Acca, Richmond, at Staunton, Va.  
Sept. 16th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco  
Sept. 17th—Trip of Crescent, Trenton, Uniformed Organizations  
Sept. 21st—Musical, Hella, Dallas  
Sept. 22d—Ceremonial, Jaffa, Altoona  
Sept. 24th—Dedication Mobile Unit, Lexington, Ky.  
Sept. 26th—Dedication Hospital, Greenville, S. C.  
Sept. 29th—Informal dance, Hella, Dallas  
Oct. 1st—Billiard and pool tournament, Islam, San Francisco  
Oct. 12th—Ladies' night, auspices Crescent Chanters, Trenton, N. J.  
Oct. 15th—Ceremonial, Mahi, Miami, at Hollywood, Florida  
Oct. 18th—Acca Temple, Ceremonial at Alexandria, Va.  
Oct. 28th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco  
Oct. 29th—Silver Jubilee Ceremonial, El Mina, Galveston  
Nov. 4th—Ceremonial, El Maida, El Paso  
Nov. 5th—Turkey sweepstakes, Golf, El Jebel, Denver  
Nov. 7th—Ceremonial, Zuhrah, Minneapolis  
Nov. 8th—Ceremonial, Tripoli, Milwaukee  
Nov. 8th—Stag whist party, Islam, San Francisco  
Nov. 9th—Hamasa Fall Ceremonial, Meridian, Miss.  
Nov. 12th—Armistice Ball, Islam, San Francisco  
Nov. 15th—Ceremonial, Crescent, at Trenton, N. J.  
Nov. 18th—Ceremonial, Ben Hur, Austin  
Nov. 23d—Ceremonial and stag entertainment, Mahi, Miami  
Nov. 24th—Thanksgiving Ball, Islam, San Francisco  
Nov. 24th—Ceremonial, Kosair, Louisville  
Nov. 29th—Ceremonial, Acca Temple, Richmond  
Nov. 30th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco  
Dec. 9th—Ceremonial, Jaffa, Altoona  
Dec. 14th—Ceremonial, Syria, Pittsburgh  
Dec. 16th—Kiddies' Christmas party, Crescent, Trenton  
Dec. 26th—Football game for Children's Hospital, Auspices Islam, San Francisco  
Dec. 28th—Potentate's ball, Mahi, Miami  
Jan. 4th—Annual Meeting, Syria, Pittsburgh

\* \* \*

Moslah Temple, Fort Worth, thought they had quite a ball team until they ran up against the Breckenridge, Texas, Dynamos. The score was 9 to 0 in favor of Breckenridge.

Coney Island enjoys the reputation of being an extremely cool summer resort but it certainly lost this reputation when Syrian, Cincinnati, led over a hundred victims to torture at an early hour during their summer ceremonial. A boat carried the Nobility and candidates to the scene of action and the utmost privacy prevailed until noon, after which the gates were opened wide to receive the families and friends of the Shriners. Hilarity reigned supreme and great interest was shown in the swimming and diving races in the world's largest inland swimming pool. A grand display of fireworks was the entertainment feature for the evening.

\* \* \*

Fourteen spinsters received proposals of marriage; the police patrol dashed out to the plant of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and captured three culprits; a wooden cage was the temporary quarters for a group of Pueblo's prominent citizens. Sounds like a riotous condition demanding the attention of the State Militia but it was only the Ceremonial stunts of Al Kaly, Pueblo, preceding the initiation of about forty novices. The night parade was a beautiful affair. Everyone carried red and white torches and the red fezzes bobbing up and down under the glow of the light made a pretty spectacle.

\* \* \*

The summer ceremonial of Nile Temple, Seattle, was the most impressive affair of the kind ever given by the Temple. Six visiting potentates, representing temples of Tacoma, Portland, Lewiston, Spokane, Victoria and Ashland were present. The Ceremonial was held on Saturday and was followed by picnics and sight-seeing trips which lasted until Monday evening.



(Photograph of biplane in which Dr. Harry E. Sharrer, Orak, Hammond, made an effort to compete with Brother Lindbergh, resulting in an ugly spill on the Pennsylvania mountains. Dr. and Mrs. Sharrer were en route to the Imperial Council meeting at Atlantic City. Fortunately, both escaped injury. The plane is upside down.



(Tigris Temple, Syracuse, did something different when it put a class of seventy-two through at its recent Ceremonial. Instead of the usual vaudeville there were three six-round boxing bouts and they were the real thing. The photograph shows the charming exterior of Tigris Mosque, resembling nothing so much as a beautiful country home.

When Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar returned to Providence after his election at Atlantic City to the highest office in the Shrine, he was met at Union Station by several hundred members of Palestine Temple. He rode behind a police escort in the midst of an escort of officers of the Temple to the Shrine Club, where a buffet supper was waiting, and a Hawaiian orchestra was on the job. One of the surprises of the occasion was a ten-pound, life-size model of a Rhode Island Red rooster, which made a part of the decoration for the occasion.

\* \* \*

Calam, Lewiston, which enjoys a reputation for putting on ceremonials on a par with similar events held by Temples in larger cities lived up to its record at its most recent Ceremonial. Representatives were present from Spokane, Lewiston, Moscow, Pullman, Pomeroy, Camas, Nez Perce and Clearwater and the Drum and Bugle Corps of the Moscow Shrine Club took a prominent part in the proceedings. Probably one of the reasons for the large attendance was that the banquet notices stated that it would be "All eats, no wind-jamming."

\* \* \*

When El Zagal, Fargo, put on their Ceremonial a short time ago they preceded it with a booster luncheon at which 1500 Shriners sat down. A special feature of the morning exercises was the golf tournament for Nobles only. The afternoon was devoted to a pageant which was staged in El Zagal Park, the amphitheater of the park being a setting for the background of pyramids and Sphinx heads.

\* \* \*

Islam Temple, San Francisco, gave a picnic and outing for the youngsters at Goat Island. Several thousand children participated and had a glorious time running races, playing games and consuming "goodies" in unlimited quantities. A group of Boy Scouts gave exhibitions of various sea sports and the Shrine Band and Chanters provided music.

\* \* \*

Boumi Temple, Baltimore, put on a Ceremonial in the Municipal Bowl. One hundred and twenty-five novices were on hand to furnish amusement for the Nobility and delegations were present from Almas, Acca, LuLu and Khedive Temples.

[Shrine News Continued on page 54]

## What Doctors Say About Smoking and Throat Protection

An advertisement based  
on the opinion of  
9651\* physicians



Mary Lewis,  
Famous Metropolitan Star, writes:  
"Because they never irritate the throat and because of their finer flavor, Lucky Strikes are my favorite and of all whose voices are precious."

Mary Lewis

© Strauss-Peyton



"Can I really smoke without irritating my throat, even if my throat is unusually sensitive, and even if I smoke as much as I please?"

A number of physicians, many of them leading physicians, in various parts of the United States, were recently asked these two questions:

Q1—In your judgment is the heat treatment or toasting process applied to tobaccos previously aged and cured, likely to free the cigarette from irritation to the throat?

9651 doctors answered this question "YES."

Q2—Do you think from your experience with LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes that they are less irritating to sensitive or tender throats than other cigarettes, whatever the reason?

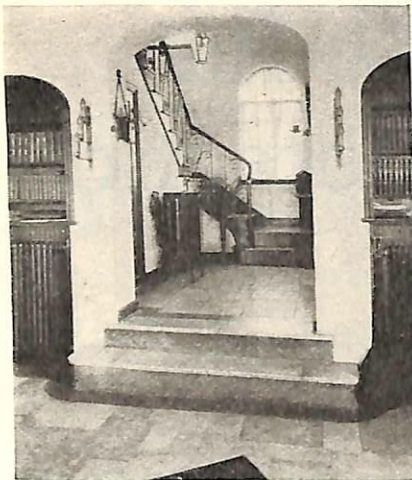
11,105 doctors answered this question "YES."

You have noticed in the newspapers and magazines the opinions of many whose voices must be maintained unimpaired—opera singers, actors and actresses, men prominent in public life, radio announcers. These opinions are confirmed by the opinions of those whose business it is to know.

**"It's toasted"**  
No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

\*WE HEREBY CERTIFY that we have examined signed cards answering Questions One and Two and that there are 9651 affirmative answers to Question One and 11,105 affirmative answers to Question Two. LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. & MONTGOMERY Accountants and Auditors New York, July 22, 1927





((Above) The materials used on this wall and floor surfaces afford increased fire protection as well as beauty and endurance to the surfaces thus treated.



SHRINE  
SERVICE



Conducted by  
Mrs. Christine Frederick



((Above) Rubber tile is resilient, noiseless and sanitary.  
((Left) These soundproof materials increase heating comfort and lend themselves to paneled treatments.

IN BUILDING materials, as in other lines which bring comfort, convenience and beauty into the home, there has been marked change in the past few years. There has been a veritable evolution of new forms to take the place of the old, losing none of the former's valuable qualities, but introducing improvements in line with modern requirements and taste. The vegetable, the animal, even the mineral kingdom are lending their products to originate new materials for use on floors, walls and ceilings. These may be specified at the time of building a new structure; but even more important to many of us, they may be utilized at any time or season to really create a new home out of an old house.

Floors and walls are the frame, the background of the room, and should be considered and treated in a manner to preserve the unity of the room and its furnishings. Nothing so spoils the good appearance of any room as a marred, unsightly floor surface. And nothing so heightens the charm of even simple rugs and furniture as the soft sheen, the mirrorlike gloss, or the colorful beauty of a new floor. The ideal floor should fulfill these conditions: its appearance must be a dignified base for the architectural or decorative treatment of every other feature of the room; and it must satisfy the practical demands of a surface that is soundless to walk on, resilient or springy to the tread, easy to keep clean, and with little maintenance or expense for repair.

There are many new materials which answer all of these ideal requirements. Some are made of rubber whose durable wearing qualities need no better demonstration than the heavy service demanded of automobile tires. Rubber flooring is frequently made in tile form which permits a wide range of patterns and colors, particularly in reproductions of period floor designs to carry out any preferred scheme of interior decoration. Rubber tile is unusually soft to walk on, noiseless, and with sanitary and easy-to-clean advantages which will appeal to homeowner and housekeeper alike. Such tiles are supplied in varying thicknesses and in all sizes from the small 6" x 6" used in bathrooms and kitchens, to the 20" x 20" size which are better adapted to the scale requirements of large rooms. Practically any room or surface in a new house or an old one can be floored with rubber tiles at little inconvenience and with much gain

## Choosing WALLS FLOORS and CONVENIENCES

from both artistic and practical points of view.

Other new types of floorings are made of composition materials which have all the appearance and weatherproof qualities of stone or tile without the latter's coldness and hardness to the tread. Another very important feature of such materials, whether used for floors or for walls, is their increased protection against fire risks. These materials come in a wide range of standard sizes and in more than a dozen standard colors. They may be cut and sawed to fit any desired space, and are indeed more easily and rapidly laid than the usual hardwood floor. Once put down they are practically everlasting. They may be used on indoor or outdoor floors with equal success and can be installed over an old wood or concrete underfloor by any capable carpenter. Either for the public building, or for the private residence, such materials insure beauty and permanence.

That there is a close relation between the kinds of material used in house construction and the temperature of the rooms, is being more and more popularly understood. Probably the most basic requirement of any home owner is that his house shall be "warm in winter, but cool in summer". But unfortunately, how many houses are *not*! They are all too often freezing cold in January and scorchingly hot in July! Many tests have shown that as much as 35% of heat and fuel is wasted through the walls and ceilings of the average house during the winter season. This is because the common type of lumber and house construction is not truly insulating—does not keep hot air in, and cold air out.

If we think of a good refrigerator, we know that it is well insulated with some material and construction which prevents the warm room air from getting into the ice chamber, and which keeps the cold air in the refrigerator from getting out. Just so, there should be perfect heat insulation in all our houses to keep them warm when we wish them warm, and to keep them cool when that is most desirable. Some of the newer materials are practically insulat-

ing lumber. They are specially manufactured with the view to retard the passage of heat. Therefore when used on ceilings, in or on walls, under floors, etc., they act as non-conductors of heat or cold and thus very materially improve the comfort and enjoyment in our rooms. For the same reasons, they increase the soundproof qualities of the entire house.

These materials also come in large standard sections which are lightweight and easy to install. They may be rapidly placed by the home owner or carpenter, and require no special tools or skill. When used under plaster, such material takes the place of regular lath, and is nailed direct to the studs and joists on the interior walls or ceilings. All of these materials lend themselves exceedingly well to paneled wall and ceiling treatments which may then be painted or stained to suit any preferred color scheme. The use of the narrow wood strips or "battens" which cover over the joints of such materials, permits unusual craftsman, old English, and other pleasing architectural treatments.

It very often happens that there is waste space somewhere in the house. This may be in the attic, the cellar, or in an odd corner which, owing to incomplete finishing, has never been fully utilized. Or, as the family grows up or increases, there is a call for an extra room. The use of some of these excellent surfacing materials will often make the extra room out of what was entirely unused space. Often a noiseless nursery can be readily fitted up in the attic, or a boy's room or den where he can have his own things. Their use in one portion of a room or hall may give a much needed sewing corner or a preserve or linen closet which will bring increased comfort and convenience to the housewife. Its use in the cellar will partition off the coal bin or the steam plant so that the rest of the cellar may be more dust free and cooler. Or a laundry space or a food storage room may be made with equal ease and at little expense.

Mrs. Frederick will be glad to answer all inquiries on materials for floors, walls and ceilings, and give further information on this important subject of home building.

## SYRIA BREAKS RECORDS

[Continued from page 41]

The Potentate and Divan then retired, after which the Syria Chorus gave a concert, followed by the Canton, Ohio, Trumdrum Corps. The First Section was then put on. There was a ten-minute concert by Osiris Temple Band and the Third Section was continued. After this came the Zulu Drill by Osiris Temple Patrol, under the direction of their Past Potentate, Dr. O. W. Burdats, which was greatly enjoyed. Then came the Second Section. The stunts were put on in full form and were snappy. The vaudeville entertainment consisted of fourteen acts. Among the performers were the Nelson family and the Dutton sisters. The program closed with the lowering of the American flag by the Legion of Honor which was the Ceremony of Retreat and evening parade. Then followed day-light fireworks.

All afternoon and evening luncheon was served under direction of Noble J. Harry Dimling. The uniformed organizations and visiting Patrols and Bands were entertained at luncheon and dinner at the Mosque. Potentate James A. McDonald gave a banquet to the Imperial Potentate, his Divan and all visiting Potentates and their Divans at the Pittsburgh Athletic Club.

The three living charter members of Syria, William M. Ramsey, Americus V. Holmes and James Kerr, Jr., who were present, were introduced to the membership and presented with a bag of gold, properly inscribed and containing ten five-dollar gold pieces, emblematic of the Fiftieth Anniversary.

Nothing but words of praise have been heard for Potentate James A. McDonald for having originated the idea of celebrating the anniversary by holding the Ceremonial in a place where the entire membership could be seated.

## TINSEL AND GOLD

[Continued from page 23]

Hilda and Gregory looked helplessly at one another. There weren't places in Hammerstown where one could go and dance.

"We might take up the rugs and 'phone to a few people and dance here," Hilda suggested with a tentative glance at her mother who was just coming in to greet the boys.

"Yes, indeed, do that," Mrs. Blair consented.

"Well, we can do that the last part of the evening," Phyllis conceded. "But what shall we do now?"

"Oh, now," Hilda tackled the new problem. It had been her idea that they would get up the dancing party pretty soon. "Well, how about some bridge?" she offered.

"Ah, contract!" Phyllis brightened. Hilda looked embarrassed.

"I'm afraid we don't know how to play contract," she admitted. "I meant regular auction bridge."

Phyllis dimmed again. "That's such a bore after the thrills of contract," she said, stifling a delicate yawn.

"Suppose we just stick to the original plan and go to the movies. Then we can come back and dance."

So they started out, a rather subdued party.

There was a good picture on that night at the Criterion, one that Hilda had been longing to see. But she could not keep her mind on the story for worrying about Phyllis. This was just one evening and there would be thirteen others if Phyllis stayed two weeks.

Gregory reached over and took Hilda's hand in his. Greg was a little sentimental and he liked to sit thus while a love story developed on the [Continued on page 55]

## This Habit Pays Dividends

Of those you see in a dentist's waiting room only a very few are there of their own accord. The others are seeking relief from pain. As a simple health measure, let your dentist prevent trouble. It is far easier than correction. See him at least once every six months.



## Pyorrhea's grim record is 4 out of 5

Stealthy in its attack and ruthless, Pyorrhea poison always wins if let alone. Forming at the base of teeth it seeps through the system. Health is ravaged. And very often it causes such serious troubles as rheumatism, neuritis, anemia, facial disfigurement and nervousness. Its price is paid by 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

## To Be The Lucky One

Never pit health against this foe at such uneven odds. Provide protection. See your dentist at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, daily.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's for the Gums, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, safeguards precious health. It wards off Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course. It firms gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay and keeps them snowy white.

As a simple preventive measure that pays dividends in good health, use Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll like the taste of Forhan's.

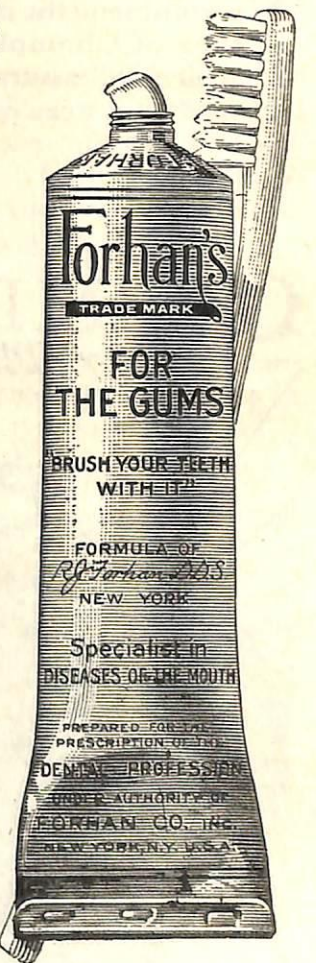
Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, Forhan's is insurance against Pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of this serious trouble.

At all druggists—in tubes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., Forhan Company, New York.

## We Make This Promise

Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. 35c and 60c, all druggists.



# Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



# Service

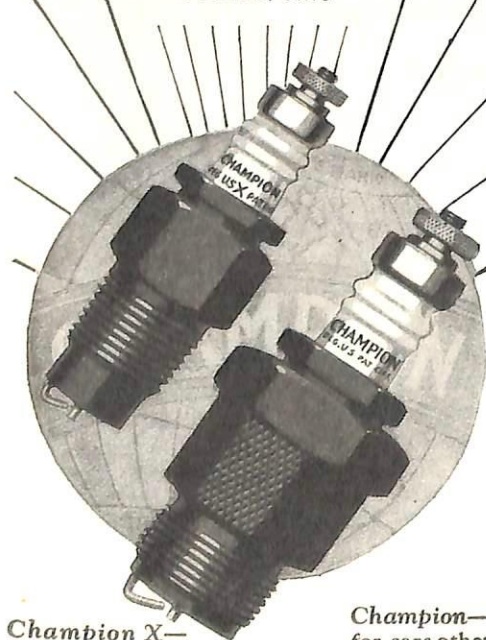
More than 100,000 dealers and garages sell dependable Champion Spark Plugs—supplying two out of three motorists. You will find complete stocks of Champions wherever automobile parts or accessories are sold.

There is a correctly designed Champion for every engine, and all are of the same gas-tight, two-piece construction with sillimanite insulators and special analysis electrodes.

The dealer will be glad to recommend the particular type of Champion plug which will assure the best performance from your engine.

## CHAMPION

Spark Plugs  
TOLEDO, OHIO



Champion X—  
Exclusively for  
Fords—packed in  
the Red Box  
60¢

Champion—  
for cars other  
than Fords—  
packed in the  
Blue Box  
75¢



## WITHIN THE SHRINE



### ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50])

#### THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S SECOND TRIP

September and October

Sept. 17	Lv. Providence	
" 19	Norfolk, Va. ....	Khedive
" 20	Richmond, Va. ....	Acca
" 21	Charleston, W. Va. ....	Beni Kedem
" 22	Ashland, Ky. ....	El Hasa
" 24	Lexington, Ky. ....	Oleika
" 26	Greenville, S. C. ....	Hejaz
" 30 to Oct. 3	1st Chicago ....	Medinah
Oct. 3	Rockford, Ill. ....	Tebala
" 4	Milwaukee, Wis. ....	Tripoli
" 5	Davenport, Iowa ....	Kaaba
" 6	Cedar Rapids, Ia. ....	El Kahir
" 7	Des Moines, Ia. ....	Za-Ga-Zig
" 8	Omaha, Nebr. ....	Tangier
" 9, 10, 11	Sioux Falls, S. D. ....	El Riad
" 12	Sioux City, Ia. ....	Abu Bekr
" 14, 15	Cleveland, Ohio ....	Al Koran
" 17	Toledo, Ohio ....	Zenobia
" 18	Grand Rapids ....	Saladin
" 19	Detroit, Mich. ....	Moslem
" 20	Erie, Penn. ....	Zem Zem
" 21	Buffalo, N. Y. ....	Ismailia
" 22	Binghamton, N. Y. ....	Kalurah
" 24	Providence, R. I. ....	Palestine
" 25	Concord, N. H. ....	Bektash
" 26	Montpelier, Vt. ....	Mt. Sinai
" 27	Rutland, Vt. ....	Cairo
" 28, 29	Rochester, N. Y. ....	Damascus
" 31	Akron, Ohio ....	Tadmor
Nov. 4	Boston, Mass. ....	Aleppo
" 5	Start for California	

Crescent, Trenton, is to build a new Mosque opposite the present one. It is estimated that the new venture will cost three quarters of a million dollars. It will provide quarters for the Band and Patrol, with a large banquet hall, and an auditorium which will seat approximately four thousand people. The plan submitted by Past Potentate Harry Evans and his Committee is exceptional inasmuch as Crescent Temple will not place any bonds or tax any of its members for its new building.

One of the high spots of the ninth season of St. Louis' Municipal Opera was the presentation of the "Song of the Flame". The night on which this magnificent opera was presented was set aside as Shriners' night and a cross-section of seats was reserved for Moolah Temple. A packed house was the result.

Karnak, Montreal, took a flier into theatrical production when the Montreal Operatic Society presented the Opera "Merrie England" for a week at His Majesty's Theater under the auspices of the Temple.

Mahi Temple, Miami, entertained more than three hundred members of Zamora, Birmingham, on their way to Havana. Leading Zamora was J. B. Patterson, Potentate; Henry Ozley, Chief Rabbani; E. J. Reed, Assistant Rabbani; R. D. Beatty, High Priest and Prophet; Dr. B. D. Sibley, Oriental Guide; M. J. Carter, Marshal, and Harold McDermott, Captain of the Guard. The tour was under the direction of Lew H. Salter, Past Potentate, and chairman of the Transportation Committee. Henry R. Pridgen, Potentate of Mahi Temple, who succeeded in obtaining the 1928 Imperial Council Session for Miami, hurried back from Atlantic City and sent a delegation headed by E. L. Stapp, High Priest and Prophet, and George E. Bradford, Director of Mahi, to meet the Caravan at Jacksonville and escort them to Miami. Potentate J. B. Patterson of Zamora said that if this was a sample of Mahi's hospitality, the Imperial Council Session next May would be one to be remembered in Shrinedom.

[Shrine News Continued on page 56]



(Members of Zamora, Birmingham, Ala., were royally entertained by Mahi, Miami, on their way to Havana. The photograph was taken at a luncheon at Hotel Antilla, Coral Gables, with Mahi Temple as host to the visitors.)

### TINSEL AND GOLD

[Continued from page 53]

screen. Usually Hilda let him. But tonight she jerked away her hand.

"Don't, Greg," she whispered sharply. What would Phyllis think? Hopelessly provincial and small town.

Gregory, thus rebuffed, drew away. After the movies, they went to Alberti's confectionery shop for ice cream. Phyllis toyed with a pineapple ice while Hilda, whose head was aching rather badly now, made slow headway with a fudge sundae. But the boys devoured double orders.

"And now to dance," Phyllis said gaily. She was bright and eager—evidently the latter part of the evening was the time she woke up. Hilda supposed it was because she was used to such late hours every night in New York. She herself felt as though she were moving in a fog; it was unreasonable for her to be so tired, even though the day had been a hard one.

"I've an idea," Phyllis announced. "Let's not 'phone for other people to help us throw a party tonight. Let's just keep it a four-some. That will give me a chance really to know Greg and see if I give my approval to the talk about engagements," she said archly.

This was a relief anyway. Perhaps the party would break up earlier if it remained a foursome, Hilda hoped.

But it didn't. Gregory was an unusually good dancer and Phyllis immediately discovered it. She monopolized him, leaving Hilda with John Graves who was a bit heavy and methodical in the use of his feet.

Phyllis made a lovely picture, Hilda thought humbly, as she circled the room in Greg's arms.

At last they were willing to call it an evening. Phyllis, saying good-night to the boys, allowed her slender hand to linger in Greg's for an added moment.

"Hilda's a lucky girl to have a mortgage all foreclosed on you," she murmured.

Gregory blushed. Obviously with pleasure. "Greg's a sweet thing," Phyllis commented from her brass bed which so distressfully failed to match the room. "Deliciously naive. But sweet."

"Umm," Hilda said sleepily. Somehow it hurt to hear Greg dissected with adjectives. As the days and evenings of Phyllis's visit succeeded one another Hilda felt increasingly inadequate. She struggled valiantly to give Phyllis a good time.

One night when Gregory succeeded in getting Pietro's orchestra on the radio, Phyllis closed her eyes dreamily and held out her arms to him.

"Come," she commanded. "Let's not miss a minute of it. Ah, the marvelous hours I've had at Pietro's."

"It was there that I first met Edgar Winslow," she confided to Hilda later. "He had brought a blonde, preferred, but I vamped him with my green eyes."

Hilda thought of Greg's expression as he had danced with Phyllis, and a little shiver chilled her heart. It would be easy, she thought, for Phyllis to vamp any man if she took the trouble. Surely Greg would not seem worth the trouble to one who constantly spoke of him as "naive." But in the absence of larger game, a born flirt like Phyllis . . .

And Greg was certainly different. Once when they were in Alberti's and she was ordering her favorite fudge sundae, he looked critically at her.

"You ought to take ices, Hilda," he said. "Fudge sundaes are fattening."

Phyllis laughed. "That's what I'm always telling her," she said.

Which was true. Phyllis was constantly alluding to her [Continued on page 61]

# Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"



"My happiest discovery in fifteen years  
Old Briar Tobacco!"

Here are words of sincere appreciation that reach right out to every pipe smoker. Every day, from everywhere, men are writing that Old Briar Tobacco is bringing back to them all of the old pleasure, solace and contentment of pipe smoking.

It is the superior quality of Old Briar Tobacco that makes men—thousands of them—enjoy their pipe smoking as they have never enjoyed it before.

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the ripe, blended fragrance and aroma of its selected leaf. Taste Old Briar's full natural flavor, its rich body. Smoke it awhile. Then notice how cool it is—and how smooth!

It has taken years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending and generations of tobacco culture to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected!

Of all the pleasures man enjoys, pipe smoking costs about the least.

\*The above unsolicited praise is from a pipe smoker who has tried "them all."



**TO DEALERS:** Old Briar is sold in sealed Pocket packages at 25c and sealed boxes at 50c, \$1.00 and \$2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every box and package of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.

**IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR**

Tear out this coupon and mail to:  
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

**SPECIAL OFFER:** So many thousands of pipe smokers have found so much extra enjoyment in a pipeful of Old Briar, it is a guarantee to you that you, too, will find it is the best tobacco you ever smoked. On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a 25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .  
City and State . . . . .  
Your Dealer's Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .  
If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon. Tear out now, while it's handy. S 9-27

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.



## WANTED:

Open minded MEN with  
Closed eyes to make this  
SHAVING TEST!



ACCEPT a gift from us of 7 cool Shaves.  
We promise you will find this:

1. A SHAVING CREAM that cools and soothes as you shave.
2. You can feel the difference the instant you lather.
3. After shaving lotions unnecessary. INGRAM'S is lather and lotion in one.

### Just Do This!

Write us for your 7 Free cool shaves. Lather one side of your face with your usual shaving preparation—the other side with the unusual INGRAM'S. Then shave. INGRAM'S cools and soothes the tiny nicks and scratches you don't see, but do feel . . . and leaves you a whole skin for the next shave.

It takes a lot of confidence to make this offer to compare shaving creams on your own face—but we KNOW what INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM will do—and what it did for nearly a million men in 1926.



187,776 jars in 1925  
619,512 jars in 1926  
Going even better now

Write us today for your 7 Free, cool shaves. Your skin will thank you.

Or to save yourself time—ask your nearest druggist for 120 of these cool INGRAM'S shaves.

The jar only costs fifty cents.

**Ingram's Shaving Cream**  
COOLS and SOOTHES as you shave

Frederick F. Ingram Co.—Est. 1885  
434 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.—also Windsor, Canada

## WITHIN THE SHRINE

### With a PERSONAL TINGE

[SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 54)]

"Sport" Herrmann, manager of one of Chicago's opera houses, is the new captain of the Guard of Medinah. In due course Noble Herrmann will probably be the next Commander-in-Chief of Oriental Consistory, Chicago.

Dr. W. D. Murphy, Potentate, Aladdin Temple, Ohio, is a prominent physician who has taken a deep interest in the activities of the Shrine for the care and treatment of crippled children. He is the chief spirit in the enterprise launched by Aladdin Temple, supplementing the work of the Imperial Council for crippled children by providing hospitalization in Columbus for crippled children from Aladdin's district.

Charles Helmer, director of Aad's Band ever since its organization before the war, has been elected a life member of the temple, being the sixteenth Shriner thus honored by the Duluth Temple.

Paul B. Ford, 29, Madisonville, Ky., claims to be the youngest illustrious potentate in North America and challenges all others to contradict him. He was elected to that office by Rizpah Temple.

A. L. Dunn, Atlanta, Ga., has the unusual distinction of having been twice made an honorary member of Shrine temples in a few weeks—by Jerusalem of New Orleans and Hella of Dallas. As chairman of the entertainment committee of Yaarab he has welcomed a great many visitors to Atlanta.

Judge Marion B. Craig, Morocco, Jacksonville, lays claim to the unique record of never having missed a ceremonial of his own Temple during the quarter of a century he has been a member.

Imperial High Priest and Prophet Thomas J. Houston, Medinah, has been made president of the Civil Service Commission of that great city in the cabinet of Noble Thompson, the mayor.

Recorder Frederick J. Smith, Zembo, Harrisburg, who had served that Temple for twenty-three years as Recorder, passed to the Unseen Temple March 27. This year's election as a Representative completed his term of twenty-one years and would have made him an emeritus member of the Imperial Council.

The present Potentate of Aleo Temple, Savannah, John W. Blount, is assistant general passenger agent of the Central of Georgia Railroad.

The death of Noble Horace L. Johannott, 81 years of age, leaves Noble Charles H. Heaton the sole surviving charter member of Mt. Sinai, Montpelier.

Henry J. Wempe, told of the government and scenic beauties of the Panama Canal zone in an address before a noon meeting of the Booster club of Hadi Temple, Evansville, Ind. Noble Wempe is a member of the quartermaster corps of the zone administration, as well as of Abou Saad Temple.

Following the Rotary Convention at Ostend in Belgium, three Nobles were decorated by King Albert in recognition of the part they had in the success of the affair. Noble Harry H. Rogers (San Antonio, Texas,) President of Rotary International, was made a Commander of the Order of the Crown. Noble Walter D. Cline (Wichita Falls, Texas,) Chairman of the Convention Committee was made a Commander of the Order of Leopold the Second. Noble Chesley R. Perry (Chicago, Illinois,) Secretary of Rotary International, was made an Officer of the Order of the Crown.

A few hours after Alfred J. Rowland of Miles City, Montana, Illustrious Potentate of Al Bedoo Temple, had arrived in Billings to assist in the ceremonial activities there, he received word that his mother had died the previous day at Elgin, Illinois. He immediately left for the East and the Ceremonial was carried on under the direction of Leon Shaw, Past Potentate of Al Bedoo. Had Noble Rowland's mother lived one day longer she would have celebrated her sixtieth birthday which was also her son's birthday.

S. E. Moss of Dallas, is one of the seven original Nobles to whom the charter for Hella Temple was granted in 1887. The Temple began work under the dispensation in 1886 but the charter was not granted until a year later. Hella Temple celebrated her fortieth birthday with a party at which the members of the last ceremonial class were guests of honor.

Past Potentate  
E. A. Kramer,  
Osman Temple,  
St. Paul,  
Minnesota



Past Potentate E. A. Kramer, Osman, St. Paul, knows more ways to twist a baton and throw it higher in the air than a boy has excuses for not having his ears washed. Eddie, as he is known throughout Shrine-dom, is admittedly the best baton swinger in the amateur division of the Shrine and now that he has retired as Potentate he can devote his entire time to devising new methods for keeping that piece of wood up in the air until you get eye strain watching for its descent. Ever see him make that letter "S"? (See photograph above.)

Potentate Fred R. Harrison, Nile, Seattle, died of acute indigestion, on July 22, after three hours' illness. The funeral was one of the most largely attended in the history of Seattle. Among the uniformed bodies in attendance were Nile Band, Patrol and Chanters and the Seattle Commandery, K. T. The services were conducted under the auspices of Rose Croix. Noble Harrison had been very active in Masonic work and was a past officer in the Blue Lodge, Council, and Commandery.

[Shrine News Continued on page 57]

WITH A PERSONAL TINGE

[SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 56)]

Past Potentate Paul D. Kelleter of Naja Temple, Deadwood, South Dakota, claims the responsibility for making available the South Dakota State Park as the summer home of President Coolidge. As Chairman of the Board of Exchange he selected the 60,000 acres given the State in exchange for its scattered school lands. Noble Kelleter was special representative of the Secretary of Agriculture in this project. Since leaving the Black Hills he served two terms as the Mayor of Kensington, Maryland. At present he is Director of Forest Extension at the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse.

A recent news item in papers throughout the United States makes mention of the fact that Frank M. Mills, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, capitalist, crossed the burning sands into the Mystic Shrine at the age of 91. Noble Mills, oldest alumnus of Wabash College, Indiana, one time publisher of the Des Moines Register and founder of the Sioux Falls traction system, went through the Shrine after having been a Mason for almost thirty years.

Kismet, Brooklyn, introduced a novelty when they set apart the evening of one of their latest Ceremonials as "Old Timer's Night". Special invitations were sent to 158 Shriners who were initiated or affiliated at Christmas time prior to January 1st, 1900. The list included some of the most prominent citizens.

More than 2000 Shriners from Maine and Massachusetts attended a Field day and Ceremonial under the auspices of Kora, Lewiston. A party of 350 from Aleppo, Boston, made the trip on a chartered steamer. The Aleppo Band gave a concert while the steamer was proceeding down the harbor.

Dr. O. M. Lanstrum of the Board of Trustees, Shriners hospitals, has been making a tour of the Orient and had the pleasure of attending a meeting of Rotterdam Lodge No. 1927, which convened at 9 P. M. March 5th, 1927 in the quarries of Solomon's Temple, Jerusalem. A score of grand jurisdictions were represented by the brethren present.

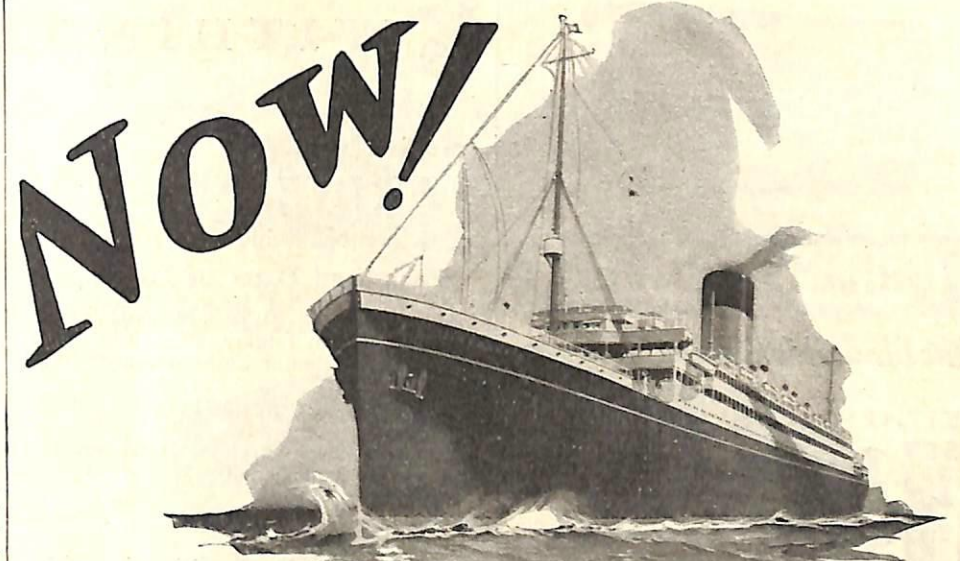
A warning has been issued by Akdar, Tulsa, Okla., that an impostor has paid the dues of G. C. Leigh in the Consistory and Shrine and is using his cards. Any one with information about the impostor is asked to communicate with Recorder C. F. Robertson of Akdar.

A feature of Delaware night put on by LuLu Temple was the presentation of a seven passenger Sedan to Illustrious Potentate W. J. Highfield by the Delaware Nobility. Potentate Highfield is a resident of Wilmington, Delaware.

Arthur S. Evans, Past Potentate of Ziyara, Utica, and a resident of Rome, New York, has been reappointed Chairman of the George Washington Memorial Committee of the Imperial Council.

An event in Wisconsin Golf was the election of Noble H. S. Hadfield, Tripoli, Milwaukee, to the presidency of the Wisconsin State Golf Association. Noble Hadfield is a former state amateur champion.

[Shrine News Continued on page 58]



## A Super Holiday 22 Days with the SHRINERS on a Chartered Ship ~ ~

On January 17, 1928, the Shriners start for a 22 day Cruise to the West Indies, Panama and Caribbean South America.

YOU have read about vacations, holidays and trips galore. All the world has called at various times. But now the greatest of them all—a super holiday has been arranged under the auspices of the Shrine Magazine. A giant ocean liner—the S. S. Megantic of the White Star Line has been especially chartered. It will be just like a private yacht for Shriners, their families and their friends. We will not have a single travel worry because an organization of travel experts, James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., has made all arrangements. Special trains and automobiles are already engaged. Golf games, bridge games and a host of other entertainments both on shipboard and on shore will fill every hour with enjoyment. One fee (as low as \$320) will pay all expenses except what you may care to spend for personal items.

We will sail from New York on January 17, 1928, and will visit Havana; Kingston, Jamaica; Colon and Panama; Cartagena, Colombia; Curacao; La Guayra and Caracas, Venezuela; San Juan, Porto Rico; and Bermuda,—and then return to New York—all on our own ship. In all we will be away 22 days.

## Write!

Membership in the Shrine Magazine Cruise is limited to 480. Bookings are being made every day. You should write—or send the coupon today for full particulars.

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE,  
1440 Broadway, New York City.

I am interested in the cruise to the West Indies, Panama and Caribbean South America under the auspices of the Shrine Magazine. Please have Mr. Boring send me full particulars.

Name .....

Address .....

S.3





## AN APPEAL TO REASON

COMMON sense tells you that the safety razor with the best blade is the one for you to use. It's the blade—nothing else—that takes the beard off your face.

Durham-Duplex Blades are made of the finest razor steel imported from Sweden. They are the longest—that saves time, one stroke does the work of two. They are thick and strong—you get the heart of the steel only for an edge—we grind away the rest. They are hollow ground—that gives you the keenest and most lasting edge.

Each and every blade is hair tested before being packed.

The Durham Duplex Razor gives you the sliding diagonal stroke—cutting your beard instead of scraping it off.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N.J.  
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France;  
Toronto, Can. Sales Representatives in All Countries.

### Special Offer 25c

Take this coupon to your dealer or send to us and get a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor with only one blade for 25c.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.  
(Address for Canada; 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.) I enclose 25c for razor and blade. Check type preferred.

Name

Address

Town or City and State

I prefer Long-handled Type ☐ Safety Type ☐

## WITHIN THE SHRINE

### SHRINE CLUBS

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 57])

#### Places and Dates of Meetings

Akron—Tadmor, Fridays, Masonic Temple.  
Altoona—Jaffa, Fridays, Penn Alto Hotel.  
Baltimore—Scimitar Club, Mondays, Hotel Emerson.

Birmingham—Zamora, Thursdays, Bankhead Hotel.

Buffalo—Ismaillia, Fridays, Hotel Statler.  
Boise—El Korah, daily, Kelley's Round Table.

Cleveland—Al Koran, Fridays, Allerton Hotel.

Columbus, O.—Aladdin, Thursdays, Masonic Temple.

Charleston, W. Va.—Beni Kedem, Thursdays, Scottish Rite Cathedral.

Detroit—Moslem Boulevard Shrine Club, Wednesdays, General Motors Bldg.

Detroit—Moslem, Caravan Shrine Club, Thursdays, Hotel Statler.

Duluth—Aad, Mondays, 105 W. Superior street.

Des Moines—Za-Ga-Zig, Saturdays, Ft. Des Moines Hotel.

Evansville—Hadi, Fridays, Shrine Club House.

Flint—Shrine Club, Masonic Temple, Wednesdays.

Hastings—Tehama, Fridays, Hotel Clarke.

Hollywood—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Chinese Gardens.

Honolulu—Aloha, Shrine Club, Thursdays, Young Hotel.

Los Angeles—Al Malaikah, Thursdays.

Lexington, Ky.—Oleika, First Friday, monthly, Phoenix Hotel.

Milwaukee—Tripoli, Fridays, Milwaukee Athletic Club.

Minneapolis—Zuhrah, every other Monday, West Hotel.

Memphis—Al Chymia, Fridays, Shrine Building.

Nashville—Al Menah, Wednesdays, McFadden's Grotto.

Pittsburgh—Syria, Fridays, William Penn Hotel.

Philadelphia—LuLu, Wednesdays, Adelphia Hotel.

Pasadena—Shrine Club, Mondays, Hotel Maryland.

Portland, Ore.—Al Kader, Mondays, Benson Hotel.

Rochester—Damascus, Fridays, Powers Hotel.

Richmond—Acca, Sphinx Club, Thursdays, Seventh street, Christian Club Annex.

San Antonio—Alzafar, Fridays, Nueces Hotel.

San Pedro—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.

St. Paul—Osman, every other Friday, St. Paul Hotel.

San Francisco—Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel.

Saginaw—Elf Khurafeh, Caravan Club, Fridays, Hotel Bancroft.

Seattle—Nile, Thursdays, Chamber of Commerce.

Spokane—El Katif, Mondays.

Terre Haute—Zorah, Fridays, Elks Club.

Waco—Karem, Tuesdays, Shrine Club rooms.

Washington, D. C.—Almas, Fridays, New Ebbitt Hotel.

Youngstown—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.

The Shrine Club of Syria Temple, Pittsburgh, meets every Friday noon at the William Penn Hotel. If you think that they haven't a live committee in charge of their programs, just look over the following schedule for one month. First Friday, Taylor Alderdice High School Orchestra; Second Friday, Philadelphia Company Male Quartette; Third Friday, Program under the direction of Noble Balmer, Manager of the Grand Theater; Fourth Friday, Program under the direction of H. L. Giles, Manager of the Davis Theater; Fifth Friday, Father and Son Dinner.

Aladdin Shrine Club of Columbus put on its first Ladies' Day by serving a fine chicken dinner and being given a welcome by Potentate Ferd Schoedinger, couched in the same language and gestures as those of Past Potentate George J. Karb. A musical program was well received.

Tripoli Country Club, Milwaukee, will be served by the following officers for the ensuing year: Walter H. Tompkins, President; Henry F. Vogt, Vice-President; Frank M. Weinhold, Treasurer; Harry R. Crandall, Secretary; and Julius J. Goetz, Earl Johnson, Chas. W. Brew and Thos. E. Barnum for the three year directorate term.

The Miami (Fla.) Beach Shrine Club has between fifty-five and sixty members. Monthly meetings will be held at the Pan-coast Hotel. The hotel has offered a suite of rooms for permanent quarters and club rooms, and the Miami Beach Shrine Club states that Nobles from all Temples are eligible for membership.

City Planning is one of the activities of the Rochester, N. Y., Shrine Club. It was one of the official indorsers at a meeting to discuss the subject.

"Talk loud and go easy" is the mysterious slogan recently adopted by the Hudson County Shrine Club of Jersey City, while by way of contrast the Nobles of Richmond, Va., when they meet at lunch, call themselves the Sphinx Club.

Home-made sandwiches and other edibles were served at the Kingston, N. Y., Shrine Club's entertainment and dance, for the benefit of the Industrial home, by the ladies of the board of managers of the home.

LuLu Yacht Club, Philadelphia, is officered by J. Ray McClellan, commodore; W. Edwin Blair, vice-commodore; Matthew A. Roth, rear-commodore; Ralph C. Stewart, treasurer; Howard E. Trimble, financial secretary and J. E. Moyer, recording secretary. Past Potentate Chas. S. Bair is senior commodore.

Noble J. Adam Bede, Osman, St. Paul, former congressman, entertained the Duluth Lunch Club recently, telling how the farmers of North Dakota had to tie alarm clocks to their cows, on account of the daylight saving law, so the animals would know when to come in and be milked.

Fifty men and 25 women took part in the Niagara Falls Shrine Club "Follies," to raise funds for the state convale of the Knights Templar in that city.

Charles B. Folley is the new president of the Paterson, N. J., Shrine Club.  
[Shrine News Continued on page 59]

## SHRINE CLUBS

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 58])

Kismet Temple Glee Club gave a concert at Amityville Masonic Temple, for Amityville Lodge. It was Kismet Shrine Night and many members of Kismet were present. Ed Gartner was Chairman of the Amityville Lodge Carnival and took good care of the visitors. The music was in charge of Noble Henry G. Eskuche, Director of the Glee Club. Soloists on the program were Nobles Carl H. Tolleisen, Otto Schuler and George C. Knittel.

The Bloomington, Illinois, Shrine Club believes in quick action. When a fence was needed at the Baby-Fold, the members, headed by their officers, were right out there on the ground, digging holes and putting up the fence. The Club recently elected the following officers: Jerry C. Sampson, President; Harry E. Wilson, Vice-President; Charles E. Dagenhart, Secretary; Clair R. McElheny, Treasurer.

More than 100 members attended the annual meeting of the Pasadena Shrine Club at which time A. F. Hamill was chosen president to serve for his fifth consecutive term. E. E. Anderson who has been secretary of the club for five years was re-elected by unanimous vote.

At a meeting of the Ismaillia, Buffalo, Luncheon Club, Noble Ganson Depew presented the Temple with a beautiful American Flag. Potentate George H. Chase voiced his appreciation of the gift and Dr. C. H. Broughton accepted it on behalf of the Nobility.

The Okmulgee Shrine Club of Bedouin Temple, Muskogee, Oklahoma, held its annual picnic in Douglas Park. The Uniformed Bodies of the Temple furnished the entertainment and a chicken dinner was served to 3000 Shriners and their ladies.

Potentate George F. Eisenbrown of Rajah, Allentown, Pa., has no marble heart, but his marble face, in the form of a bust, was presented to the Lehigh Valley Club in commemoration of his fifteen years' service in that exalted position. It was the gift of two Nobles of the club who are sculptors, William and Earl Wenz.

The Longmont Shrine Club, Longmont, Colo., sponsored the annual summer picnic of El Jebel Temple. An interesting program of sports, together with concerts by the El Jebel Band, Patrol and Drum Corps rounded out a day of pleasure.

The 19th district Shrine Club held its Shrine Frolic at the Hope, N. D., Opera House. The Chanters from El Zagal, Fargo, provided the musical program and after supper there was dancing and various entertainment stunts.

The Miami Beach Shrine Club, officially sanctioned by H. R. Pridgen, Potentate of Mahi, has elected John S. Benz president.

Charles Y. Haring, a prominent operator in real estate, has been elected president of the Lehigh Valley Shrine Club at Allentown, Pa.

Harry C. Vandewater, City Building Superintendent of Glendale, Calif., is the new President of the Shrine Club of that city.  
[Shrine News Continued on page 60]

Made by  
American Seating Company

Buffalo Consistory Temple A. A. S. R., Buffalo, New York—Seated by the American Seating Company

The beautiful design, supreme comfort, and sturdy construction of American Seating Company Theatre Chairs make them ideal for Shrine Temple Auditorium Seating. Comfort, beauty, long life, real economy are all there.

Fully equipped Branches and Distributors of the Company are to be found in all the more important centers of the country, so that you can secure direct counsel and service without delay on any of your seating needs.

A careful study of your particular requirements with recommendations and estimates will be made for you without obligation. The handsome new catalogue on Theatre and Auditorium Seating will be sent you on request. Address—

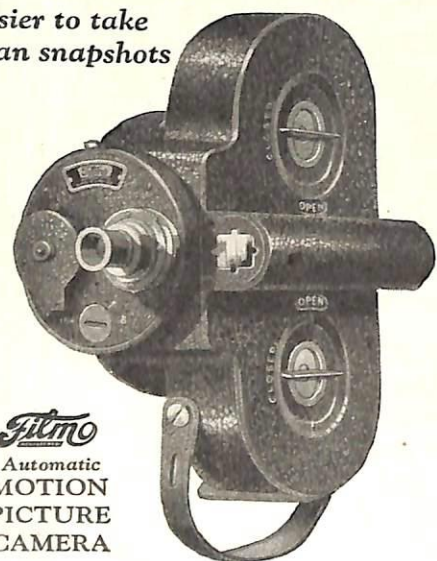
Theatre Seating Engineering Department  
American Seating Company  
General Offices  
14 E. Jackson Blvd.  
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON





## This is the Camera that makes movies

easier to take than snapshots



**Filmo**  
Automatic  
MOTION  
PICTURE  
CAMERA

THIS is Filmo, the original automatic motion picture camera for the amateur. With it you can weave Autumn outings, football games and all other events into a scenario more fascinating than any you have ever seen on a movie screen. Because it will be your very own—every scene reproduced in action, just as in life.

Filmo is so simple, so easy to use, that anyone without previous photographic experience can make professional-quality movies right from the start. Simply look through the spy-glass viewfinder, press the button, and the accurately governed spring-driven motor does the rest. What you see, you get, in two simple operations.

Eastman Safety Film [16mm]—in the yellow box—used in Filmo Camera, is obtained at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost covers developing and return postage to your door.

Then you are ready for the thrill of seeing your own movies on a wall or screen at home—easy to show with the Filmo automatic Projector. Write for descriptive booklet "What You See, You Get" and nearest dealer's name. Address

**BELL & HOWELL CO.**  
1812 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
New York, Hollywood, London  
World's largest manufacturers  
of motion picture equipment  
Established 1907

## WITHIN THE SHRINE UNIFORMED BODIES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 59])

Abou Saad, Balboa Heights, Canal Zone, has probably the most unique Patrol in existence in the Order, it being composed of ten aces—officers located at France Field who have performed invaluable and valiant voluntary service in aiding Abou Saad Temple. As all of these patrolmen are members of other temples, Abou Saad, at its recent meeting, created them honorary members, their names being, Capt. Carl W. Connell, Alzafar; Lieut. Edward D. Jones, Alzafar; Lieut. Pardoe E. Martin, Alzafar; Lieut. Samuel C. Eaton, Antioch; Lieut. Orin J. Bushey, Ainad; Lieut. Oliver K. Robbins, Medinah; Lieut. Chas. H. Howard, Mohammed; Lieut. Chas. H. Dowman, Mohammed; Lieut. Ralph L. Fleischer, Isis; Master Sergt. Edward Deckman, Alzafar.

When the Aad Temple Band gave the last of their series of public concerts they closed with the Aad Temple March, written by Charles Helmer and dedicated to the Nobles of Aad Temple. Noble Helmer is the director of the Band.



(Noble Robert Keenan,  
Drum Major, Syria  
Temple Oriental Band,  
is seven feet, 5 inches  
tall and weighs 365  
pounds.)

Three Patrols, 200 men in all, gave an Arabian aspect to the streets of the old French-Canadian city of Montreal in a parade that initiated Shriners' theater week. The Arabs, the Bedouins and the White Patrol made a picturesque spectacle. Karnak Temple also enlisted the services of the Grenadier Guards fife and drum band, besides its own Drum Corps. A feature of the occasion was the presentation of the Walter J. Francis memorial colors given to the 113th Montreal (Shriners Hospital) Boy Scout troop by Mrs. Walter J. Francis. The late Noble Francis, who was a prominent engineer, played an important part in building the Montreal Hospital Unit.

Syria, Pittsburgh, has a Legion of Honor, composed of 600 World War veterans. Its Drill Corps of 100 is equipped with rifles and bayonets, but it arrests attention most by its members in uniform tiling the doors at all ceremonies. Not even the Potentate or an imperial officer is allowed to enter without an up-to-date card. Edward E. Ludwig is commander and Arthur R. Kiefer, adjutant of the Legion of Honor, Colonel W. R. Dunlap, captain and George E. Grimm, secretary of the Drill Corps.

The Chanters of Moolah Temple, St. Louis, are practically all members of the Scottish Rite Choir, but when the Potentate requested them to sing at a recent meeting of Moolah they found time to run three blocks to Moolah Temple, sing several songs and hurry back to complete the work of the Scottish Rite Degree. Luck was with them as a terrific storm and downpour started just as they entered Moolah Temple and raged until they were ready to leave again for the Scottish Rite Cathedral.

"You Made Me What I Am Today," said the Concert Band of Jerusalem Temple, when it re-elected unanimously Dr. S. H. McAfee, a New Orleans dentist, as its leader for the third year.

[Shrine News Continued on page 75]

### SYRIA TEMPLE'S FAMOUS ORIENTAL BAND

(The members are: H. F. Barry, H. B. Butler, G. A. Cella, C. Clements, F. H. Croushore, J. B. Dobson, J. H. Dorrington, F. A. Getsinger, W. C. Hemmerle, G. R. Henning, E. L. Hollohan, W. B. Hynes, E. Kaufeld, R. B. Keenan, W. C. Kreiling, Thomas Lloyd (Leader), John Magel, Albert Meyer, John Mair, J. K. McCausland, H. H. Roessle, R. H. Pierce, H. Thomas, C. C. Vaughn, W. L. Wagner, E. S. Wallace, H. A. Wallace, H. Hess, Thomas Booth, John Hastings, James Hawthorne, James Hubbard, John Gordon, K. W. Schuchman, H. A. Vinton, Howard Winter, M. C. Jackson.)



## TINSEL AND GOLD

[Continued from page 55]

tendency to plumpness. But Greg! Why, he had always said he didn't want her to be skinny. And this was the very first time he had ever criticized her for anything.

She found herself watching Greg; the evident joy with which he danced with Phyllis, the way his eyes followed her slim, graceful figure when she was dancing with someone else, the absorption with which he listened to her casual talk of her gay New York life. And, queerly enough, Hilda found herself feeling painfully sorry for Greg. It hurt to think that Phyllis was all the time laughing at him because he was provincial.

On Saturdays, Hilda had half holiday, and the second Saturday of Phyllis's visit chanced to be payday. So, with fresh funds in pocket-book, she hastened to the Vanity Shop before going home to lunch in order to lay in a supply of powders and perfumes and tinted bath crystals for her guest. Phyllis had practically exhausted the supply purchased before her arrival; she used everything with a lavish carelessness.

The Vanity Shop was really a part of the Hammerstown Hotel. One could enter it from the street or from the lobby of the hotel. Hilda entered it from the street but when she left, loaded down with her packages, she cut through the hotel. She wanted to get home early because Greg was coming in the afternoon to drive them up to the Falls for supper. Hastening down the long corridor of the hotel, she glanced indifferently through one of the glass doors that shut off the dining-room and suddenly she stumbled, caught herself, stopped dead.

At a table for two, tucked behind an inevitable palm, she had seen Phyllis and Greg, having lunch together. The thing was not so much in itself, except that they hadn't asked her and they hadn't even mentioned it to her, but the incident was italicized by Phyllis's manner. She was bridging the two feet of table cloth which separated her from Greg with a soulful look. Everything feminine in Hilda recognized that look. Knew it for what it was, a deliberate intent to charm.

She walked in a daze through the familiar streets, walked slowly because there was no need for any hurry now. And every minute a slow wrath was gathering in her heart—wrath against Phyllis who had pretended to laugh at Greg and all the time had been charming him, but most of all wrath against Greg, the faithless. No longer did she feel sorry for him. She hated him . . . hated him . . . hated him. It was hate, doubtless, that caused two great tear drops to roll down her cheeks and drop off her pretty, round little chin.

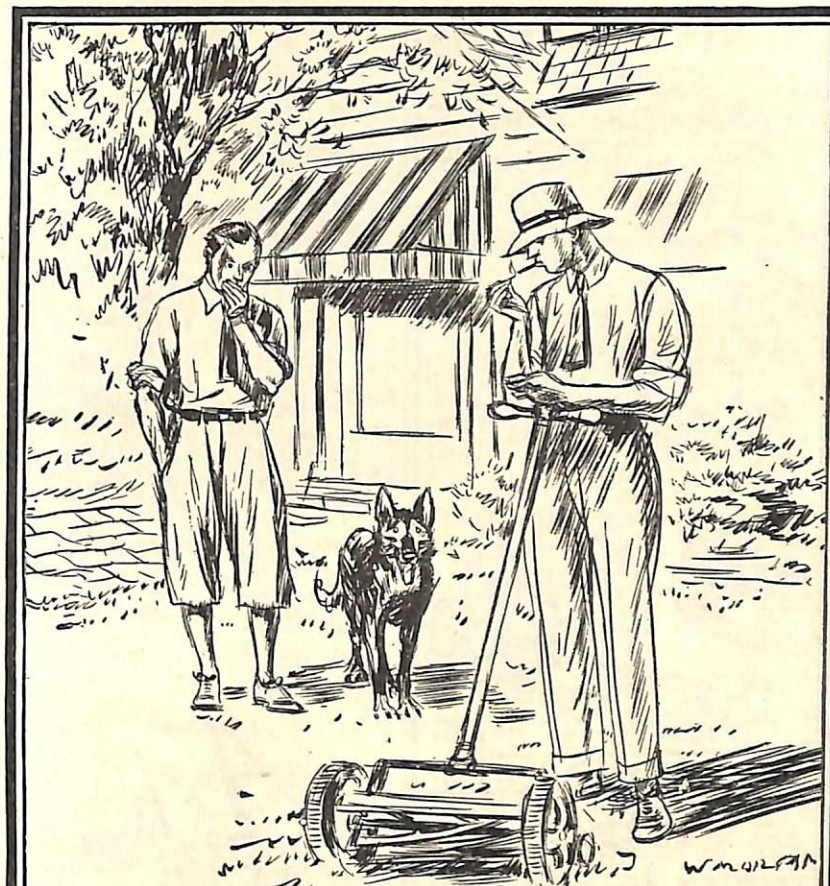
There was no one at home when she got there. Mrs. Blair had departed to a church luncheon, and had left a note for Hilda telling her that fruit salad was in the icebox for Phyllis and herself; also telling her that Phyllis had gone out to see a girl she had known in her school days in Hammerstown but had promised to be back in time for the drive Greg had planned to the Falls.

She dashed upstairs to her own room, sanctuary. She flung her packages on the bed in a jumble, all those extravagancies she had bought for her guest so that the guest might the more easily steal away Greg! Then she flung herself on to the bed too, sobbing with the abandon that her tired nerves demanded.

Suddenly through the silent house the doorbell sounded.

Hilda dragged herself up and looked at her reflection in the mirror. Red eyes, red nose, towed hair. She combed her hair back and powdered her nose. She went downstairs and opened the door.

A middle-aged [Continued on page 63]



### EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When your neighbor asks if you are thru with his lawn mower that you've had for over a week . . . be nonchalant . . . light a

MURAD CIGARETTE

# MURAD

For those who feel entitled to life's better things

© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

## Dollars from Matches

Earn big money selling Diamond Monogram Book Matches. Newest craze. Beautiful three letter monogram or any three initials on each book. Keep cash deposit, as your commission. Samples free. Simply show them. They sell themselves. Men and women . . . write at once for details and begin to earn the easiest money you ever made.

THE DIAMOND MATCH CO., Dept. 22 Springfield, Mass.

## GOLF SHOES

Correct stance improves your driving stroke, which is the secret of good golf playing. M. A. S. S. You can reduce your best score by wearing properly made Shoes, manufactured by

M. A. SMITH'S SONS  
Athletic and Outing Footwear  
600 N. 13th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Send for circular, with Special Discount to Shriners

## BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS

I end bunions forever with my new Pedodyne Solvent treatment. Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so fast that your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller.

PROVE IT FREE—Just send your name and address, no money, and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try. No obligations—Address  
KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. B525  
180 N. Wacker Drive Chicago, Ill.

## I'll Pay YOU \$100 a Week

Make \$100.00 a week and up, selling our fine made-to-measure, all-wool suits, direct to wearer. Biggest values—positively sell on sight. Biggest commissions paid in advance. We attend to delivery and collections. 6x9 cloth samples—over 100 styles—furnished FREE. Ambitious men write at once.

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc., 131 W. Harrison, Dept. J 646, Chicago

**ATLANTIC CITY**  
THE BARTINE  
1908 Pacific Ave.  
A Comfortable Little Hotel European Plan Popular Prices  
Rooms With Private Baths  
Barton T. Fell  
Proprietor

**SHRINE CHRISTMAS CARDS**  
\$1. box of fifteen assorted. Designs in colors. Sentiment and SHRINE EMBLEM on each card, all Steel Die Stamped. Space for name. Send \$1. TODAY for trial box or ten cents in stamps for sample.  
PILGRIM STUDIOS  
11 Otis St., Boston, Mass.



## Buy SHRINE EMBLEMS

Direct by Mail from  
JASON WEILER & SONS, Boston, Mass.  
and Save One-Third

For over 50 years we have sold direct by mail to customers all over the world. As manufacturing wholesale and retail jewelers, diamond importers and America's leading emblem makers we guarantee to save you 20 to 40%. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.



37743M. Platinum front Button with perfectly cut blue-white Diamond of fine brilliancy... \$7.50  
37744M. Platinum front Button with perfectly cut blue-white Diamond... \$25.00  
37740M. Platinum front Button with five perfectly cut blue-white Diamonds... \$75.00



37742M. Finely designed Platinum front Button... \$1.50  
37741M. Attractive Platinum front Button... 75cts  
3696AM. SOLID GREEN GOLD SHRINE EMBLEM with either 32nd Degree or Knights Templar back. Emblems are beautifully enameled in the proper colors. Charm opens on a hinge showing the proper emblems on the inside. Our price direct to you... \$15.00

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT  
From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.  
America's Leading Diamond Importers  
and Save 20 to 40%



This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and full cut. Mounted in newest style 14K solid gold setting. Order this diamond; if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00 Send it back and your money will be returned at once. Our price \$145.00 direct to you.

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:  
1/4 carat - \$31.00 1 1/2 carats - \$217.00  
3/8 carat - 50.00 2 carats - 290.00  
1/2 carat - 73.00 3 carats - 435.00

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co., with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"  
This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, and qualities \$20.00 to \$20,000.00 is considered an authority.

Also write for Shrine Emblem and Jewelry and Watch Catalogs.

CLIP COUPON—FILL IN AND MAIL NOW—

JASON WEILER & SONS  
Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jewelers Since 1870  
376M Washington St., Cor. Franklin  
Boston, Mass.

Please send FREE Catalogs checked x below:  
☐ Jewelry, Watch, Silver and Diamond ☐  
☐ MASONIC EMBLEM CATALOG ☐

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....



Ask  
Mrs. FREDERICK!

Dear Shrine Readers:

AND we are going to have still another contest! And I believe that this will be even more interesting to housewives and readers than any other. I have called it the "Bridge Party Menu Contest," and let's have something different—some new idea. The more carefully you give the menu (for four people), the color scheme or decorations and the other details, the more likely you are to win one of the prizes. So let me hear from as many readers as possible and make this contest a special success.

Here are the exact rules:

- 1—Write only on one side of the paper.
- 2—Write only one recipe to a page, but you may send in as many recipes as you choose.
- 3—Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of baking, size or number of servings and all details which will make the recipe practical and clear.
- 4—Address THE CONTEST EDITOR, SHRINE SERVICE, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
- 5—Contributions must be received by October 15th.

Remember first prize is \$10, the next \$5, then \$2 each for the following five best recipes and \$1 paid for any recipe used by the magazine.

Owing to the intense interest in our SUMMER DRINK CONTEST, it has been decided to postpone the announcement of the winner until the October issue. This will give more opportunity to use the late summer fruits and melons, and allow letters from readers in every section to reach me before the closing date.

Canning and preserving time is the right season, by the way, to discover new and delicious beverages as well as fruit sauces. Just a little bit of left-over juice, a few pieces of fruit—and lo!—a new drink, or a new refreshing use of the same materials. Just yesterday we were to have an important guest from overseas and I was

wondering what to serve since it was such a scorching day. There was half a watermelon and one canteloupe in the refrigerator. Neither seemed good-looking or enough to serve by itself. I happened to look in the kitchen cutlery drawer and saw the round vegetable scoop. An idea. I scooped out small balls of both and mixed them together. Then I took the juice of a pineapple that was another left-over and poured over. A few spoons of syrup (or preserved ginger) was added, all well mixed and then placed for an hour to chill on ice. Served in green glass bowls, this cooling fruit course was acclaimed the most refreshing hot weather delight.

Canteloupe cut in thin slivers and well chilled is an attractive way to serve this as a luncheon salad. Add fresh grated coconut to the French dressing, and arrange on white lettuce hearts.

Miss B. G. (New Jersey) writes that she is to be married this coming fall and desires to know where she may take a cooking and homemaking course. An excellent course of study in all home subjects can be taken by mail from the American School of Home Economics, Chicago, Ill. They send out books and lessons in cooking, household managements, etc. In some issue soon I must tell more about such courses.

### WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

## TINSEL AND GOLD

[Continued from page 61]

man stood there, a mild, blond little man with the strained, determined-to-be-pleasant smile that goes with diffidence.

"Is Miss Phyllis Dean staying here?" "Why, yes," Hilda said. "She is visiting me. But . . . but she's out now."

The mild little man smiled again.

"You are Miss Blair, I guess. Phyllis wrote me what a beautiful time you've been giving her. Maybe you've heard her speak of me? I'm Edgar Winslow."

Hilda drew in her breath sharply.

"You . . . Won't you come in, Mr. Winslow?"

Leading the way to the living-room, Hilda's big, guileless brown eyes narrowed with a shrewdness quite foreign to them. "Phyllis has talked about you lots, Mr. Winslow."

The little man beamed.

"You are with the Greater Consolidated, are you not?" Hilda continued. "My father says it's a wonderful company."

"Yes, indeed, it is. I've been traveling for them ten years now. I've got a pretty fair territory too. Not one of the big, showy territories of course," he deprecated modestly, "but a pretty fair one."

"I see. Phyllis wasn't expecting you or I'm sure she would have been here."

"No, she wasn't looking for me," he agreed. "I had a telegram this last week from the home office to switch my route to take in Galesburg, and that's so close to Hammerstown that I concluded I'd just run over here for Sunday and see Phyllis."

"I'm so glad you did come," Hilda said with a passionate warmth.

"Well, Phyllis has been writing me what a gay time you two girls have been having," he expanded. "Says it's something new every night. Says it takes all day to rest up from the nights."

"Really? I'm glad she has enjoyed it," Hilda said. "I was afraid it would be dull for her here after New York."

"Not a bit of it," Mr. Winslow assured her heartily. "New York's not so gay as you might think from the story books, Miss Blair. Of course it's gay for those that have money or lots of friends. But for a girl that has to work all day selling cretonnes like Phyllis, and then goes home at night to a hall-room in a boarding-house, why what chance has she got to be gay?"

"Selling cretonnes?" Hilda echoed. "But Phyllis is in the decorating business."

"Sure but she's in the selling end. She hasn't had any training for designing and that kind of thing, you know."

"Well, she can go out in the evenings anyway, to dance clubs and things. Pietro's now. You and she go there to dance, don't you?" Hilda wheedled sweetly.

"We did go there once," he conceded.

"For Phyllis's birthday."

The door-bell rang again. And this time it was Phyllis returning with Greg, the latter looking rather sheepish when Hilda opened the door for them.

"What do you think, I picked Greg up a block or two down the street," Phyllis said lightly. Greg blushed.

"A friend of yours is here, Phyllis," Hilda said with a level look. "Mr. Winslow. He is in the living-room waiting for you."

This time it was Phyllis who blushed.

"What on earth . . . How can Edgar Winslow be here?" she asked sharply.

"He had a telegram from the home office ordering him to Galesburg so he ran over here for the week-end to see you," Hilda answered clearly.

Mr. Winslow, who had been expanding in Hilda's cordiality, was bewildered and a little crushed by the patent unwelcome of Phyllis's greeting. [Continued on page 64]



New fall styles—for sixteen or sixty. But first of all—comfort! You reel off mile after mile—like walking on cushions—because four Osteo-path-ik features bring solid comfort and banish the dread of "breaking-in." Osteo-path-iks fit the first day. At your dealer—\$7.50.

ALLEN-SPIEGEL SHOE MFG. CO.

109 GRAND AVENUE  
BELGIUM, WIS.

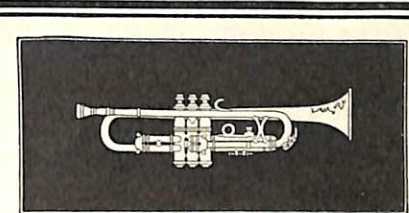


An attractive new fall model. The Stadium No. 5353. Note the genuine Barbour Stormwelt for weather protection.

Send for new edition of FREE booklet, "Walk for Health in Osteo-path-iks."



"Osteo-path-ik" TRADE MARK REGISTERED ALL GOOD LEATHER



## Before—

BEFORE you recommend or buy any make of Band Instrument for your Shrine Band, for Yourself or for that Boy of yours, investigate the many exclusive, fine features of King Band Instruments.

For many, many years King Band Instruments have been the choice of discerning amateurs and knowing professionals.

King Band Instruments are built by masters of the craft, and each instrument is laboratory-tested before delivery.

Mail the coupon for new catalog and prices. Then you'll have them when you want them. Any King Instrument sent for ten-day free trial. Liberal allowance on used instruments. Easy monthly payments if desired.

KING THE H. N. WHITE CO.  
5218-91 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.  
Please send me free copy of your latest catalog, prices and terms.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## EASY SALES IMMEDIATE COMMISSIONS.

WANTED—Men and women, to sell Personal Christmas Cards. Salesmen get large commissions when sales are made, regardless of delivery dates. Bonus easily earned. Write for details.

NON-PLATE ENGRAVING COMPANY, INC.  
113 West 57th Street New York City  
\*HARRY PARSONS made \$1100 in two weeks. Why can't you!



Going Strong  
Johnnie Walker  
CIGARETTES  
for 20¢  
Extremely Mild



# Is Your Past Dead or Alive?



The Past History of every business is found in its filing cabinets. If you recognize the value of past records in charting the future you will not neglect your files. **Bushnell's**

## Vertex VERTICAL-EXPANDING FILE POCKETS

are firm, durable, expansible containers specially designed to hold thirty or three hundred letters as efficiently as ordinary folders hold three. They always stand upright in the filing cabinet with their index tabs in plain view; the chance of misfiling or lost papers is practically eliminated. Bushnell "Vertex" File Pockets will keep your letters and papers safely, orderly and ready for instant reference:

You probably have a number of overloaded folders in your files that lack these advantages.

If you use vertical files, the coupon below will bring you a sample "Vertex" Pocket which we urge you to try in the place of one of these crowded folders. There is no obligation on your part.

CUT HERE

Please send me for trial in my files a free sample of Bushnell's Paperoid "VERTEX" File Pocket, as described in September, 1927, SHRINE MAGAZINE.

Name of Firm.....

Address.....

Name and Position of Person Inquiring.....

.....

.....

Letter Size or Legal Size Desired?.....

To ALVAH BUSHNELL CO., Dept. M.  
13th & Wood Streets Philadelphia, Pa.

## TINSEL AND GOLD [Continued from page 63]

Gregory was even more bewildered by the sudden shrinking of Edgar Winslow, executive of the Greater Consolidated, who had been such a shining figure in Phyllis's narratives, into this mild little salesman with a bald spot and an occasional lisp.

It was Hilda who took command of the situation.

"I think, Greg, we won't take that trip to the Falls this afternoon," she said. "It has been a hard week for me at the office and going out every night the way we've been doing, I'm pretty tired. Mr. Winslow says Phyllis wrote him that she found this endless chain of parties pretty taxing too. So I think it's best for us just to stay here at home and have a quiet little game of bridge, the four of us. Auction bridge," she added pointedly, "since I doubt if any of us know how to play contract."

"First, though," she remembered, "Mr. Winslow and I must go out in the pantry and forage for some lunch. You two have had yours, of course."

She vouchsafed no explanation for her certainty on this point and Greg looked very uncomfortable.

The game of bridge was not very stimulating. Phyllis was discovered to be an unqualifiedly poor player and Mr. Winslow, while he had a working knowledge of the rules, was too timid to play an interesting game. Greg, who was keen about good bridge, threw hopeless and appealing looks toward Hilda, who played stonily on.

Dressing for dinner that evening, Hilda inhospitably monopolized the mirror.

"I must make myself beautiful for Mr. Winslow," she said, cattily sweet.

Phyllis wanly attempted her old nonchalance.

"Oh, who would bother about Edgar?"

"Why, I think he's awfully nice," Hilda protested. "Very different from what you had pictured him, of course, but nice. I like him a lot."

Which was true. She did like him. The little man was so honest.

"We won't dance tonight. I'm tired of dancing every night." Hilda continued to be firm that evening. "We'll just go to the movies and come home early to bed. I need rest."

Once or twice Greg tried to get Hilda away from the others but she was blind and deaf to his signals. As they made their way down the aisle to their seats at the movie, however, he got a chance to whisper to her.

"I want to talk to you, Hilda, I've got to. All that lunch business with Phyllis was just a big mistake."

Hilda widened her eyes at him.

"What lunch business?" she asked frigidly. Even though the theater was dark, she knew that Greg was blushing.

No one in their little party really had a mind on the screen picture save Mr. Winslow.

Suddenly the angry fire that had burned in Hilda's heart ever since she had looked through a glass door at her friend and her fiancé spluttered and died.

She slipped her left hand down into the next seat where Greg grasped and held it. He held it so hard that the diamond—her lovely diamond in the pretty white gold setting—pressed into her plump fingers and hurt just a little. But what did that matter and what did it matter if holding hands was small-town stuff?

"Oh, Greg," she whispered. "Weren't we both idiots?"

## SHOULD PARENTS BE SHOT AT SUNRISE? [Continued from page 19]

My great-aunt, at twenty-two, fell in love with a chap who seems to have been fairly decent, but whom her parents disliked.

When she refused to give him up and promise never again to see him, she was shut into her own room and was kept there upon a diet of bread-and-water, until she came to her senses and admitted that her father and mother knew best.

Her parents generously forgave her; and thenceforth they treated her not much more disapprovingly than if she had been a penitent Magdalene.

My father's uncle, in freshman year at Princeton, cut loose in company with certain evil undergrads, at a class supper; and he did not reach home until almost midnight. It was his first offense; and his last.

He arrived at the parental domicile in a condition wherein the width of the road bothered him more than did its length.

On the homeward journey he and his sinning comrades threw a cat through the transom of the dean's house. Also, they defiled the holy academic stillness of the night with a ribald song addressed to one Jennie, whom they exhorted to "wait till the clouds roll by."

The climax arrived when the malefactor's father nailed him; just as the youth was climbing the stairs to his own room on all fours and announcing shrilly to an imaginary audience that he was a curly she-wildcat.

The boy was seized upon by his horrified sire and was caned into sobbing sobriety.

He was removed from the vile temptations of college life and was sent to work. From that time on, so far as I can learn, he led a dull, exemplary and priggish life.

But, when he was sixty and a deacon, one of his relatives said to my father:

"Yes, Van seems to be settling down at last to decent respectability. But I always feel just a little apprehensive about him; because I remember how wild he used to be."

There are a dozen other true instances I could cite, among my own clan, to prove how mighty were Parents, up to the past handful of decades; and how naturally and implicitly they were obeyed and revered.

Today, everybody knows better than to regard parents as anything more exalted than mere men and women who have followed Nature's oldest law by producing and rearing children; and whose mission along that line comes to an end when the children begin to lead their own lives.

Some few of us old-timers snarl and grouch at the change. The wiser vast majority of us recognize an inevitable fact; and cheerily make the best of it. Even if we can no longer be Reigning Parents, there are a million fine and comfortable things we can be. Among others, we can be the chums, instead of the stern reformers, of our grown children.

Once let our grown children rid themselves of the idea that we are keeping disapproving tabs on them and let them discover that we are more human than parental—and there are glorious chances [Continued on page 65]

[Continued from page 64]

of real chumship and of mutual good times. True, we can't expect them to revel in our presence as in the presence of someone nearer their own age. We, ourselves, at twenty, preferred friends of twenty to those of fifty.

But, meeting on terms of entire equality and with parental authority gladly and mutually junked, there is brilliant chance for a friendship which shall brighten all our fading years.

That is worth trying for, surely. It is so much pleasanter to like and be liked than to respect and be respected! I don't think any strong friendship ever had its roots in mere respect.

If we insist on remaining Parents and in exacting the reverence and obedience that were ours when our children were babies—we shall not get what we demand; and we shall lose everything else worth while that our grown offspring could and would otherwise give us.

In short, we shall be Shot At Sunrise. There is no more place for us, solely as Parents, in the modern scheme of things, than there is practical value to last year's shattered and battered and spattered bird's nest. But there is a gorgeously desirable place for us, as comrades and fellow-holiday-makers and fellow-adventurers, with our grown children the moment we can forget (and make them forget) that we are their Parents.

Isn't it worthwhile? Assuredly it is better than the figurative firing squad or than grumpily lonely old age.

Let's postpone the execution, long enough to give it a try, shan't we?

## AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

[Continued from page 40]

the habit of just supposing. A miserable frame of mind is also a matter of habit which can be cured, and don't let anybody make you believe otherwise.

I have seen a man by nature as solemn as a boy drowning a basketful of pups after a few months' contact with cheerful men in the Shrine, become an optimist with a capital "O".

We have an exception in our Temple. It is said of him "He is the most even tempered man in Almas Temple . . . mad all the time." Even the Shrine was unable to cure him. Five minutes' conversation with him shows him to be a chronic just supposer. Of any two evils he always chooses both.

Bet you anything you like you are a just supposer. Most of us are. We can find a nice place to sit down and just suppose ourselves into a state of mind as gloomy as a country graveyard in a drizzle.

There is a reverse gear lever to every imagination. We cannot stop the plagued thing, but we can control it. When it has gone forward, leading us into the chasms of sickness, financial disaster, unpopularity, death, we can throw our imaginations into reverse and back up to the happy state of mind from which we started.

The larger majority of men are nice, women are good, business is bound to improve for it always has, things are going to grow better instead of worse, steel is bound to go up to two or three hundred, fish are sure to bite better next time and we are sure to get over that habit of slicing the ball as we are to continue to play the game.

If you insist on worrying about something, worry about some real thing. If you are bound to just suppose yourself into misery, just suppose about one of life's real tragedies.

Just suppose your Temple would elect you Potentate, for example. Then you would know what real trouble is!

IT'S THE YOUNGER CROWD THAT SETS THE STANDARD!



Go to the younger crowd if you want the right word on what to wear

or drive or smoke. And

notice, please, that the

particular cigarette they

call their own today is one

that you've known very well for a very long time.

# FATIMA



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!

## CAN YOU SELL HEAT? IN WINTER?



flood of pure, clean, intense heat at cost of 1 cent an hour.

**FREE** Just send name for amazing agents' offer. Clean up \$200 a week or more! Get a demonstration heater for your own use. Or if not interested in agency, write for special offer on heater. No wick—burns like city gas. Cleaner, cheaper, more comfortable than wood or coal. Low price.

WRITE TODAY

The EVERBRITE STOVE CO.  
3446 Gateway Station Kansas, City, Mo.

## Hot Dollars All Winter!

Man, you don't have to sell heat. Everybody wants it. Everbrite agents cleaning up \$3000 to \$5000—no soliciting—no investment—no risk—just visiting prospects secured by our national advertising and leaving the heater for a night's trial.

The EVERBRITE  
Radiant Oil Heater  
**\$250 a Week**

J. O. Hand, California, made over \$250 a week last year. Knabb and Godwin of Florida both did better than \$200 a week. H. T. Rees of Kansas, averaged \$300 a week. F. W. Hubbel, Iowa, beat \$400 a month. So did Senften and Cassel, Nebr., Richie of Iowa, Shook of New Mexico, Webb of Arkansas, Wilson of Louisiana, and Alford of Kansas.



"I aint"  
"He don't"  
"It's me!"  
"You was?"  
"Can't hardly"



## What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

*They may offend others as much as these offend you*

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other persons as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically perfect? To you they may seem correct; but others may know they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think. So you really have no way of telling when your English offends others.

## FREE Book on English

Sherwin Cody, perhaps the best known teacher of practical English, has perfected and patented a remarkable device which will quickly find and correct the mistakes you unconsciously make. Correct English soon becomes a HABIT.

Mr. Cody's remarkable new invention has already improved the English of more than 50,000 persons. No useless rules, no tedious copying, no hard study. Only 15 minutes a day required.

A new book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English" is ready. It explains Mr. Cody's surprisingly easy method. Get a copy free and learn how to stop making embarrassing errors. You do not want others to judge you unfairly. Merely mail the coupon or a postal card.

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

459 Searle Bldg. Rochester, N.Y.

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH  
459 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me your free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



## SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK



## The 'Just-So' of CORN COOKERY



*(Perfected by the Indians, Corn is a true grain whose delicious starch lends itself to many dishes.)*

SPEAKING of meals and menus, an Englishwoman whom I met on a recent trip abroad, remarked, "Oh, yes, what funny vegetables you have to eat in America—maize, you know—that one you chew in your hand". Of course she meant corn, which we regard as quite ordinary, but which peoples of other lands may indeed view as queer. Corn is a true cereal or grain; it began as a wild grass growing on our southwestern plains, but was so well cultivated by the Indians that now we may enjoy the full perfection of its milky "ear" in many table and cookery dishes.

Corn has high food value; it gives about 70% starch, 10% protein and a varying 15% of water and fat. Its starch is distinctive in that it is largely in the form of a natural sugar most easily cooked and digested. It is this sugar which makes the corn "milk" taste so sweet and which yields the enjoyable corn flavor.

The housewife should be aware, however, that this natural and delicious sugar begins to change to less flavorful plain starch as soon as the ear is picked. Therefore the slogan "from plant to platter on the same day" is peculiarly applicable, and only really fresh corn should be used. Again, its starch is most readily affected by heat and high temperatures. Unlike the starch of potatoes, corn does not need either long cooking or high heat in order to make it tender or palatable; on the contrary, the longer the corn grain is subjected to heat the harder or tougher its starch becomes.

This fact should be kept in mind in considering all corn cooking. To prepare corn-on-the-cob, have the ears stripped of all husks and hair and preferably broken in half. Bring a small amount of water to the bubbling point, adding a generous tablespoon of sugar. Drop in the ears and cover. When the water has again come to the boiling point, the corn should be ready, and at once removed from the water. Never add salt to the boiling or steaming water, as this, too, toughens and shrinks the kernels. One of the best ways to salt corn, is to melt butter and salt it and serve this in a small bowl separately, after the manner of serving clams.

Corn enthusiasts agree that the ideal manner of cooking corn is to lay the ears, husks on, in a bed of ashes and allow the dry heat to parch the grains to a golden savory brown. Nothing tastes so good as

the corn of the corn-roast! This method of using dry heat can be approximated in the home oven by laying the ears, unhusked, on the oven racks, and keeping the oven at a high temperature from twenty to thirty minutes.

The corn kernel itself is never indigestible; but the small scales at the base of each kernel often prove irritating to the delicate mucous membrane of the stomach and alimentary canal. Thus, for children especially, it is better to run a sharp knife under the entire kernel and cut off the top. Another method is to use a corn-knife and both slit and scrape the kernels off the entire face of the ear.

Since corn is a food so high in starch content, no other starchy food need be served at the same meal where it is generously used. On the other hand, sufficient fat and mineral salts must be combined with it, to secure a more balanced ration. Fortunately tomatoes, green peppers, celery, are a few of the foods which naturally taste best with corn, as well as supply its deficiencies. And the salted or smoked meats like ham, bacon, etc., seem just made to give it necessary fats and added flavor. There are many delicious combination or whole meal dishes which may be evolved at little expense during the Autumn months when Corn is King.

Baked Peppers Stuffed With Corn: 6 large cooking peppers, 1½ cups corn pulp, ½ cup chopped cooked ham, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons butter, seasonings, 1 can tomato soup. Scald peppers after removing seeds and section from stem end. Make filling of all other ingredients except soup, using enough water or milk or stock to bind together. Pack filling into pepper shells, allowing for swelling. Lay on baking dish and pour over tomato soup. Bake 30 minutes moderate oven, basting frequently. Potted ham or tongue may be used, or thin strip of bacon on each pepper.

*Additional tasty and novel ways to use this seasonable food will be found in the leaflet "WHEN CORN IS KING". Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Shrine Service Editor, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.*

## RIGHT YOU ARE

[Continued from page 35]

But alas, she fell sick with a contagious disease; and the doctors had to separate her from him. Not only from him, of course, but from all her relatives. They're all dead now, poor things, in the earthquake, you understand. Well, he just refused to have her taken to the hospital; and he got so overwrought that they actually had to put him under restraint; and he broke down nervously as a result of it all and he was sent to a sanitarium. But my daughter got better very soon, while he got worse and worse. He had a sort of obsession that his wife had died in the hospital, that perhaps they had killed her there; and you couldn't get that idea out of his head.

Just imagine when we brought my daughter back to him quite recovered from her illness—and a pretty thing she was to look at, too—he began to scream and say, no, no, no, she wasn't his wife, his wife was dead! He looked at her: No, no, no, not at all! She wasn't the woman! Imagine, my dear friends, how terrible it all was. Finally he came up close to her and for a moment it seemed that he was going to recognize her again; but once more it was "No, no, no, she is not my wife!" And do you know, to get him to accept my daughter at all again, we were obliged to pretend having a second wedding.

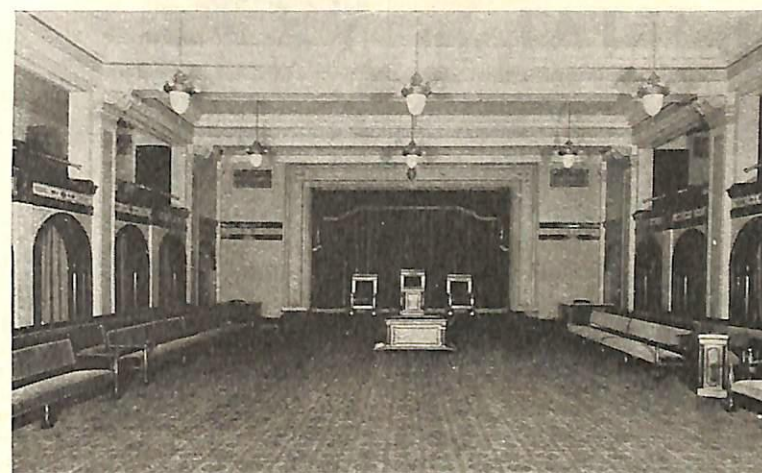
Signora Sirelli—Ah, so that is why he says that . . .

Signora Frola—Yes, but he doesn't really believe it, you know; and he hasn't for a long time, I am sure. But he seems to feel a need for maintaining the pretense. He can't do without it. He feels surer of himself that way. He is seized with a terrible fear, from time to time, that this little wife he loves may be taken from him again. (Smiling) So he keeps her locked up home where he can have her all for himself. But he worships her—he worships her; and I am really quite convinced that my daughter is one of the happiest women in the world. And now I must be going. You see, my son-in-law is in a terrible state of mind at present. I wouldn't like to have him call, and find me not at home. (With a sigh) Well, I suppose we must get along as best we can; but it is hard on my poor girl. She has to pretend all along that she is not herself, but another, his second wife; and I . . . oh, as for me I have to pretend that I am a lunatic when he's around, my dear friends; but I'm glad to, I'm glad to, so long as it does him some good . . . Good afternoon! Good afternoon!

No blander astonishment than on the set faces of those who stand there gazing at the closed door. Only Laudisi has kept his balance, his sense of humor. "So you want the truth, eh? The truth! The truth! Hah! hah! hah!"

Here indeed is a difficult mystery to unravel. It has become almost an official matter, for Commendatore Agazzi has set the police commissioner at work on the case. Even though Signora Frola's little town has collapsed, there may be records, documents of lunacy, death certificates. They can't both be crazy. Laudisi is the ever provoking one, always talking a philosophy when they are after facts.

Laudisi—Well, which one? You can't tell, can you? Neither can anybody else! And it is not because those documents you are looking for have been destroyed in an accident—a fire, an earthquake—what you will; but because those people have concealed those documents in themselves, in their own souls. Can't you understand that? She has created for him, or he for her, a world of fancy which has all the earmarks of reality itself. And in this fictitious reality they get along perfectly well, and in full accord with each [Continued on page 69]



THE MASONIC TEMPLE, KOKOMO INDIANA

## The obligation of Karpen

Fame is merciless. Faults that might be excused in the product of a lesser maker are never countenanced in the handwork of the leader. Karpen the very selection of timber and designing of special furniture to harmonize with the architecture of the lodge to the final inspection, no deviation from the highest standard is permitted.

**Karpen**  
FURNITURE

ADDRESS CONTRACT DEPARTMENT  
S. KARPEN & BROS. • Chicago • New York • San Francisco



## Panelboards are important to Shrine Success

Any member of any shrine can switch lights on or off safely on an Panelboard.

You will find in the Panelboard Line of Standardized Panelboards, one to fit every size and type of service.

It will be a product so thoroughly standardized that less labor is required to install them and no special fitting on the job required.

Highpoints are the sectional construction, absolute permanent safety, long life, and unusually fine appearance. They are the Sign of a Better Job.

The Panelboard is practically a panelboard handbook on good practice. We will be glad to send you a copy. Estimates prompt and free.

**Frank Adam**  
ELECTRIC COMPANY  
ST. LOUIS



## THE New MANDARIN BRIDGE SET!

Breath taking Beauty! Quality! A Chinese red, decorated, folding bridge set, with Boy and Dragon design in rich oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. A wonderful gift to your home. Dainty loveliness in every line, yet strong and comfortable, convenient and long lived. Set folds into a carton that slips into any closet. Bentwood, round-cornered; upholstered seats; decorated leatherette top; two convenient ash trays furnished. Ask for beautiful descriptive folder and prices now. You'll want this sure!

MAIL THIS COUPON  
SOLID KUMFORT  
Louis Rastetter & Sons,  
190 Wall Street,  
Fort Wayne, Indiana.  
Send me folder about the Mandarin Bridge Set,  
tell me where I can buy it, and the price.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
My Dealer is.....



## The Hotel McAlpin now renders service in 48 States

RECENTLY, we have developed a new phase of McAlpin Service—a plan which keeps every traveler in close, friendly contact with the McAlpin.

If, for instance, you are leaving the McAlpin to travel elsewhere—as you “check out”, merely tell the desk clerk your destination and the hotel where you wish accommodations. We wire your reservations for you—and you need worry no further.

Then, if you are leaving any representative town or city in the United States to visit New York—a phone call to any leading hotel in that city will arrange your reservations at the McAlpin. When you arrive here, you will be welcomed in typical McAlpin manner and accommodated in exclusive McAlpin luxury.

This service costs nothing. Progressive hotels everywhere cooperate with the McAlpin in furthering our service to discriminating travelers. You may take advantage of this convenience anywhere.

The McAlpin Policy is to render exceptional service without excessive expense. Won't you give me an opportunity to perform that which I promise to every McAlpin guest?

Sincerely,

*Arthur S. Lee*

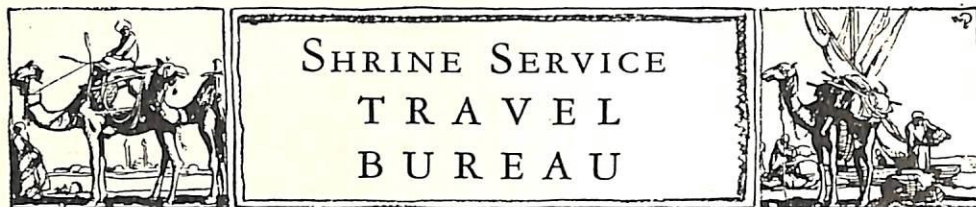
Managing Director

### PLEASE REMEMBER!

the McAlpin is recognized as the “Centre of Convenience”. Baltimore & Ohio coaches stop at the door—the Pennsylvania Station is one block away—Grand Central Terminal a few minutes walk—across the street from the McAlpin are the world's biggest department stores and it's one short block to Fifth Avenue and the smart shops.

# HOTEL McALPIN

Broadway at 34th St.  
New York City



## Cruises, Cruises Everywhere

By Anne C. Granbeck

EVEN old-timers in the travel business are surprised at the rapidly increasing number of people who want to roam the earth in organized cruises. Whether the World War, our increased American wealth, the radio or our fascinating trans-oceanic aviators have been responsible nobody knows. But whereas there were only a few cruises ten years ago, there are now dozens of them—and not merely Mediterranean cruises, but round-the-world cruises, African cruises, South American cruises, and in these latter years two new kinds, limited de luxe world cruises, and permanent round-the-world travel systems like that of the “Dollar” Line.

The truth is that travel, in cruises, is remarkably cheap and remarkably satisfactory nowadays. By means of the chartered steamers and well organized cruise arrangements an American may unpack his trunk on board a steamer in New York, and never again pack that trunk or fret about arrangements until he has literally “seen the world” and is back at his starting place. Women in particular find a cruise a great personal convenience, for they can load on the boat plenty of their beautifully convenient modern wardrobe trunks filled with all the clothes they like. At a dance in Ceylon or Capetown or Tokio they can be gowned in their prettiest without being slaves of baggage. The traveler need not eat more than he cares to of the peculiar foods of various countries. He is always sure, in any land, of his familiar clean bed. He need not puzzle his head about the places to go or the time schedules to get there; and he need not be forever changing his money into another coinage. The cruise experts have worked out the details to a fraction, and he is sure of seeing the principal sights of the country. In fact, it is the truth that veteran travelers, going it alone, cannot see as much, with as little effort and at as low a cost.

The cruise season begins early in December and extends into the middle of February. The particular wizardry of a cruise taken at this time is that it avoids both the cold of the winter and the full heat of the summer wherever the boat goes. It makes perpetual balmy weather out of the year. The round-the-world cruises slated for next winter average about 133 days each in length of time, and range in price from \$1250 to \$3000. On the Dollar Line steamer route there is regular fortnightly service with two-year stop-over privileges.

The Mediterranean cruises, including Egypt and the Holy Land, are particularly growing in popularity, ranging from 45 to 73 days in length, and from \$695 to \$1700 in price. There are many of these scheduled; most of them leaving early in January. Within the circles of the ancient Mediterranean shores are an astounding variety of lands and of peoples and contrasts—Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, The Holy Land, Egypt, the North African desert and all the isles of story and poetry—truly a charmed circle of the drama of the human race.

A cruising novelty this year will be the cruises of the royal yacht which at one time

belonged to H. R. H. King George V of England, limited to 90 selected people. It will sail from Marseilles, France, American passengers leaving New York February 11th. It is a 60-day cruise, New York and back; price from \$1700 to \$4000.

South Africa looms constantly as a great Pandora's box of fresh sensation for the traveler—with her diamond and gold mines, ostrich farms, big game, jungle and bushmen. It is the last great primitive frontier. African cruises are scheduled, during January and early February, ranging from 80 to 104 days in length, and from \$1250 to \$1500 in price.

South American tours are also popular, ranging in time from 31 to 58 days and in cost from \$670 to \$987. All of them go to “Rio” and Buenos Aires and include mountain and other side trips. One cruise is a complete tour down through the Panama Canal, and across the Andes by the new rail route and home via Rio; leaving New York February 2nd and returning April 10th. There are also other cruises, to Spain—in February and in March. Spain as a touring place is growing in popularity. Romance—a “castle in Spain”—seems to fascinate tourists. Artists have made Spain their port of call for years, and now a fashion is arising. These cruises are for 32 to 38 days.

The management of a cruise is now so thoroughly understood, after years of experience, that the cruising ships resemble nothing so much as palatial private yachting parties. The ships usually have swimming pools, tennis courts, elaborate arrangements for social entertainment and music. A constant round of sports, carnivals, dances, costume parties, tea parties, dances, motion pictures, lectures, concerts and theatricals are arranged, and someone skilled in the art and fully informed is always at the right place looking after every detail of the cruiser's comfort.

It is not always appreciated that the ship for the cruise is especially selected as particularly fitted for the cruise, and the crew especially selected for its experience in operating a world-cruise. Is there any wonder that the cruise travelers come to love their ship as their home, and find it a haven of retreat from the irking details and petty inconveniences of travel alone?

Most of those who have made world cruises or shorter cruises are especially strong in praise of the delightful social experience they have had. A cruise presents opportunities for meeting, with the traditional informality of the shipdeck, many interesting acquaintances, while at the same time not permitting intrusion. Friendships made on cruises have long been notable for their satisfaction and lasting quality, for a sojourn for so many days provides opportunity for people to really get to know each other. A cruise of the modern well managed kind, with an intelligent selectivity practised as to those booking passage, approximates the most ideal travel plan known.

For Travel information send stamped envelope to Miss Anne C. Granbeck, Travel Bureau, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

## RIGHT YOU ARE

[Continued from page 67]

other; and this world of fancy, this reality of theirs, no document can possibly destroy because the air they breathe is of that world. For them it is something they can see with their eyes, and touch with their fingers. Oh, I grant you—if you could get a death certificate or a marriage certificate or something of the kind, you might be able to satisfy that stupid curiosity of yours. Unfortunately, you can't get it. And the result is that you are in the extraordinary fix of having before you, on the one hand, a world of fancy and on the other, a world of reality, and you, for the life of you, are not able to distinguish one from the other.

There confronts them an essential thing to do. They have talked with Ponza and with his mother-in-law, each alone and separately. Now by some coup these two must be brought together. There is a clumsy planning of wagging tongues. Never were so many questions asked and variously answered as on this case which was really no one's business but that of the persons involved. Laudisi sits back in joyful contemplation of the scene. He asks the questions which add further confusion to their theories. Everyone but he becomes a bundle of concentrated curiosity.

So all is ready for the great scene. Signora Frola is in the Agazzi drawing-room playing the favorite music of her daughter. Commendatore Agazzi, on feint of recovering a mislaid paper, brings Ponza into the parlor. Instantly he becomes aware of the music, instantly his face is drawn with overwrought emotion. He cries out: “They must leave her alone. She must not come here.” He digs his nails into his hands. Then Signora Frola and her son-in-law are face to face. What has she been doing, what saying? Why talk of the dead daughter Lena when the living wife Julia is his wife. Isn't she, isn't she?”

Ponza—And you, going into other people's houses where there are pianos, playing your daughter's tunes on them! Saying that Lena plays them that way, or even better!

Signora Frola—No, it was . . . why . . . you see . . . it was . . . well . . . just to see whether . . .

Ponza—But you can't . . . you mustn't! How could you ever dream of trying to play a tune that your dead daughter played!

Signora Frola—You are quite right! . . . Oh, yes! Poor boy! Poor boy! (She begins to weep) I'll never do it again.

Ponza—(Advancing threateningly) What are you doing here? Get out of here! Go home at once!

Signora Frola—Yes, yes! Home! I am going home! Oh dear, oh dear!

In frenzy, Ponza drives her from the room, leaving pity and terror behind. But soon he returns, calmer, more melancholy and profoundly serious.

Ponza—I hope you good people will excuse me for this scene. But how could I avoid it? I had to rave like that to repair the damage which you good people, with the best of intentions, and surely without dreaming what you are really doing, have done to this unfortunate woman.

What says Laudisi to all this? “And there, ladies and gentlemen, you have the truth.”

But the group around Commendatore Agazzi do not think so. Truth is only to be proven by documents. Those will tell the tale irrefutably. The Commissioner of Police—in official conceit—brings the papers. “Tear them up before the others see them,” advises Laudisi. “Make up a story that is precise and clear, that satisfies their curiosity.” The official is indignant, even though he soon finds that his bits of evidence are not worth the paper they are written on. What is testimony worth? There is still evi- [Continued on page 70]

## New! The Halvorfold



## “Made to Order” for Nobles

Newly patented Halvorfold—Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card-case—just what every Noble needs. No fumbling for your passes, just snap open your Halvorfold and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting from dirt and wear. New ingenious loose-leaf device enables you to show 4, 8, or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size bill-fold. Made of high grade, black Genuine Calfskin, specially tanned for the Halvorfold. Tough, durable and has that beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 1/10 14 K. gold corners and snap fastener. 3 1/2 x 5 inches closed, just right for hip pocket. Backbone of loose-leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your Halvorfold!

Free In 23-K Gold, your name, address, emblem and lodge. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. An ideal gift with your friend's name.

## Free Examination!

### Send No Money—No C.O.D.

Read my liberal offer in coupon. No strings to this—just send the coupon and your Halvorfold comes by return mail. No C.O.D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the Halvorfold carefully, slip in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$7.50 to \$10.00. (my price to you is only \$5.00). No obligation to buy. I trust Nobles as square-shooters and I am so sure the Halvorfold is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance. Send coupon today!

Executives and men in business will want quantities of the HALVORFOLD to give for Christmas. A wonderful builder of good will. Write for quantity prices.

HALVORSEN, Mgr., U. S. Leather Goods Co., Dept. 95R, 564 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me the Halvorfold for free examination, with my name, address, etc., as per instructions below, in 23 K. Gold. If I decide not to keep it, I will return it at your expense within 3 days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send you special price of \$5.00. Halvorfold comes regularly for 8 passes. Extra 4-pass insert—\$0.50.

For protection mention here your Temple—

Name—

Address—

City—

State—

Country—

Emblem—

25c Off to save bookkeeping, if you prefer to send cash with order. Money back, of course, if not satisfied.

## DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 698, 70 5th Ave., New York

**F E Z**  
Manufacturers and Designers of Originality  
Get a new Fez. Send your orders NOW—write for Catalog “F”  
**M. HEFTER'S SONS**  
150-154 LAWRENCE ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



## THIS ELEGANT DESK SIGN

Size 2x10x3-16 in.; furnished in mahogany, walnut oak or black, hand lettered in gold. This little plate will add individuality to any desk. Simply send name (plainly written) stating finish desired. If you like the sign send your check for \$3.50, if not, return sign.

SPECIALTY SIGN CO., P. O. BOX 1187, MIAMI, FLA.

THREE FOR \$5.00  
\$2.00 each. Plat. Fin. Solid Silver. Looks like \$50 diamond. Scarf pin, button or ladies' pin. Must please or money back. Catalog free. Agents wanted. National Emblem, P. O. Box 524-S, Omaha, Neb.

## Please Note

When writing to advertisers be sure to mention that you read the advertisement in THE SHRINE MAGAZINE.

## 10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days

“I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days,” says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., “just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine.”

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way

## Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!  
**LONDON & WARNER**  
332 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Landon & Warner, Dept. A.9, 332 S. La Salle, Chicago  
Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name—

Address—

City—

State—

Country—

Emblem—

25c Off to save bookkeeping, if you prefer to send cash with order. Money back, of course, if not satisfied.

BERING EAR OIL

Especially for Ears

Ears get Stiff, Dry, Itchy, Noisy and dull—so need oil. Postpaid \$1.00—small bottle, 10¢.

HEIDE & SONS, 1017 Pioneer Bldg. ST. PAUL, MINN.



## SOUND SERVICE

THE significance of size is that no business grows steadily through a thirty year period, unless it is giving sound service. Patronage results from confidence, and confidence rests upon an established reputation for high standards and fair dealing. When a business institution, anywhere, in any place, builds up a large list of patrons, among the best people in the community, and holds their confidence and goodwill through a long period of years, that fact is in itself a guarantee that it is well administered, and that its goods and its service stand the test. It is safer to patronize an old house, known to be strong, than to do business with a company whose strength and the quality of whose service have not been tested by time.

### WHY NOT SEND THE COUPON

The Massachusetts Protective Association, Inc.  
Worcester, Mass.

Gentlemen!—Send me full particulars for protection during illness or accident disability as advertised in The Shrine Magazine.

My Name.....

Street or P. O. Address.....

City..... State.....

(Please print name carefully)

55 is age limit for new applicants.

## RIGHT YOU ARE [Continued from page 69]

dence at hand that has not yet been tried. But only the Prefect can order it. So the Prefect is called. But Laudisi asks: "Why the Prefect? It's Ponza's wife herself who can supply the real solution."

Notwithstanding the irritation everyone feels against Laudisi, his suggestion, they agree, must be acted upon. Even the Prefect when he arrives believes it wise. But there is difficulty in the way. Both Ponza and Signora Frola are nerve-wracked by the persistence of their neighbors. Ponza desires to resign his post, his mother-in-law wishes to move away. The nagging—what is it all about?

But, by official order, Ponza agrees to let them question his wife. Signora Frola, his mother-in-law, must be kept away. She must not see what takes place for fear of consequences. So it is arranged. But Fate plays strange tricks on worldly plans. At the moment Signora Ponza arrives, she meets with Signora Frola, and Ponza himself rushes in. The situation is too much for both. Ponza takes the little old woman off because she's crazy; she goes benignly because it might unduly excite her son. There is left the mysterious woman wrapped in an impenetrable veil.

Signora Ponza—And what can you want of me now, after all this, ladies and gentlemen? In our lives, as you see, there is something which must remain concealed.

Otherwise the remedy which our love for each other has found cannot avail.

Prefect—(With tears in his eyes) We surely are anxious to respect your sorrow, madam, but we must know, and we want you to tell . . .

Signora Ponza—What? The truth? The truth is simply this. I am the daughter of Signora Frola, and I am the second wife of Signor Ponza. Yes, and—for myself, I am nobody, I am nobody . . .

Prefect—Ah, but no, madam, for yourself . . . you must be . . . either the one or the other.

Signora Ponza—Not at all, not at all, sir. No, for myself I am . . . whoever you choose to have me.

She sweeps from the company, they standing in awe and for once silenced. Only the laughter of Laudisi is heard: Well, and there, my friends, you have the truth? But are you satisfied?

Are we satisfied? The Italian dramatist, Pirandello, knows that somehow we never are when confronted by the question of life. He makes Laudisi say for him: Life is a queer mixture of a world of fantasy and a world of reality, things as they seem to us and things as they really are. And sometimes, for the life of us, we are not able to distinguish one from the other. So he calls his play a Parable.

CURTAIN.

## STANDARDS [Continued from page 15]

A bad stretch near the road stalled the engine. She went into reverse, backed, carefully calculated a method of procedure and, looking ahead, saw two men entering the gate. Before she had time to know what was happening one had run forward and sprung on to the running board.

"What are you doing here?" His expression was exactly the same that he had worn that night when he rushed away from her—a frown that was nothing less than a curse.

"So you don't like being discovered?" He turned swiftly toward the man who had accompanied him, an old man.

"I'll be along in a few minutes, Governor. Don't wait for me."

"Can't we help the lady?" came the response accompanied by a pleasant bow.

"I'll do it. Don't you bother." He waited until his father had gone on toward the house.

"Afraid I'll tell him!" she railed contemptuously.

His face flushed. "I asked what you were doing here."

"Only returning your cigarette case. I thought of leaving the money too. On second thoughts I decided you had changed your mind."

"I have." "Am I to know the reason for this sudden change?"

"Didn't you know all along it was only a ruse?"

"A ruse! But why?"

"How else was I to meet you! You had shut yourself off from all contacts. You weren't meeting anyone. You weren't going anywhere. I tried every known means of meeting you—and failed. Desperate—and foolish—methods were necessary."

She waited for him to continue; and while she waited, without looking at him, she knew that he had got down from the running board and was standing a little way from her. A wave of fear swept over her. A moment more—and everything would be finished.

"Is that all?" she murmured.

His answer seemed to come from a great distance, through slush and snow and biting wind. "Yes."

The definite word drove her on recklessly. "Just meeting me at last—"

"Not meeting you—no. That—that was wonderful. But—hearing you admit it."

"Admit what?"

"That you had something to hide." He was on the running board again; his hand on her arm; his face within an inch of hers. "You don't know what you've meant to me. I couldn't keep away from you in Paris. Your face—your beautiful—your poisonously beautiful face. It followed me everywhere. I couldn't see anything else. It became a sort of ideal for me—of everything that was lovely and fine and worth living for. Oh—I knew what you were there for. I even made a point of meeting your husband. After that I felt I understood. Of course it wasn't possible for you to live with a man like that. It wasn't right. It was a crime against God and nature. I knocked a man down in the Travelers' Club who said your husband had as much cause for divorce as you had. That was two nights before I saw you coming out of John Wemyss' apartment. Still—even that wasn't convincing. I came back here and tried to forget. When I saw you on the train a month ago I knew I hadn't forgotten—and never would. Then—he moved back from her and let his hand fall away from her arm—"then you admitted everything yourself. You were willing to pay what you thought was a blackmailer to save your reputation."

She looked at him slowly, lingeringly, sadly. The expression of sorrow, of which he had spoken, was in her eyes now—profoundly. "I wonder if it is asking too much of you to believe what I am going to tell you."

He drew back as if struck. "Don't. You've already done that." [Continued on page 71]

## STANDARDS [Continued from page 70]

"I have told you nothing. You have imagined everything—or at least misinterpreted it."

His face changed slowly into a smile that seemed to well up from somewhere deep within him. It was a wonderful smile, encouraging, stimulating, so full of definite promise. She knew now that she wanted to see it always—she must.

She repeated her question. "You will believe me?"

"I'll believe anything you tell me." A smile fluttered across her lips; and faded. "Why?"

"Because—because I still love you."

She leaned back in the car so as to look straight into his eyes; everything now depended upon her making him believe what she told him.

"John Wemyss was my lawyer. He was getting the divorce for me. He was leaving on the boat train the next morning. The night you saw me dining with him he found that it was necessary for me to sign some papers which he had left in his apartment. I went with him there for that purpose. It seemed the simplest and most

natural thing to do. But you—and others who saw me go there—believed the worst. To save him from exposure—the same kind that you threatened—I had to let certain accusations brought against me remain un-defended. It was the price demanded of me from my divorced husband. John Wemyss had done a great deal for me. He had got me released from—hell. I was glad—I was proud—to be able to do something that I hope he will never hear about, but which saved him, his wife, his children, his happiness. Now—do you understand why I was willing to give you ten thousand dollars to remain silent?"

His eyes clouded. "His happiness—at the expense of your own?"

"My own!" She laughed lightly—miserably. "I have forgotten there is such a thing."

"And mine."

"Yours!"

Their eyes dwelt a long time in one another's. Then she straightened up, put her foot on the self-starter, laid her hands on the wheel. "There's a nice log fire in my library."

He slipped into the seat beside her.

## MYSTERY HOUSE [Continued from page 39]

She turned away. With a supreme effort Peter forced out a single husky word.

"Wait!"

She turned back, and looked at him expectantly. Now that she was giving him his turn to speak, Peter still did not know what to say, much less where to begin. Was ever a man in love faced with so grotesque, so preposterous, so incredible a situation.

"Yes, Mr. Delacroix," she prompted him.

He continued silent, still groping in his mind for the most effective point at which to attack this nightmare and dispel it. While he stood in this strain of mental effort, his concentration was snapped by a slight sound which came from just without the French windows which were standing open.

Without a preliminary motion that might have announced his intention Peter went leaping through the open window. The next instant he was grappling with Beatrice, who fought fiercely to escape him. But he was too strong for her, and she gave over struggling and let him lead her a prisoner through the window.

"So—you were out there eavesdropping?" he said.

Now that she had ceased struggling, her composure was perfect.

"You might call it eavesdropping, Mr. Delacroix," she drawled, "but I'm sure dear Maida would not call it such. She realizes I have merely been taking pains that my daughter should share her secrets with me, as a dutiful daughter always should with her loving mother."

She laughed softly, mockingly, and flashed at both of them a challenging defiant smile. Peter realized that at last he was seeing for the first time the Beatrice he had long known to be the real Beatrice.

"I suppose, madam, you heard all that Miss Dodge said?"

"All of it, yes!" she said defiantly. "What a pretty, pretty story!" She turned on Maida. "So, my dear," she drawled tauntingly, "you are not the daughter of Arnoldo. The love child of my former husband—yes, a pretty story!"

"Miss Dodge," Peter choked out, "since you've told me all you wanted to, there's no reason for your remaining here to re-

ceive your step-mother's insults! Let Larry Kane take you home!"

With a white stare at Beatrice, Maida shrank silently out of the room.

"Mrs. Dodge," Peter fiercely accused the instant Maida was gone, "you yourself made up that infernal lie about Peter Buchanan being that girl's father! You and Arnoldo Dodge, her real father!"

"You know how to be very frank, Mr. Delacroix!"

"The time has come for frankness!" he declared sharply. "You've been trying to play a game with me from the very start—and I've seen through it."

"And why shouldn't I play a game on you if I could?" she poured forth at him in fierce intensity. "What woman wouldn't use trickery, fight with every weapon she possessed, when all she had and all she cared for were at stake? When she suspected you and your purpose from the very start?"

"Your suspicion has been no secret to me." "It's more than suspicion now, Mr. Delacroix! For tonight I finally learned that you are not Mr. Delacroix! I learned just who you are!"

"Just who I am?" breathed Peter, suddenly limp and sick—feeling that Beatrice had penetrated his elaborate pretense, and that all the hopes he had built upon that pretense were swept away.

"I have had facts about the real Mr. Delacroix looked up. He was an unusually large man, well over six feet. You are a detective!"

He drew an amazed breath. "A—a detective?"

"Yes, a detective! One of these very clever private detectives who think they can solve any mystery. And since you came to Green Manors before Peter Buchanan's death, it can't be the mystery of Peter Buchanan you're here to solve. So your purpose here must be to make another attempt to solve that old mystery of three years ago."

"Anything else that you think you know?" asked Peter, still dizzy from his escape from what he had thought certain exposure.

"Yes!" she flung at him fiercely. In the tensify of her de- [Continued on page 73]

## Why Don't You Use This Easy Shorthand?

It is helping thousands in every walk of life



Busy executives use Speedwriting personally, to save time, to increase efficiency.



Clergymen, teachers, lecturers, writers, students find Speedwriting invaluable for personal use.

Everywhere you hear people talking about this amazing shorthand—a shorthand so easy to learn, so practical and accurate that growing thousands in every field of activity are using it. Busy executives find it a time saving convenience for personal use. "Like having a private secretary always at hand," one of them says. Professional men and women, lawyers, physicians, writers, clergymen, teachers, students are loud in their praise.

It is a boon to young people just starting their business careers. No need now to spend months and months of tedious study on shorthand. Just a little spare time at home fits you for a stenographic position. Employers, too, heartily approve of this modern shorthand for the greater accuracy it gives their correspondence. Even experienced stenographers are giving up their old systems for this newer one, finding it easier, less tiring, less wearing on the nerves.

## Speedwriting The NATURAL SHORTHAND

You write this modern shorthand as easily as you write longhand. You use the same letters of the alphabet you have been accustomed to writing all your life. You started learning Speedwriting when you learned your a-b-c's.

You have only to learn a few simple principles of abbreviation and condensation and you have at your command a practical, speedy shorthand for every purpose.

There is no tedious memorizing of puzzling signs and symbols in learning Speedwriting. No practice is required to write it for your hand is already trained to write the letters of the alphabet. You can quickly acquire a speed of 80 to 120 words per minute with pen or pencil; you can use Speedwriting on the typewriter, too, at the rate of 200 words per minute.

## Send for this FREE BOOK

Whatever your occupation you should get the facts about Speedwriting. Read how it is helping others in your particular field. See how easily you can learn it in your spare time—how you can quickly qualify for a stenographic position, how you can have shorthand for your personal use, to save the time you now spend in writing longhand. The Speedwriting booklet is free. Mail the coupon or write.

BRIEF ENGLISH SYSTEMS, Inc., Dept. 7797  
200 Madison Ave., New York City

1415 Royal Bank Building, Toronto, Canada  
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster,  
London, England

Brief English Systems, Inc., Dept. 7797  
200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Yes, you may send me the booklet on Speedwriting. No obligation on my part, of course.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....





## THIS ENJOYABLE NEW WAY

Keep physically fit—radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your home—without any effort. Thousands are doing it.

### Oscillate Your Way To Health

The rapidly oscillating girdles of the "Health Builder" give a combined massage-vibratory treatment better than a skilled masseur. No electric current touches you. The Health Builder vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peeps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves the functions of the internal organs.

Send for "Keeping Fit In Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the "Battle Creek Health Builder" in operation—with complete series of home exercises.

Sanitarium Equipment Co.  
Room O-198 Battle Creek, Mich.  
Gentlemen:

Please send me the Free Book "Keeping Fit"—Today.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Made by the manufacturers of the famous  
"Mechanical Health Horse"  
and Electric and Sunshine Baths.

Greatest Value Ever Offered  
**\$1 MACOY'S 5 window PASS CASE \$1**

Genuine Gold Corners  
Morocco Goatskin

Well made in every way. Edges turned and stitched; pocket for business cards; Shrine or Masonic Emblem FREE. Gold stamping, name and address, 35c. per line extra.

5 Window Pass Case.....\$1.00  
9 Window Pass Case.....\$1.50  
13 Window Pass Case.....\$2.00

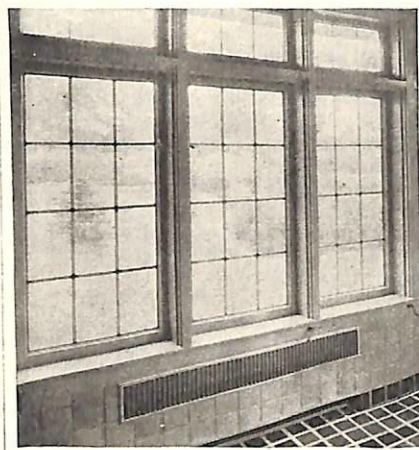
Lodge Room Supplies, Regalia, Fezzes, Bibles, Books, Jewelry, etc. Write for FREE Catalog "M"  
**MACOY Pub. & Masonic Supply Co.**  
45-49 John St., New York  
After Sept. 15th visit our new store,  
36 W. 32nd St. thru to 34 W. 33rd St.



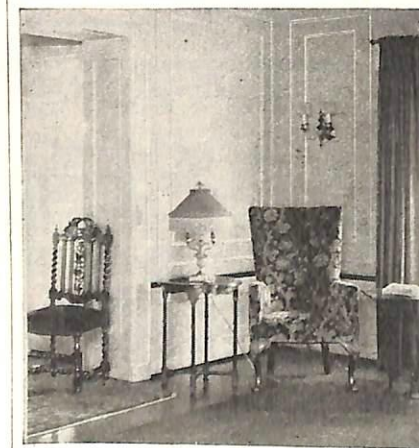
## DEVICES TESTED by SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

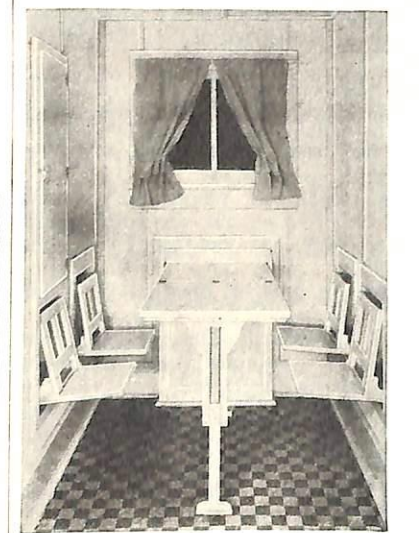
(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page)



(Above) This radiator unit, adapted for steam or hot water systems, is concealed in wall or partition.



(Above) Ugly walls can be quickly changed by attractive paneling. Rooms thus treated are Winter warm and Summer cool.



(Above) This disappearing table and four chairs make a convenient breakfast nook in the smallest space. They fold into the wall.

(Right) A radiator shield or cabinet affords protection for walls, and draperies, deflects the heat and transforms an ugly radiator into an attractive piece of furniture.



(Above) This white enamel motor operated dishwasher is part of the sink.



(Above) Cheer and reposeful charm are to be found in a room decorated in this flowered wallpaper.

(Manufacturers, desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be outfitted with 32-volt motors.



## MYSTERY HOUSE (Continued from page 71)

fiance all sense of caution had apparently been swept away. "From your talk I know that you suspect my husband in that old affair, and that you also suspect me, and that you've been trying to trap us both. So do you wonder that I have fought you! You've learned nothing against us thus far—and you're not going to learn anything against us!"

"I suppose you have told your husband I am not Mr. Delacroix?" Peter asked softly.

"Not yet; I only received that report about Mr. Delacroix in tonight's last mail, and Mr. Dodge has been in the city the last two days. But he must be back by now, and most certainly the moment I get home I shall tell him!"

She whirled about to leave, then halted abruptly. Dr. Grayson was blocking her way.

"I've heard all your talk, Beatrice," Dr. Grayson remarked. "So—you think you've learned everything!"

"I've learned this much," she flared angrily at him, "that this man you introduced to us as your patient is really a detective, and that he's after Arnoldo and me! And that since you brought him here, you must be the moving force behind the whole business! Now let me pass!"

Dr. Grayson stepped aside with a slight bow, and let her sweep out.

"Doctor," cried Peter, excitedly seizing the other's arm, "with Beatrice telling Arnoldo about Maida and about me—if anything will stimulate the truth to come out, this ought to! Her talk tonight with Arnoldo may be the big moment we've been building toward!"

"Right you are, Peter!"

"Then I'm off at once to listen in on their talk in the little study!"

"Wait, Peter! There's no need for such haste. Beatrice will have to walk back to Sound Crest. This time you've got to have witnesses to what's said and what may happen. I'll try to get Jackson on the 'phone."

The next moment Dr. Grayson was talking with the district attorney, who promised to be upon the scene as quickly as a car with wide-open engine could bring him. Next Dr. Grayson summoned the two detectives who were waiting at his own home.

"Peter," began Dr. Grayson as soon as he had hung up, "I not only heard all that Beatrice said to you, but also the entire story that Maida told you. I didn't consider it eavesdropping since I knew you'd want to repeat the story to me, and since I thought we might want to act too quickly to allow you time to repeat it."

"Doctor," exclaimed Peter, "can you match that story for devilish invention!"

"You'll remember I told you Arnoldo Dodge would never pay with his own money if he could pay with the money of someone else."

"But, doctor—the whole thing is a lie! The first letter Arnoldo showed her was genuine—I did ask Laura Dodge to run away with me—I was in love with her—but everything else is an outrageous lie!" Peter said.

"Of course it's all a lie. I can easily prove it, for I was the family doctor at the time."

"What a dastardly story for a father to tell his own daughter! And what a shock has done to her!"

"That certainly is a problem! But it will have to wait till we come to it; perhaps it may somehow solve itself." He gave Peter a keen, speculative look. "After all, Peter, Maida is a daughter any man might be proud of—and you, Peter, would make a youngish father that almost any girl would soon learn to love."

"What do you mean by that?" Peter asked sharply.

But there was no opportunity at that moment for Peter to learn what was in Dr. Grayson's mind, for just then the two detectives appeared. Quickly thereafter Jackson entered. Dr. Grayson, temporarily assuming leadership of the little party, quickly told the three men what was afoot: there was good reason to believe that something about the mystery of the murder of Peter Buchanan might be learned by listening at the door of the library at Sound Crest, and the plan was for Jackson, Grayson and Peter to slip into the little study and for the two detectives to wait outside as guards to the listeners and to be re-enforcements in case of trouble and if arrests were to be made.

"See here—after all, Mr. Delacroix is hanging on to that crazy idea of Arnoldo Dodge being guilty of Peter Buchanan's murder!" protested Jackson.

"Yes—we think Arnoldo Dodge guilty," responded Dr. Grayson. "But as I said the other day, we don't expect you to make any arrest except upon the evidence of your own senses."

In another moment the five men were in Jackson's car, and three minutes later they were all scrambling over the stone wall at the spot where Peter had made his exit from the grounds of Sound Crest on the day of his first experience in the little study. Peter led the party, along the invisible paths through the shrubbery, alert for Tony whose habit it was to prowling about the grounds at night like a restless watch-dog. But no Tony materialized suddenly out of the darkness, and the five gained the outer door of the study in safety. Here the two detectives were posted. Peter unlocked the door, guided his two companions across the black room, and the three men crouched with ears to the door that opened into the library.

For several moments there was no sound from the library. Then there came to them a soft familiar hissing. This was plain announcement that Arnoldo was within, and was at that moment performing the frequent and almost automatic rite of discharging a stream from a siphon into a glass of whisky.

Then again there was a moment of silence, and then Peter heard someone enter, and heard a voice—Maida's voice.

"Tony just told me you were back from town, and wanted to see me."

"Yes," replied Arnoldo, in his usual tone of authority. "Tony told me that young Kane is with you out on the porch. It's midnight—no time for callers. I want you to send Kane home."

Maida's reply to this command sent a joyous thrill through Peter; made him see her young figure as standing very straight in front of Arnoldo.

"Since you have told me that you are not my father, and since this house is owned by me, I no longer recognize your right to give me orders of any kind."

"Damn you!" ejaculated Arnoldo. "In public our relationship remains the same."

"In public you are my father, yes—and I obey you as my father. But not when we are alone as we now are. So if that is all you wanted to say to me, I am going back to Larry Kane."

"Wait! You are not telling Larry Kane what I told you? I forbid you!"

"Since you are only my step-father, and I am of age," was her steady reply, "I am under no obligation to answer your questions or obey your orders. But I will tell you this much. I know that Larry Kane wants to marry me. And before I accept any man, I am going to tell that man the truth."

"Don't go yet! Where is your mother?" "Beatrice? Here [Continued on page 74]



## FYR-FYTER'S \$5,000 to \$10,000 a Year Men?

Note these photographs. Most of these men are earning more than \$5,000 a year, and have been for many years. Many of them earn \$10,000 a year. Some earn even more. One of these men, T. S. Gill, writes: "Any man joining the Fyr-Fyter force and working 8 hours a day will soon have an income of \$5,000 a year." This opportunity—far better now than it has ever been before—is yours almost for the asking.

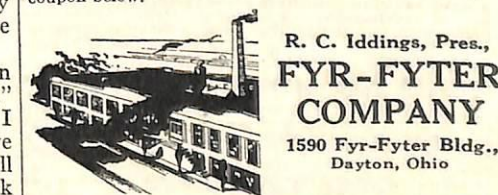
WHO are the Fyr-Fyter people, and what is our proposition to you? We are the world's foremost makers of fire extinguishers. We manufacture a type for every purpose, approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. In design and quality, Fyr-Fyters are so superior that they are used by the very largest corporations in America; and the Government in one order purchased 240,000 of them. Such quality wins respect everywhere and carries success with it always.

**An Unlimited Opportunity**  
Our proposition to sincere, earnest men of good standing is this: Represent these great products in your territory. As to the demand, it is tremendous. The need for fire extinguishers is probably 50 times greater than you realize. As to earnings, there is no reasonable limit to what you can make. Look about you at the inflammable material everywhere. The homes, farms, factories, stores, warehouses, new buildings, hotels, restaurants, lumber yards, churches, etc., etc. No sale is too big for you to make, and no home, store or farm too small to sell. Don't think that most factories, theatres, etc. already have extinguishers. Only 5% of the market has been supplied.

**Things That Help You**  
Do you know how few have insurance? Do you realize that business stops when fire breaks out, and ruin is often the result? Do you know that 17,000 people are burned to death each year, and that the loss in property is nearing two million dollars a day? Thousands of old extinguishers of all makes need inspection, recharges or replacement—another steady source of easy profits.

Almost everyone has had a frightful experience with fire. Do you know that in homes there are 50,000 fires a year caused by electric irons alone? That there are 125,000 automobile fires? That is why hundreds of people you call on have always wanted fire extinguishers.

**Complete Training FREE**  
If these brief facts sound reasonable to you, bear in mind that there is far more to the Fyr-Fyter Plan than we can tell you in this space. If you are the man we want, we will train you in both fire-prevention and selling. Send today for details. See exactly how many others have quickly established themselves in this permanent, fast-growing business. Satisfy yourself on every point. Then with all the facts before you, decide. Write or mail the coupon below.



R. C. Iddings, Pres.,  
**FYR-FYTER COMPANY**  
1590 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.,  
Dayton, Ohio

Fyr-Fyter Co.,  
1590 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.,  
Dayton, Ohio.

Please mail a FREE copy of "Building a Permanent Income as a Fyr-Fyter Representative" and complete details.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





### Stop That Growing Bulge Now!

GOOD-BYE to those extra inches and that uncomfortable feeling! "The Little Corporal" gives that springy step, youthful alertness and athletic poise which every man wants and needs. *Prove it by a two weeks' trial at our expense.*

**Little Corporal "Elastex" Belt**  
New! An exclusive feature! The famous "Little Corporal" Belt has been greatly improved and is made entirely of the newly patented ELASTEX webbing. This marvelous fabric retains its elasticity and adjusts itself to your size at all times. Laundered perfectly. Individually tailored. It's simple! No clasps, lacers or buckles. On and off in a jiffy.

**Illustrated Booklet**  
Send coupon today for free illustrated Booklet and two weeks' trial offer. If you prefer to order a belt give your waist measure. The price is \$6.50. Enclose it with order or pay postman on delivery. If not entirely satisfied your money will be refunded promptly.

The Little Corporal Co. Phone Monroe 0102  
Dept. 9X, 1215 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send free literature and 2 weeks' trial offer.

Name.....  
Street Address.....  
City..... State.....  
If you prefer to order belt, fill in below  
Waist..... Height..... Weight.....

## FREE TRIAL Grows Hair

**AMAZING NEW ELECTRICAL DISCOVERY**

A noted surgeon has discovered an amazing way to grow hair, called Dermo-Ray. In 30 days no more dandruff. Scalp tissues are given new life. Then within a few weeks, luxuriant new hair! The startling discovery of the almost magic effect of Infra-Red Rays on the hair-growing tissues was made by a leading surgeon. Two years ago he was himself bald. Today his hair is full and thick.

**FAMOUS SURGEON'S DISCOVERY**  
Here is his own personal, home treatment, called Dermo-Ray. At last a home method endorsed by science. Guaranteed to bring you these same results in 30 days—or you pay nothing. You can use Dermo-Ray in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing Infra-Red Rays vitalize the scalp while you rest—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

**SEND NO MONEY** Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer sent free if you mail the coupon below. To end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

**FREE TRIAL OFFER**

The Larson Institute  
Michigan Ave. at Lake St., Dept. 60, Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMO-RAY.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

**PATENTS** Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.  
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer  
724—9th Street Washington, D. C.

## MYSTERY HOUSE [Continued from page 73]

she is now. I think she'd rather tell you herself where she's been. Good-night, both of you."

"Good-night, little step-daughter," sounded the voice of Beatrice, with mocking tenderness.

There was the sharp closing of the library door, signifying that Maida must have turned an angry back on the taunting Beatrice and walked out.

"Arnoldo—what a lot I've got to tell you!" Beatrice burst out as the door closed. "Yes—yes?" breathed Arnoldo.

"I've just come from Mr. Delacroix's house—and I learned, Arnoldo—I learned—"

"Go on—go on!"

"I must first sit for just a minute and rest. I half ran the three miles from there, and I'm all out of breath."

"Better have a drink to brace you up."

"No—no—I want just a moment's rest."

The syphon hissed again; Arnoldo was taking his own prescription.

Even though Beatrice excitedly called on Arnoldo to hear her story, she did not speak at once. Peter, listening with an out-reaching of all his senses at the door of the little study—Dr. Grayson and District Attorney Jackson at his side in the darkness—judged that she had not yet regained her breath after the three miles from his cottage which she had covered on a half run.

"Go on, Beatrice—what is it?" Arnoldo's voice came urgently through the door to Peter.

"As I said, Arnoldo," she began, still breathing with difficulty, "I've just this minute come from the house of that Mr. Delacroix. I've been watching him while you've been away in New York, as I told you I would. Tonight I hid on his porch, and what I heard—"

She broke off, and the eagerness of the news-giver changed to sharp accusation. "Arnoldo, you've been double-crossing me!"

"Double-crossing you, Beatrice! How?"

"Didn't you tell me a few days ago that you needed a half million, and didn't you ask me if I could raise that sum on the fortune Peter Buchanan had left me?"

"Yes."

"A half million, you said! Well, you've just raised a million—a half million more than you needed, which means a half million profit—and you never told me a word of it!"

"How did you learn that?"

"By listening at Mr. Delacroix's window while the whole business was being told to him by Maida."

"By Maida!" Arnoldo swore furiously at his daughter, and the fury in his voice told Peter how heavily his step-brother had depended on whisky for the nerve and courage to see him through the difficulties of that day.

"From what was said, I gather that she went to him because she and Mr. Delacroix had an understanding about working together to clear her mother's name of that old scandal. Your story gave Maida an added reason for going straight to Mr. Delacroix with this new information which she thought might be important: she also wanted to clear Peter Buchanan's name—her real father's name."

"That Delacroix will never clear up anything!"

"Don't be too sure, Arnoldo!"

"You've learned something new about him?"

"I certainly have!"

"What is it?" he demanded eagerly.

"That will wait, Arnoldo, until we first clear up this business about Maida." Again Beatrice's voice was slow, caustic, accusing.

"You've undoubtedly had this plan in mind for days—you've put it across and have

pocketed a half million of Maida's money—you've done this without telling me a word of what you've been up to—I might never have learned a thing if I hadn't by accident. Yes, Arnoldo, it all smells to me very much like an intended hold-out!"

"You know very well, Beatrice, that you would have had your share of what I got from Maida!" Arnoldo retorted.

"Perhaps," she said coolly.

There was a brief silence. Peter could imagine the two glaring at each other. Then Beatrice's voice continued:

"Suppose we switch from Maida's money back to Maida's story. Is that story true that you told her came out of the Scandal Chest—about Peter Buchanan being her father, and about the big blackmail threat based upon the illicit love affair between her mother and Peter?"

"Of course not!"

"Then you really are Maida's father?"

"Of course I am!"

There was another moment of silence; then again Beatrice's voice made Peter think of Lady Macbeth, it was so cool and hard and superior in its quality of approval.

"You are clever, Arnoldo—clever than I gave you credit for. You have both brains and iron. That idea of turning your predicament into Maida's predicament was sheer inspiration of the moment."

"Thanks, Beatrice—praise from you is praise indeed!" His tone was ironic, but could not conceal his pleasure at this recognition of his adroitness. "Now what is it you learned tonight about this Mr. Delacroix?"

"Yes, there's our big danger!" she cried with sudden vigor—and for the first time, so it seemed to Peter, with a trace of terror in her voice. "Arnoldo—Delacroix is not Delacroix!"

"What!"

"I've been suspecting it for a long time, and now—"

"Why didn't you tell me before of your suspicion?"

"I saw you were worried; there was no need adding to your worries a thing that I was taking care of. Arnoldo, I've had this man investigated. I only received my report on the real Delacroix today. And I've just now had the whole business out with this fake Delacroix—and he had to admit it!"

"Who is he?"

"Arnoldo—he's a detective!"

"A detective?"

"Yes—a detective!" she rushed on excitedly. "Of course he's trying to solve the mystery of Peter Buchanan's death. But get this fact, Arnoldo: this detective was busy here in Green Manors several days before Peter was murdered. It means that this fake Delacroix's original purpose, and still his main purpose, is concerned with something that happened before Peter's death. Arnoldo, that detective is here making another attempt to solve the mystery of the murders of Laura Dodge and Murray Randolph!"

"Great God!" breathed Arnoldo; and then: "He'll not learn a thing! No one else ever has!"

"Don't you be too sure! He's cleverer than the others, this detective—ever so much cleverer. Arnoldo, he thinks we're both guilty of those murders, and he's after both of us!"

"Why both of us?"

"For good reasons, as I think he figures out the situation. On the same night your wife was killed an attempt was made to kill my husband. That undoubtedly suggests to him that we planned together to get them out of the way so we could marry—particularly since I later divorced Peter and we did marry. [Continued on page 77]

## WITHIN THE SHRINE UNIFORMED BODIES

[SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 60]

Noble George W. Wilcox who is a charter member of Nile Temple, Seattle, has missed but one pilgrimage in which the Uniformed Bodies have participated and has missed but eight practise drills of the Nile patrol.

The Chanters of Tripoli Temple, gave a wonderful party for the Chanters, their wives and sweethearts and for members of the Divan and their wives at the Tripoli Country Club. Starting with a dinner which they pronounced "the best ever" those present enjoyed an evening of dancing and bridge.

When the Lions held their International Convention at Miami, Mahi Temple contributed to the program with Band and Patrol. Their entertainment was well received and deeply appreciated by the Lions Club Committee.

Charles S. Owens, Captain of Damascus Patrol for many years, has been re-elected. Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial Assistant Rabban, was re-elected President of the Patrol Civic Organization.

At the second annual meeting of the Shrine Band Directors' Association at Atlantic City the following officers were elected: P. W. Price, Sudan, President; Fred W. Brunkhorst, Tripoli, First Vice-President; B. Marion Reed, Egypt, Second Vice-President; Don M. Kimmel, Jaffa, Secretary; Walter A. Bloedel, Tripoli, Director of Publicity. Noble Price is director of music at State College, Raleigh, N. C.

Representatives of Tripoli Temple at the Second Annual Meeting of the Shrine Band Directors' Ass'n., at Atlantic City. From left to right: Captain F. W. Brunkhorst, of Tripoli Temple Band and First Vice-Pres. Shrine Band Directors' Ass'n.; 1st Lieut. Charles Balow, Tripoli Temple Band; Captain R. O. Brunkhorst, Tripoli Oriental Band and 1st Lieut. W. A. Bloedel, Tripoli Oriental Band and Director of Publicity Shrine Band Association.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Aleppo's Band and Drum Corps, Boston, is sending its music afar on the air for the third successive year. The Band has an interesting instrumental layout—32 trumpets, 31 snare drums, 30 flutes, 20 clarinets, 23 saxophones, 15 trombones, 11 bass horns, 8 French horns, 2 oboes, 1 bassoon, 2 bass drums as well as several freak instruments. The A-flat flutes used are the only ones of their kind in the world and were specially designed for the Aleppo band.

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.

[See Hospital Notes on page 76]

Everyone who attended the picnic of the Orlando Shrine Club in Orange County, Florida, reported a gala day. The entertainment included dancing, boating, swimming, singing, races and airplane trips as well as special features for the women and children. An interesting part of the program was the motor boat races.

Mecca Temple's Band headed the parade when Mecca Temple staged their annual outing at the Palisades Amusement Park. After the parade, they broadcasted a half hour's program from WPAP, the Park's own station.



## No More Razor Blades To Buy!

Amazing New Invention Guarantees You 365 Slick Shaves a Year—Makes Old Blades Keener Than New!

KRISS-KROSS marks such a radical advance in new shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a super-stropper—a blade rejuvenator! Almost literally, it makes a new blade out of an old one every day and makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before.

KRISS-KROSS strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds. Automatic flip-flop action. Pressure decreases automatically every stroke. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!

**Unusual Offer**  
Right now—to introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper, I will give you a surprising new kind of razor without extra charge. Really 3 razors in one. Instantly adjustable to any shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape; (2) straight (old style) or (3) diagonal (new way). Gives a sliding instead of pulling stroke. Simply zips through the toughest crop of whiskers. Made of rustless metal. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before.

**Get Details!**  
This astonishing offer is limited. Send the coupon for information on amazing KRISS-KROSS inventions to-day. They are sold only through authorized representatives—(or direct from the factory)—and are even more remarkable than I can tell you here. Clip the coupon today for full details. No obligation.

**AGENTS!**  
Make big money as KRISS-KROSS representative. J. C. Kellogg made \$200 in 7 days. H. King earned \$66 in one day. Spare-time workers, office and factory men make \$5-\$10 extra a day just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends. Wonderful new "Permanent Income Plan." Check bottom of coupon and mail at once!

**Rhodes KRISS KROSS STROPPER**  
Rhodes Mfg. Company  
Dept. M-822, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

NAME.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

City..... State.....  
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

City..... State.....  
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

City..... State.....  
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

City..... State.....  
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

City..... State.....  
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

City..... State.....  
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

City..... State.....  
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

City..... State.....  
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

City..... State.....  
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

City..... State.....  
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

City..... State.....  
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.



## SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes

Zem Zem Hospital for Crippled Children, Erie, Pa., was dedicated Sunday, June 26th, with the Band and Patrol in attendance, and hundreds of the Nobility and their families.

This hospital is an evolution of a resolution passed by Zem Zem in October, 1923, when Past Potentate Arthur W. Milne offered the use of his farm for the erecting of a summer camp to begin the care of the crippled children in that oasis. The proposition was enthusiastically endorsed by the Temple, and in July, 1924, the raising of funds began.

A little cottage, wired and equipped with modern plumbing, was erected and twelve children brought there for treatment and care. The children themselves named it Sunshine Valley. Two years demonstrated such remarkable need and the results were so gratifying that Mr. Charles H. Strong offered a site to Hamot Hospital for hospital purposes in connection with the treatment of crippled children, but the hospital was unable, for financial reasons, to accept. This brought forth another resolution by Past Potentate Milne to the effect that Zem Zem Temple erect and maintain a convalescent home for crippled children to be built on the site donated by Mr. Strong, the same to be under the management of Hamot Hospital. The result was the breaking of ground for this hospital on October 23, 1925, and actual construction work began in the spring of 1926, ending in the dedication a year later.

The hospital is constructed to care for 48 children. Spacious quarters are provided for the nurses and attendants on the second floor and in every way the hospital meets the requirements of the most particular in the matter of cheerful, airy surroundings.

This hospital maintenance is in addition to the regular assessment paid by the Nobles of Zem Zem. Photographs of the hospital will appear next month.

The Women's General Auxiliary to the Twin Cities Unit has elected officers as follows: Mrs. G. W. Curtiss, Zuhrah, Chairman; Mrs. E. A. Chadsey, Zuhrah, Vice-Chairman; Mrs. William Aull, Osman, St. Paul, Secretary; Mrs. Chas. W. Ross, Osman, Treasurer. Executive Committee—Mrs. C. N. Harris, Yelduz, Aberdeen, S. D.; Mrs. W. H. Schulze, Kem, Grand Forks, N. D.; Mrs. George Sherwood, Aad, Duluth. The Auxiliary disbursed \$5,439.07 for the hospital in 1926. Articles supplied by all units amounted to \$10,245.52.

It has been the custom of Shriners in Youngstown, for several years, to have an Annual Kiddies' Day when the poor children of the city are taken to Idora Park. This year, however, the Shriners having heard that Ray G. Hagstrom of Christ Mission was without funds to properly care for sick children, it was unanimously voted to turn the money raised for the outing over to Hagstrom to assist the children at the Swanston farm.

Uniformed units of Hejaz, Greenville, have a per capita of \$1.25 set aside for pilgrimages and other expenses, the amount coming from the annual dues of the membership. This year by unanimous vote the units gave up the trip to the Imperial Council that the money so saved might be used for the benefit of the hospital about to be opened at that place.

When Ben Bernie and his orchestra were playing at the Pantages Theater in Spokane, the leader took time off to go to the Shrine Hospital and tell stories and play several numbers for the Crippled Children there.

Oklahoma Consistory at McAlester, Oklahoma, has decided to make a hospital of the Masonic Dormitory adjoining the Masonic Temple specializing in the treatment of crippled children. The property has been purchased and the plans are being drawn for additional buildings. Albert Pike Hospital, taken over some months ago by the Consistory, will be closed and all equipment transferred to the new location. It will be one of the most up-to-date hospitals in the Southwest.

Arabia, Houston, gave a picnic for Orphan Children at Sugarland and took moving pictures of the event. Later Will Horwitz who had the event photographed for the Texas Theater, invited the Faith Home and Industrial Home Children and the Crippled Children in the Baptist and Methodist Hospitals as his guests to see the film. Shriners and their ladies took the kiddies there in their cars. Noble Horwitz served the children with ice-cream.

Frank S. Grant, Past Potentate of Al Kader, Portland, and city attorney, is a member of the Board of Governors of the Shrine Hospital. One of the features of Nile's most recent Ceremonial was the setting aside of thirty minutes to allow Noble Grant to show pictures and tell stories of the Crippled Children in the different stages of their improvement.

The little patients of the Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children, Springfield, Mass., had a gorgeous time during the summer when they were entertained by performers of the Barnum and Bailey and Ringling Bros.' Circus and of the "101 Ranch" show. Col. Joe Miller, of the "101 Ranch," is a member of Akdar, Tulsa.

George M. Hendee, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Springfield Shrine Hospital, is very active in his efforts to have the capacity of the hospital increased. There is a long waiting list. Noble Hendee favors a convalescent home toward helping to solve the problem.

The Blackfoot Idaho Shrine Club is doing great work in aiding little cripples and plans are being made for a series of entertainments including both card and dancing parties to raise funds to further this good work. They have already sent twelve children to the hospital at Salt Lake City.

Approximately \$600 was subscribed at the theater party given by the Tripoli, Milwaukee, Unit of the Women's Auxiliary at the Davidson Theater in that city. Past Potentate, Will H. Wade, of Medinah, Chicago, was present and spoke.

Jennie Tuisku, daughter of a Finnish Farmer in the Lewis River country, who first went to the Shrine Hospital in Portland in November 1924 because she was losing her power to walk, is now going about without the aid of crutches.

Moolah Chanters attended the services of the First Congregational Church at St. Louis, and sang several sacred numbers. The Reverend Wafford C. Timmons delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon on the work of the Shrine Hospital in St. Louis.

The W. Freeland Kendrick Convalescent Home in Philadelphia received a gift of \$10,000 under the terms of the will of William S. Enochs, who was a prominent manufacturer of Philadelphia.

## MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 74]

Arnoldo, I'm afraid of that man! We've got to fight him, to plan our defense against him!"

"Our defense?"

"Your defense, I should say. Oh, I'm not guilty of those murders—not directly, I mean! But I'm bound to you—all our interests are the same—and you know now that I would go as far to gain my ends as you would!"

"Much farther, I'd say, Beatrice!"

"Then you must let me help defend you—for both our sakes! But, Arnoldo, how can I help you plan your defense unless I know exactly what I'm trying to defend you from?—unless I know exactly what you did and how you did it?"

"Just what is your question driving at, Beatrice?"

"How you killed Laura Dodge and Murray Randolph, of course! I'm telling you we're both up against it—this man may strike any minute—and we've got to be ready with our defense! So come on, Arnoldo: how did you do it?"

At length Arnoldo answered: "I'm not admitting I did it, my dear."

"Don't be a fool! I know you did!"

"You may suspect, but you do not know," he corrected. "And the less you actually know, the safer you'll be. And possibly the safer I'll be."

"But how am I to help you plan against that Mr. Delacroix?" she cried desperately.

"Just leave Delacroix to me. I prefer to play my own hand in my own way, my dear."

"Oh, you fool—you fool—you fool! I'm warning you now that Delacroix'll get you!"

The fizzing siphon announced that Arnoldo was preparing yet another Scotch—the third in the few minutes Peter had stood with ear against the study door. Beatrice said nothing more.

As for Peter, the hope of overhearing the truth was suddenly gone.

Something further was required. There remained only Peter's last resource of the two little bottles, and the self-exposure and the daring play-acting he had built around their use—the desperate little play on which his everything had now to be staked, and whose climax and outcome he could not foresee, could not foresee because he could not be certain that Arnoldo's reactions would be as he had figured they would be; could not foresee because Arnoldo must be left to write his own part. But that play, to have its best chance, had to be staged at once, its curtain had to rise the very next moment, while Arnoldo's nerves were still unsettled by Beatrice's disclosures.

Peter tapped Dr. Grayson's shoulder twice. Grayson got the meaning of the signal and silently led District Attorney Jackson across the black room; the next moment the soft closing of the outer door told Peter the pair were with the two county detectives on guard outside. Quickly he toppled over a reading table, heavy with books, which he had previously marked beside the door.

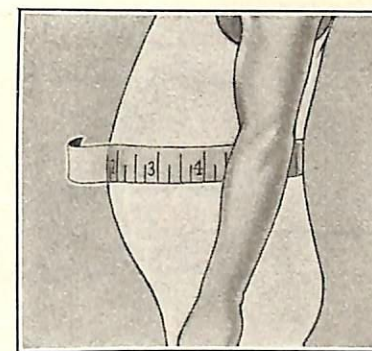
"What's that?" he heard the startled Arnoldo cry.

He overturned a chair, and himself went to the floor as if he had stumbled into the chair in the dark and it had thrown him. As he was scrambling to his feet, the door from the library was thrown open and the lights of the study were switched on.

"Why, it's that damned detective!" exclaimed the astounded Arnoldo.

Peter made a frantic dash for the outer door. But Arnoldo's powerful hand captured him, as he had intended and he was jerked furiously from the little study into the library.

[To be continued]



# Free Proof That WAISTLINE FAT

## Can Be Quickly Reduced

—without drugs, diets or exercises

INSTEAD of wasting your time—instead of risking your health by weakening diets, exhausting exercises and pill-taking, in an effort to get rid of bulging waistline fat—try the popular Weil Reducing Belt for 10 days—at our expense.

Made of scientifically treated rubber, it causes a gentle, unnoticed massage action as it comes in contact with flabby flesh. So that with every move you make, unwanted fat is being moulded away—and kept away for good—and at a fraction of the price charged by expert masseurs.

### Look Thinner Instantly

Take your waist measurement before and after this Free 10-Day Trial. Note the difference in inches. Feel the improvement in your general condition. According to the terms of our absolute guarantee you must be thoroughly satisfied with the results secured—or you pay nothing.

### Coupon Brings Free Details

Write us at once and you will receive our Special 10-Day Trial Offer—a detailed description of this most successful reducing method, the principles of which are highly endorsed by leading physicians and professional athletes everywhere. For the sake of your health and appearance, take advantage of this offer at once. Send no money. Write now. The Weil Company, 1209 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,  
1209 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

## ADDING MACHINE

Fits Vest Pocket

A marvelous calculator. Does the work accurately and quickly as a \$300 machine. Invaluable to anyone who uses figures. Don't carry pad and pencil. This starting invention will solve all problems in a minute. Business men, students, professional people, all need this HANDY HELPER.

Counts 1 Billion To

Results in plain sight PRICE all the time—clears instantly. Made of steel and brass, in handsome case, fits vest pocket, weighs only 3 oz. Send for yours now—your 10-day money back guarantee.

Reliable Adding Machine Corp., Dept. 68C  
184 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS

Here's a dandy chance to make money. Everybody wants one. Fine profit. Write for new offer.

## GUARANTEES TO GROW HAIR

Many of the World's greatest inventions have been the result of accident. So it was with Bowen's Hair Grower, which made such a big hit at the Sesqui-Centennial and at Atlantic City in June. Bowen has simply discovered how to make a certain rare type of unrefined genuine crude oil, hard to obtain, grow hair, stop falling hair, and get rid of dandruff. If it cannot do all those things it won't cost you a single cent. Simply send to Bowen, 1935 Calhoun St., Phila., Pa., \$1.25 for complete set, in plain package. If they don't do the work, take your money back. Men around oil wells don't get bald. Why should you be bald, or get bald? Use your own common sense. Act today. Bowen's is absolutely pure. No alcohol.—Adv.

## LAW in Spare Time

Learn law and earn more money. Qualify for a high salaried executive position or prepare to enter the practice of law. Study at home through the Blackstone Course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities including Chief Justice William H. Taft. Blackstone graduates practicing law everywhere. L.L.B. degree conferred. Magnificent 25 volume law library furnished immediately upon enrollment. Moderate tuition fee. Low monthly terms. Money back agreement. Write today for Free copy of our 128-page book, "The Law Trained Man."

BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, Inc.,  
Dept. 76 4753 Grand Boulevard Chicago

## Now You Can Own—Diamonds

60% of Market Prices

A 3/4 CENTURY HOUSE offers this 3/4 less 1/16 carat, snappy, solitaire just \$69.50. Try to match at \$115.00. A reason you rarely think of, makes possible RADICALLY LOW PRICES, even for FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS. Offers backed by thoroughly responsible guarantees. Examination Free. Send now, use blank below.

Why Pay Full Prices?

World's oldest, largest diamond banking institution of 75 years, rated over \$1,000,000.00, must sell the DIAMONDS on WHICH MONEY WAS LOANED BUT NOT REPAID. Diamonds, too, from BIG CASH EUROPEAN DEALERS. Send NOW. Lists limited. Free—all details. Exact descriptions. —Guaranteed amounts you can borrow. Examine Diamonds free, at our risk.

Unpaid Loans Low as \$60 a Ct.—Offers Now Ready. Send for Free List, Use Blank Below.

Name.....

Address.....

For Free List clip this ad, fill in above and mail to—  
Jos. DeRoy & Sons, Opp. P.O., 7160 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Makes \$40 an hour**

Made \$59 First Day  
Esther McCull, Ark.,  
earned \$59 first day.

\$1000 During Lunch Hours  
W. C. Allen earned this amount for spare time.

Here's Extra Money For You

Take orders for Christmas cards; full or spare time. No experience needed—no money required. Big pay checks every week. Extra bonus monthly.

Personal Christmas Greeting Cards

in universal demand. Big season on now. Easy to take orders from large book containing actual samples—supplied you FREE. Write now—begin making money at once.

**\$10 Outfit FREE** THE JOHN A. HERREL CO., Dept. 304  
318 West Washington St. Chicago, Ill.

GEORGE JOHNSON  
Drum Major  
Drum and Bugle Corps,  
Racine, Wis.

"On to Paris" sails the American Legion on September 8th, over 16,000 strong.

Bands, bands, bands. Drum and Bugle Corps to stir the blood and tingle the foot of the veteran! And among them is the Racine Corps, first prize winners at national legion conventions for four consecutive years—now, as always, using the quality instruments of the world—"HOLTON."

We specialize in assisting in organization and financing of school and fraternal bands.

FRANK HOLTON & COMPANY  
128 CHURCH STREET ELKHORN, WISCONSIN

**Holton**  
America's Greatest  
Band Instruments

**Dudley Masonic Emblem Watch**

Movement built on Masonic Emblems  
Emblems Not Engraved on Case

We manufacture different varieties of both metal back and glass back

America's Finest Timepiece  
12-Size Movement, 19 Jewels, 8 Adjustments and Fully Guaranteed  
Made for Masons Sold Direct from Factory  
A Liberal Time Payment Allowed  
Watch Will Be Mailed for Inspection  
Write for Full Particulars  
**P. W. BAKER & COMPANY**  
LANCASTER, PA.



## A \$10 BILL will protect you for a whole year against SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION  
Any One 16 to 70 Years Accepted

\$5,000 Principal Sum  
\$3,500 Loss of hands, feet or eyesight  
\$25 Weekly Benefit for stated  
accident or sickness  
\$50 Weekly double indemnity  
DOCTOR'S BILLS, hospital benefit  
and other attractive features to help  
you in time of need, all as shown  
in policy.

Can you afford to have your salary stopped  
and pay costly medical bills, perhaps lose your  
job, because of pneumonia, appendicitis or the  
many other sicknesses that are prevalent at this  
time of the year? Besides, an accident may  
disable you and stop your salary. Avoid that risk!  
(Agents Wanted for Local Territory)

Mail the Coupon NOW!

North American Accident Insurance Co.  
946 Bonnell Building, Newark, New Jersey  
Gentlemen: Please send detailed information  
about the \$10 "PREMIER POLICY." No  
obligation to me.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....

## National Union Mortgage Bonds

### THE STANDARD

of Comparison in Mortgage Bonds

**EMBODYING** every fea-  
ture of protection which  
experience has suggested,  
including the guarantee of  
underlying mortgages by  
one of the four following  
Surety Companies:

**U.S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co.**

**Maryland Casualty Co.**

**Fidelity & Deposit Co.**  
Baltimore

**National Surety Co.**  
New York

These Bonds possess the essen-  
tial requirements of an ideal  
investment.

**National Union Mortgage Co.**  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

**Mackubin, Goodrich & Co.**  
Fiscal Agents Established 1899  
111 E. Redwood St. Baltimore, Md.

## RADIATOR EMBLEM



Solid bronze, Nickel  
plated. Size 4 in. x 4 in.

Prepaid \$1.50

**HUNT BRASS WORKS**

1617 Winona Ave., Chicago



Drawing by  
Edward A. Wilson

## FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

**T**HERE are only three really reliable methods of getting money—earn it, save it and invest it safely. Some inherit it and some marry it, but for the great bulk of people the first three are the only reliable ways. There are scores of ways one may lose it. A good many of these are connected with investment and are made possible through lack of information or failure to use information properly.

A company does not have to be a fake and a promoter does not have to be a confidence man in order to make investing in one and listening to the other a dangerous pastime. It is not enough to buy the right stocks and bonds. To be thoroughly profitable, they must also be bought or sold at the right time.

Not a few investors purchase stocks at the very top price without waiting to find out whether the earnings, present or prospective, are sufficient to warrant maintenance or advance in quotations.

The old song which recited "It Is Not What You Used To Be; It's What You Are Today," did not go half far enough to fit investments. It is what a stock or a bond will be tomorrow that counts more than what it is today. There are fine solid old names listed on the New York Stock Exchange that have had the soundest kind of dividend records for years. But they are on the toboggan. Unless transfusion of new blood takes place or some other drastic action is taken, they are on the way to the financial graveyard. Yet hundreds of their stockholders are blissfully ignorant of the danger which threatens their investments.

Other investors are worrying daily as to whether they shall sell the stocks which they have and put the proceeds into something else, although the indications point plainly toward larger earnings and higher prices. In each case the investor has failed to read the signs.

General Braddock was a brave man but he was a mighty poor leader because he had no scouts out who could read signs. Consequently he marched blithely into an ambush and lost his army and his reputation. The pioneers who crossed the plains in '49 would as soon have thought of starting without their rifles as without a scout who could read the signs and give them advance information. Yet thousands of men and women with money to invest go wandering through the canyons of Wall and Broad streets with no idea of what lies around the next corner.

There is nothing mysterious about the signs which spell safety to the investor. The main thing to remember is that all businesses interlock to a certain extent and conditions which affect one, automatically have some effect on every other. Every bond and stock has factors which affect its future. The relation, for example, between the flood in Louisiana and the copper mines in

Butte may seem distant, but the one has had a very decided bearing on the earnings of the other. The flooding of the lands in Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana resulted in the propagation of billions of mosquitoes and the dissemination of malaria. The federal and state health services ordered eighteen thousand homes screened and established a factory to make the frames. The metal screen cloth is largely manufactured by the Anaconda Copper Company in Montana and Connecticut, and the copper companies have benefited from this order.

Signs which show the probable trend of security prices and which are more easily read than the one above, involve crop conditions, volume of building, industrial production and employment, rise or fall of buying power and finally the state of competition.

The majority of these barometers may be read by any investor. When it comes to competition a wider technical knowledge may be required to interpret its effects. One old established manufacturer of refrigerators for example has made and paid dividends for years. Up to August 1926 the preferred earned \$34.98 a share and the common \$9.96. Since that time earnings have been so small and competition so great that trading has almost ceased in the stock issues. The refrigeration industry was never so active and it needed an expert scout to read the signs of competitive effects.

The investor who is puzzled over the signs should consult his scout or his banker but he should strive for his own satisfaction to read the writing on the wall for himself. Delay is often fatal. For this reason, while it is advisable to diversify investments, an investor should be careful not to cover too wide a scope.

If he does not, he may find himself in the plight of the quarrelsome lad in the Montana saloon who got by uncontradicted with assertions that he could lick any man in the place, in the town, in the county or in the state. Then he declared he was the master of any man in the United States. When he picked himself up from the street where the quiet little man at the end of the bar had thrown him, he decided he had tried to take in too much territory.

### Service for Investors

Accurate, reliable, unprejudiced information is the basis of all successful investment. The Shrine Magazine is prepared to furnish its readers with information of that sort on investment securities. Send your inquiries WITH SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Jonathan C. Royle, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

## HORSES! HORSES! HORSES!

[Continued from page 32]

"I tried my best to sell her, then to give her away. What a chance!

"Don't ask me how she got back from Brooklyn, or from the Bronx, or from way up in Harlem. I tried losing her in all those places, but she always came back. Finally I could stand it no longer. I took her to Central Park, left her munching the lawn, hopped into a taxi and beat it for a railroad station. Four days later I was in Hollywood.

"Who said 'Good actors, when they die, go to Hollywood?' No matter. It didn't apply to me. I'd never been much of an actor, I guess. Almost immediately I began to do well in the films. They said I was a good 'gentleman-adventurer type'. You know—the sort of chap who lives in a top-hat and opera cloak, and looks well-bred and sophisticated, winter and summer and come what may. I happened to fit a couple of neat parts in good stories, and I seemed to be on the way up the ladder.

"Well, my big chance came. I was all set for a leading rôle in one of those million dollar features about high life and low morals on the Riviera.

"By then I was used to the most difficult part of the film actor's art, namely that you have to be on the lot early in the morning. So, bright and early one morning, or early, anyway, I skipped out of my bungalow. It was to be an important day in my life. They were going to start to shoot 'Riviera Love.' It was so early, indeed, that the milkman had not come yet. Suddenly I heard a commotion down the street. I heard the clatter of wheels, the clinking of milk bottles, and a raucous voice shouting, 'Whoa. Come back here, you lop-eared cluck.' The next thing I knew a horse pulling a milk cart was crossing my lawn and mounting the steps of my bungalow. I gave a cry, but it was not of fear. It was of despair. The horse was now trying to eat my hat. How Vesuvius got to Hollywood I do not know. The queerest things in the world get there, so why not she?

"The beefy milkman came running up. His cart was a wreck. He was a swarthy fellow with a bellicose eye. He appeared to think I was to blame for the runaway. 'Your horse?' he growled.

"No," I shouted. 'No, no, no, no, no.'

"She is too," he said, glowering fiercely. 'Don't try to kid me. She knew you two blocks away.'

"She's yours," I said. Vesuvius was trying to put her hoofs on my shoulders.

"Oh, no, she ain't," said the man. 'I found her. I kept her—for the reward.'

"Look here, my dear fellow," I said, in my best night-clubman manner, 'I'll have nothing to do with that creature.'

"Oh, won't you?" said the man, doubling up a pair of big fists. 'She's yours—anyone can see that—and you'll take her—'

"Look here," I said, for he looked as if he were about to take a wallop at me, and I couldn't afford to get into a brawl with a milkman and have my screen face bunged up, 'how would it be if I gave you fifty dollars, to pay for the damage to your cart—though I'm not really to blame—and you took that horse away from here?'

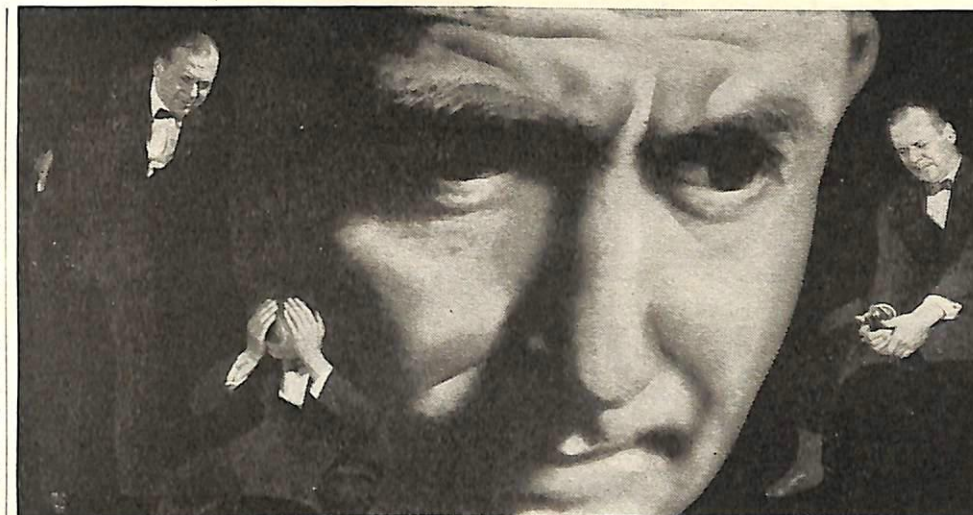
"How would it be," he said, 'if I handed you a sock on the schnozzle?'

"Now I ask you: What could I do? My nose was my best feature. Patrician, one director had called it. One punch—and I might miss a fortune. Besides I couldn't afford to be late at the studio that morning.

"Well, what do you want to do?" I said.

"You slip me fifty," said the milkman, 'and you keep the horse.'

"So that is how [Continued on page 80]



## Must Men Suffer after 40?

**AN AMERICAN** scientist has made a discovery that touches the very keynote of health, vigor, and welfare of men past 40. He has found a simple home treatment for prostate gland trouble.

### No Medicine

Without medicine, surgery, violet rays or trick treatments, he has found a way to directly stimulate the prostate gland—often driving out the congestion and making it function its normal way. So great has been the success of this treatment that an organization has been established to furnish it to the millions of men who are in need of it.

### 2 Out of 3 Men

Are you one of the 2 out of 3 men who have prostate trouble at a certain age, according to many medical authorities. Many are victims without knowing. Very often such conditions as sciatica, aches in back, feet

and legs, frequent nightly risings, chronic fatigue, depression and weakness are symptoms.

### FREE Book

This institution has published a little book, "Why Many Men Are Old at 40" which reveals amazing facts about old age. If you suffer with prostate trouble, it may be a godsend to you. While the edition lasts it will be mailed Free. Don't go on with conditions that may lead to surgery—or that takes the pep, energy and joy of living out of life. Mail the coupon below immediately to

**THE ELECTRO  
THERMAL CO.**

7373 Main St., Steubenville, O.

**THE ELECTRO THERMAL CO.**

7373 Main St., Steubenville, Ohio

Please send me Free, and without obligation, copy of your booklet, "Why Many Men Are Old at 40." Mail in plain wrapper.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Suite 73-S, 303 Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

## Stop Using a Truss



**STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS** are different from the truss, being mechanico-chemical applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or spring attached—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the public bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work—most obstinate cases conquered. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—Inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on Coupon and send TODAY.

**Plapao Co., 4100 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis Mo.**

Name.....

Address.....

Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao

**\$10000-AND MORE  
Net Income Yearly**

Operate a

**TOSTWICH-SHOPPE**

A NATION WIDE SYSTEM-ONLY A SMALL INVESTMENT NECESSARY

**TOSTWICH-DANVILLE-ILLINOIS**

## BOW LEGS AND KNOCK-KNEES

Corrected by use of the Morris Invisible Limb Straightener for Men, Women and Children—Worn with Comfort either day or night or both and is entirely invisible. Send Ten Cents Coin or Stamps for Actual Photographs, sent in plain wrapper.

**ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTE,**  
Dept. S. 1032 Loew State Bldg.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.



## Here's Your Opportunity!

We want wide-awake, ambitious district managers—35 years or older—who have sales experience and are looking for a BIG step up!

If you have a well-organized bunch of men and are looking for REAL advancement... coming into contact with the best business and professional men in the community, lose no time in writing us. Ours is an A-1, clean, legitimate proposition that lands the first order quick and practically insures a re-order.



**American Creditors' Association**  
Dept. SH-9, 222 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

## DO YOU

WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot correctionist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees.—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Address  
**Stephenson Laboratory, 5 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.**



HORSES! HORSES! HORSES!

[Continued from page 79]

Vesuvius came into my keeping again. Hollywood was treated that day to the spectacle of a man on the brink of being a screen star, leading down the street the ugliest, the most ridiculous-looking mare in history. I put her in a stable. She began to eat the minute she got inside. I went on to the studio. I was late.

"Things weren't going very well at the studio. They had stayed up all night having conference after conference on 'Riviera Love.' Six authors had done treatments. Hair was torn, but nobody was satisfied. Max Popke, the sales manager, scrutinized the scenario that was finally evolved, and uttered a loud 'Phoooy! It's soggy. Ain't got any laughs. I wouldn't be able to sell that mess of bolony the way it stands now.'

"The director, Raphael Wile, was in despair. I waited round for something to happen. It did. The main gates were opened to admit a flock of extras, and they were suddenly split asunder, like the Red Sea, and through them galloped a horse, who made straight for me. She stopped in front of me, and began to chew my straw hat. I pretended I'd never seen her before. She threw back her head, and laughed.

"Wile, the director, was standing near-by, clutching his troubled brow. He let out a whoop. A gleam of inspiration lighted his eyes.

"Just what we need," he shouted. 'Comic relief! Hey, Popke. Look at this nag— isn't she a wow?'

"Well," said the stranger on the bench in a dismal voice, "I won't go into the ghastly details. You've seen the picture, no doubt. It made a million dollars, net, for the company and Max Popke pronounced it an artistic success. It certainly got the laughs. They called it, finally, 'For the Love of Mildred.' 'Mildred' was the name they decided on for Vesuvius, after eight conferences. It was the picture I expected to be starred in. Well, the billing and electric lights read—

MILDRED

The Wonder Horse—Filmdom's Greatest Equine Comedienne—

Supported by Hal Graham

"Need I say that Hal Graham was—and is—me?"

The stranger on the bench shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well," he said, "you can't dodge destiny. Everybody laughs when they see Mildred in the pictures; everybody, that is, except me. We're a great success, we are. We get—between us—twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. Max Popke said, when we signed the contract, that Mildred was worth it. The only reason I got into the contract at all was that Mildred can't write.

"Mildred has become temperamental. I have to wait on her, hand and foot. She insists on shampoos. She'll eat only oats especially imported from Scotland. She makes personal appearances. That's why we're in New York. We're at the Castle this week. Don't go. Mildred's name is in big, bold letters; you'd need a microscope to read mine. Lord, I'd like to murder her—but how can I—now? Is she aware of the situation? Of course she is. You should hear her in her fancy stall after we do our act—laughing at me."

The stranger stood up.

"I've got to run along now," he said. "Mildred is giving an interview to the press at five. Thank you for listening to me." He moved away; his face was grim. I tossed aside the cold stub of a good cigar.



## Take Off Some Fat

Reduce your overweight.

Don't do it by abnormal exercise or diet. Such results are hard, dangerous and transient. Do it in the easy, pleasant way.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. They are based on many years of scientific research, and they act to correct the cause.

Marmola is the modern, scientific help. It has been used for 19 years. Countless users have told others about its results and its benefits. Now people are using, as a result, a very large amount.

In every circle you can see what Marmola is now doing. Slender figures are now common, obesity is rare.

If exercise and diet seem oppressive, try the Marmola way which millions now employ. Watch the results. Watch the weight come down, the vitality increase. You will be amazed and delighted at the results Marmola brings. Then tell others—that is all we ask. Ask now for a box of Marmola.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

**MARMOLA**  
Prescription Tablets  
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

**LOFTIS BROS. & CO.** Dept. D-40, 102 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

**DIAMONDS**  
GENUINE DIAMONDS GUARANTEED AT IMPORTERS' PRICES

Send for FREE Catalog  
Over 2000 Barrels in Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Silverware and Gift Articles for every occasion. Catalog explains how to have any item shipped for your FREE EXAMINATION without sending us any money whatever! Write now for this big, valuable book—no obligation.

**Wedding Rings**  
No. 824—The "Elite" \$7.50  
Solid 18-k. white gold  
Set with 3 Diamonds, \$22.50;  
6 Diamonds, \$32.50; 7 Diamonds, \$42.50; 8 Diamonds, \$52.50; 12 Diamonds, \$67.50

**Rectangular Wrist Watch**  
No. 16—14-k. white gold, 15-J \$14.85  
An exceptional bargain. \$1.48 a month.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back**

**ELECTRICITY—EASY AT LAST!**  
Learn By Doing in 90 Days

NO BOOKS—NO LESSONS. Prepare for jobs leading to \$60 a week and up. Come to COYNE for 90 days then get one. Learn by doing. COYNE gives you training and experience. Write for big FREE book.  
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 500-524 So. Paulina Street, Dept. 67-78, Chicago, Ill.

# INGERSOLL produces a Fountain Pen

## Proved by Impartial Scientific Authority to differ from Cheap Junk Pens that Hoodwink the Unwary

Everybody can now afford a reliable dependable fountain pen!

In selecting a Fountain Pen always be sure to go beyond its LOOKS. Remember that all the wear of the pen is on the POINT. You can be easily fooled. Millions are. A common steel pen point costing a penny or two, will outlast the average fountain pen with soft gold point.

INGERSOLL PEN points are made of solid 14-Karat gold, tipped with the finest grade of the hardest metal known to science—HARD IRIDIUM.

Their everlasting wearing qualities were recently proved beyond the shadow of doubt when ten regular stock INGERSOLL points were taken at random and tested under the direction of the Y. C. LAB by Prof. Louis H. Young, of the MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

Imagine! One by one these ten points were placed against a whirling abrasive stone for a solid hour each! They were scratched over this rough roadbed of flint that wears away the hardest metals for a distance of FIFTEEN MILES—greater than the distance between New York City and Newark, N. J.—without a single one of them losing their smooth writing quality in the least degree!

At the same time, ten steel pen points—admittedly more durable than the ordinary soft points used in cheap fountain pens—were subjected to the same test and rendered totally unfit for use after a few seconds.

Reduced to actual writing life the Y. C. LAB test was even more amazing in that it proved that the wear on the INGERSOLL pen point was equivalent to the writing of the word "the" 144 million times. In other words, to give a pen the same amount of wear in actual writing service, you would have to write 30 words per minute, ten hours a day, every day in the year for 21 years! And at the end of even that time an Ingersoll would still be as good as ever!

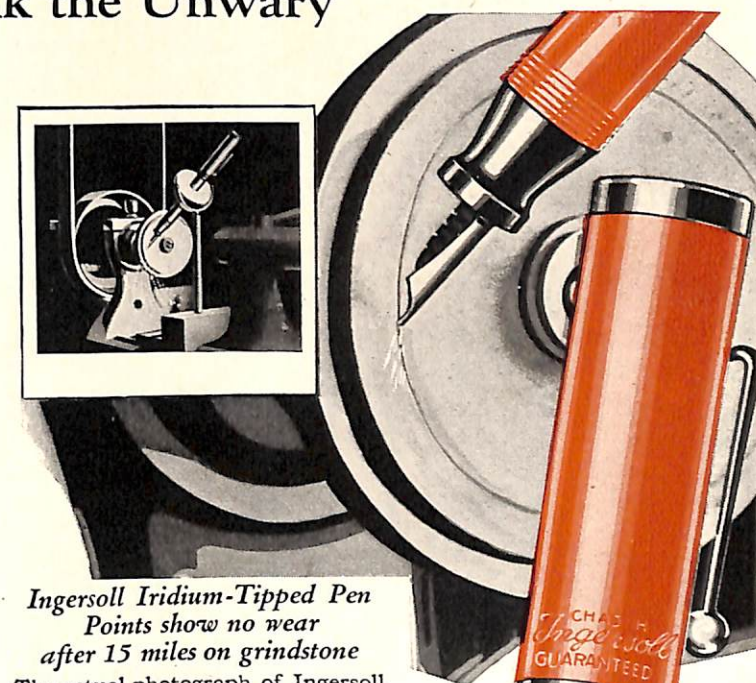
CHAS. H. INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN CO.  
548 North Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J.

**Ingersoll**  
DOLLAR PEN

Standard Nickel-Silver Barrel Ingersoll Pens—Men's, Ladies' or Junior Model . . . . . \$1.00  
Oversize Ingersoll Beauties, Red, Black or Green Durrac Barrels (model shown) . . . . . \$2.00  
Ladies' and Junior size Ingersoll Beauties, Red or Black Durrac Barrels . . . . . \$1.50



The surface of all writing paper is rough and gritty. It grinds on the point of a pen like a file because it contains some of the same abrasives as a cutting wheel. That is why ordinary cheap pens with soft points quickly wear out even under normal writing conditions.



Ingersoll Iridium-Tipped Pen Points show no wear after 15 miles on grindstone

The actual photograph of Ingersoll Pens under test in the Y. C. Lab is reproduced. Each pen was so adjusted that the pressure against the grinding wheel was approximately equal to that exerted by the average writer. Each pen point was also set at a proper distance from the center of the wheel so that the speed of the wheel across the point was 1,300 feet per minute and the total distance travelled in one hour was equal to 15 miles.

Made and Guaranteed by CHAS. H. INGERSOLL of Dollar Watch Fame, Formerly Half Owner and General Manager of Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.

NEWARK  
NEW JERSEY



## My Rupture Fear Vanished in 2 Seconds



In a flash I knew that at last science had given to rupture victims real, quick, positive relief. I knew that through the discovery of a well-known American Scientist my rupture suffering was over.

## Tiny Magic Dot a Rupture Wonder

An extraordinary little device, weighing less than 1-25 of an ounce, now makes heavy, cumbersome, old fashioned devices, cruel springs, heavy straps and pads unnecessary. This new invention is called "Magic Dot," and by its use it is now possible to walk, run, jump, exercise, bend, etc., with perfect security—without cruel pressure or barbarously tight strapping. At last, here is a way to prevent coming down of rupture, and tiny Magic Dot is only a part of the wonderful New Science System.

## Breathes Air

A wonderful new pad, light in weight, soft and pliable actually breathes air. Smaller, much smaller, than you ever thought possible. It fits the contour of the body as no old-fashioned pad could do. It is washable, sanitary.



## FREE Sample

The pad is made of an amazing new material called Airtex and a sample will be mailed absolutely free to those who ask for it.

These two items are only a part of this new system for supporting and healing rupture that is said by doctors and rupture victims alike to be a thousand years ahead of all other methods.

## See It First

We could never tell you all of the remarkable features of this modern, scientific rupture relief, but without risk on your part you can see it in your own home. Send no money. You can easily get full particulars and free illustrated material. Merely clip coupon, write your name and address plainly and mail it to

NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE

3840 Clay St. Steubenville, Ohio, U. S. A.

NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE  
3840 Clay St., Steubenville, Ohio

Please send me at once full details of the New Science System and your "See It First" offer. I am not obligated.

Name .....

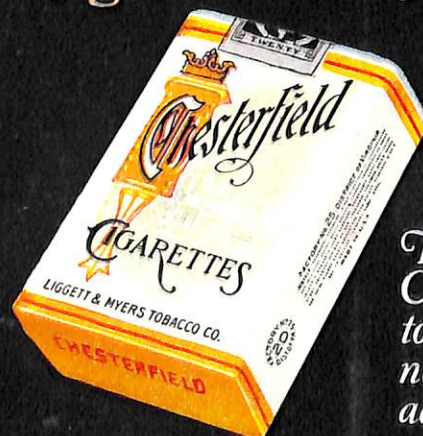
Address .....

City ..... State .....





*Better be out of gas than out of Chesterfields*



*The natural tobacco taste of Chesterfield is proof that if tobaccos and blend are right, nothing need be (or should be) added.*

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.